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AN AMERICAN PAINTER: GEORGE INNESS.

A distinctive feature of modern art-galleries, no matter what be the nationality represented, seems a diligent cultivation of individual and characteristic "manner." The least, like the greatest, artist appears anxious to place some peculiar mark on his work, by which the cursory eye may detect it as his own. Such a tendency is of course only spontaneous and unconscious with the master; but where meager talent weds itself to vaulting ambition, we sometimes meet rather humorous effects of *dilettante* affectation. Brown's trees will all look as if we saw them with the hundred-eyed capacity of an Argus, and could trace the minutest fiber in each leaf the instant we glanced at a piece of massive foliage. Jones, on the other hand, will give us a tree that makes us feel as if we saw it from a car-window, while the train was speeding along at twenty-five miles an hour: so blurred, not to say demoralized, seems its whole scheme of vegetation. Again: Robertson will systematically paint a tree that "never was," like the light of which Wordsworth has sung. We have no pointed objection to meeting with Robertson's tree;

but we accept it, at the same time, as a little gracious addendum to the broad natural plan—something that this artist would probably have put in a petition for, if he had been present at the creation.

Features of this sort are commonly classed, with somewhat airy liberality, under the one cumulative term of "manner." But in the creations of Mr. George Inness, I have been able to find very slight adherence to any one mode of painting. To employ the easy analogy of poetry, his various works would seem to remind one of Coleridge's verse; they are always poetic, but we can discover in them few signs by which the observer can promptly assume just whose was the vitalizing hand. This may be explainable, from the fact that Mr. Inness, in his early years, was never dominated by any positive instructive influence. Modern French art has, beyond doubt, greatly impressed him, but in no directly didactic way. He has never been the voluntary pupil of any special teacher. His motive has always been strikingly different from that of contemporary American landscapists. Foreign ideas have penetrated

his methods, but with a remarkably generous and catholic advent. We feel that the two separate sojourns which he has made in Europe have afforded him opportunities for the widest and most unprejudiced observation. He has been fascinated with what is best in many departments, but has pinned his faith in no enduring service to any single authority. This amplitude of idealism is rare enough in all imaginative workers.

The moods of this artist—fitful, exalted, mysterious, and sometimes erratic even to grotesqueness—must be taken as one multi-form representation of the man. I can discover in him no “periods,” no first, second, and third manner. He is as full of shifting and elusive attributes as the nature whose depths of suggestiveness he seeks, with so fine an ardor, to portray. He has his episodes of sunshine, his caprices of lurid storm, his sultry, wintry, or vaporous intervals, his dreamy, aerial, or sibylline embodiments. But from his worst and best creations we are nearly sure to find narrowness absent; the handling always has a vigor, a disdain of finical detail, and a breadth of treatment for whose introduction in this country we are apt to give our younger painters credit, forgetting that Mr. Inness employed it when most of them had not yet taken up a brush.

Being a brilliant conversationalist, Mr. Inness has now and then lent himself to our relentless nineteenth-century zealot, the “interviewer,” with unusually happy results. He is a profound believer in the spiritual uses of art, and its elevating effects upon civilization. He seems to share the fervor of Ruskin, in demanding that a strong under-current of moral impulse shall direct every valuable conception. Truth and goodness, he maintains, are at the bottom of all that can hold lasting artistic worth.

He considers landscape a noble medium for the communication of human sentiment. His eyes seem peculiarly open to the vast power of suggestive analogy between Nature and our own worldly experience. He would doubtless tell us that in her rank riots of weeds, her noisome and malarial swamps, her blighted and incomplete growths, her

sluggish pools, her dried-up water-courses, and her tracts of barren desolation, we can find easy similitudes of the pride, arrogance, tyranny, bigotry, pursuant misfortune, and unexplained destiny of mankind: and that, on the other hand, purity, high purpose, the wisdom of self-control, the sweet domestic pleasures, and the rich rewards of an unsullied life, are revealed to us in perpetual allegory by the full-flowing river, the sublime mountain, the rhythmic regularity of tides on their shores, the pastoral tinklings of brooks through meadows, and the splendors of sunset over lengths of peaceful country. Mr. Inness prefers cultured landscape, however, to that which is savage and untamed. He discovers in the former a deeper significance, because it inevitably bespeaks the love, sorrow, and struggle of humanity.

But the very ruggedness with which Mr. Inness usually delights in clothing his spirituality, the marked avoidance which he shows to anything like exact finish in art, makes him intolerant of much that is of solid merit, while, at the same time, ornate and painstaking. He appears to have certain violent and rather ill-advised antipathies. Like most artists of pronounced ability, he reveals his own worst weaknesses, not by what he admires, but by what he dislikes. For Verboeckhoven as a painter of animals, Mr. Inness has nothing but contempt. He evidently cannot forgive this widely popular artist for making his sheep look as if they had been freshly washed and combed, and only needed a blue ribbon about their necks, and a shepherdess with satin kilt and garlanded crook to watch them, on a mossy bank in the foreground. He cannot see behind the unhealthy method of Verboeckhoven, into the nicety, security, and conscientious finish which are such prominent traits of the latter's style; for Mr. Inness has no love of nicety, security, or finish, and hence seems to reprobate the very qualities which might have combined so tellingly with his own too headlong proclivities.

In the same way, he calls the beauties of Bouquereau “skin-deep”; seeming to ignore the fact that this great French painter, like

the more romantic Cabanel, is a very noble idealist in his treatment of the human figure; and that if his lovely women sometimes seem impossibly lovely, his delicious babes sometimes a trifle too delicious, they take their origin from a faultless knowledge of anatomy, an unerring draughtsmanship, and the deepest refinement of poetic insight. With Meissonier, Mr. Inness is equally impatient. He concedes the power of this renowned master, but condemns his fidelity to detail, as we might suppose that such an enemy of detail would naturally condemn it.

In Meissonier, Gérôme, and Detaille, Mr. Inness finds only the literary and pictorial spirit. The marvelous vitality of their figures, the searching realism of their execution, the dramatic strength of their grouping, all seem to him things outside of the artist's true province. They do not possess imagination, or rather the something which is alone imagination to *him*. They are always studied; and he dislikes the evidences of study. They are never accidental; and he exults in the felicities of accident. He could apparently forgive a man for painting a picture in half an hour, if it contained something that would stimulate poetic reverie, shadow forth an æsthetic longing, or stand as symbolic of some vague yet thrilling emotion. I should say that the poetry of Mr. Browning, which is full of so many haphazard grandeurs, and so much fortuitous eloquence, must be one of his special admirations. The faculty of saying a thing as if you took no pains to say it, must equally delight him with that of painting a thing as if you took no pains to paint it. Naturally, therefore, Rousseau, Corot, and Daubigny are three of his idols among modern landscapists.

But it is questionable whether the "spontaneous" element so often praised in these brilliant men, by artists of Mr. Inness's school, is not the result of a firmer industry and a longer premeditation than that with which most of their followers would willingly accredit them. The best of Corot's pictures, for example—those on which his unique reputation may be said to base itself—are by no

means the incoherent fantasies which have found so ready a market, and such extravagant praise on our own shores.

It is probable that Corot did a great deal of "dashing off," in his declining years, just as the old age of Goethe was marked by much useless poetic mysticism: but the enduring masterpieces of Corot, painted in his prime, wed their dewy and hazy sort of originality with a subtle finish, and a covert evidence of profound deliberation, which has not escaped the eye of those few sovereign critics who observe and think beyond the partisanship of schoolmen.

Whether Mr. Inness be right or wrong, whether or no he be about fairly divided regarding the truth or falsity of his principles, there is little doubt that he is, so to speak, a man with a theory, and as such he must be viewed by all dispassionate judges. He has a distinct and loyal *clientèle* of admirers; he is emphatically believed in by many of our best minds; he has a few devotees who assert that he can do no wrong, and look upon his worst work with unwavering reverence. These worshipers would, no doubt, concede that he is a man with a theory, only they would insist that his theory is perfect and infallible. I am inclined, for my own part, to think that it is very powerful, very noble and beautiful, but that it does not, in a general sense, embrace all the uses and potentialities of art; and that, in a special sense, it is but partially expounded by its expositor. In revealing Mr. Inness's dislikes, I have endeavored to show where he seems to exhibit most narrowness. He will not admit that art may be pictorial, and yet be art; he will not admit that it may be literary, and yet be art; he insists that it must be "imaginative" or nothing. We all value the originality of Poe's genius; but we would be unwilling to accept from this writer any such *dictum*, as that all future writing should be colored with his convictions. The opinion of Keats regarding Thackeray might be curious; but if condemnatory, it could hold little weight with impartial hearers.

And yet both poet and novelist fill their desired places in literature; and literature,

like art, is wide enough to accommodate many such differing personalities. Nature is, after all, but the stimulus of the artist's instinct; she guides his hand, but she guides no two capable hands in just the same manner. She is forever whispering hints to one man which she conceals from another, and imparting precious secrets to one mind which from another she guards with stubborn reticence. Each true artist does the best with her that he can; and although Mr. Inness's best is often something superexcellent, that is no reason to say that it is achieved at a ruin of styles and methods which are the opposite of his own. He is himself: and judged as himself, he is pure and rare; but his touch is more appealing than comprehensive, and more vigorous than trustworthy. He is so irregular that he has almost painted bad pictures; but his clearest failures have a certain interesting badness; they are the mistakes of an almost passionate searcher after truth; they are never commonplace, and they nearly always err in their ardent effort to be other than commonplace. You always feel, when looking at these unsuccessful ventures, that they are like misshapen footprints amid the snow of sheer heights, telling of how the mountaineer slid, but of how he climbed as well.

Sometimes Mr. Inness aspires to do the plainly impossible; he shows himself tormented with visions that are not realizable of expression through any naturalistic medium. Again, he succeeds notably in effects of surpassing weirdness. No man can paint better than he, for example, the terror-struck look of the earth during a period of severe tempest; here he has sounded commandant bass notes; he can mix an awe with his *chiaroscuro* that is like Dore's grandest achievements in mere black and white. But he is so often possessed by his idea, instead of possessing it, he trusts so feverishly to the hurried sway of momentary impulse, he is so dominated by his own theory of letting the mood leap upon the man, and speak through him as through an oracle, that we find his brush to-day vacillant, where yesterday its sweep was firm and robust.

Mr. Inness's chief reason for but partially succeeding in the exposition of his theory may be defined as more than half purely physical. He is a man of fitful and imperfect health. His capacity for prolonged or systematic work can never be safely calculated upon. It is said of him, that he never deliberates slowly and executes with precision. The altar may be heaped and the tripod set aflame; but for the gods to speak is with him a very precarious matter. He has been known to keep a picture in his studio many months, and work upon it only when he felt himself "called" to do so. Frequently, too, he has accomplished marvelous bits of coloring, harmony, and natural truth in periods of incredible brevity. Returning to a picture on which he has spent several laborious hours, he has found that the idea which he had at first intended to express had either slipped his memory or no longer met him with its previous saliency; and forthwith he has recklessly permitted a new transient inclination to lead him wherever it would, and has thus evolved from some early inchoate fancy a result that surprised himself by its very inconsequence. Of course, this hectic mode of workmanship is believed by far too large a class the index and peculiar right of genius; but there is no doubt that genius in all cases could bear much richer fruit if it improvised no such hot-houses for compulsory culture.

It is a law in mechanics, that the steady force far exceeds a series of impulses. Mr. Inness is a series of impulses, and emphatically not a steady force. To urge that high artistic ability is always this, is equivalent to stating that the part can exceed the whole. I do not mean that the great painter should measure his hours of labor like the mason or the house-builder; but such methodical inflexibility is a very different thing from powers of concentration, self-discipline, and solid energy. These Mr. Inness is so far from having that his work suffers accordingly. There are times when we feel that though Aladdin has rubbed the enchanted lamp, the genii have nevertheless failed to obey him. The effort is there, but it is spasmodic and

nearly futile. It is always the effort of a serious and charming soul, but its inaccuracy will sometimes wear a positive pathos.

I specially recall, in this connection, a very large canvas exhibited by Mr. Inness two years ago, if I mistake not, at the Academy of Design in New York. Breeze, sunshine, spaciousness, warmth, feeling, were all apparently aimed at, but the general effect was that of an immense unfinished sketch. An absence of rural exuberance, of pastoral repose, even of graceful contour, was painfully evident. It was a most disagreeable study to be unstudied, and far less pleasant to the observer than though it had been what some of our modern impressionists would call a "merely faithful copy of nature."

"Impressionism," in its most exaggerated crudity, finds an easy companionship with Mr. Inness's least happy moods. A great deal of flimsy and meaningless work has been inflicted upon the American picture-gazer, of late, by tyros who seek to enter the domains of celebrity through a rather disreputable side wicket instead of the straight royal road. It is irritating to find these sorry daubsters believers in Mr. Inness's style; but perhaps the truth is, that they only believe in what the painter's most sensible adherents could very well dispense with. Nature has gone sadly out of fashion among certain modern cliques; and when Mr. Inness subordinates her indispensable bases of truth to the "idea," which can never be properly spoken without the aid of one splendid vocabulary, these seekers after abnormal impossibilities prove themselves ready sympathizers with his mistake.

And yet, in the best sense of that word, George Inness may certainly be styled an impressionist. But his very sketchiness often reminds us more of the old masters than of any modern school. He has certainly studied the conventional landscapes of the old Italian painters, and to a greater or less degree unconsciously imitated them. He has a sort of brassy green, for instance, which is thoroughly antique. He employs horizontal lines in masses to depict a meadow or hill-

side, after the style of the artists of the Renaissance.

To speak of Mr. Inness as a colorist or not a colorist would be almost absurd. If a landscapist be a painter at all, he must deal with the essential characteristic of Nature, which is color. Various styles of coloring may exist in figure-painting: the silvery tints of Veronese, the golden warmth of Titian, the *chiaroscuro* of Rembrandt, the chocolate shades of Cabanel; but in landscape the question is more of intensity than of quality. Mr. Inness is surely not a colorist in the strong, almost crude, way of the modern Spaniards and Italians, who have caught such "loud" effects from striking juxtapositions of color, both having been influenced by the bold pencil of Fortuny. In these painters, the greens have a certain rawness, and yet are singularly truthful, growing upon the observer for this reason, and speaking with great force of the freshness to be found in Nature.

But Mr. Inness is like Daubigny and Carot: his color proceeds from harmonies rather than contrasts. He is strong, but never shocking to the eye; he has vigorous and yet perfectly lovely color, whose power rarely touches upon exaggeration, and whose daring never becomes mere crudity. Many of his landscapes have the mellowness of tone which is so characteristic of Rousseau. The delicacy and justness between the relations of his various tones constantly strikes us. He is without awkward jumps and jerks. Starting from a lighter than the natural shade, he does not abandon the scale; or starting from a darker one, he will end in the same key. Truth and originality are the natural result of this nice adaptation, no less than a peculiar charm, possessed by few other American artists. When he deals with effects of light, his canvases are often splendidly luminous, or filled with a solid sort of paleness. The light falls on them whitish, broad, and soft, finely relieving their objects. His darker painting is perhaps less technically good, being sometimes opaque and flat, and lacking depth of perspective. It would seem that this artist was guided only by his

eye in the contemplation of nature for purposes of practical delineation, though beyond doubt he belongs among the school of idealists; for he constantly appears to see his subjects in broad tints and outlines, superposed to one another. To his eyes, for example, a distant tree is seldom more than a green spot in harmonious relief against a bluish or grayish sky and a greenish ground. Not seldom this same excellent quality of breadth leads him into unhappy excesses; and it has been severely but truthfully said of some of his trees, that they resemble balls of cotton wool dipped into color.

This tendency to see everything by powerful *coups d'oeil* often produces an effect of fine simplicity, refreshing absence of detail, and ample massiveness in composition. The justness of the tones clearly defines each plan, determines the perspective, fills the canvas with air, and gives the *ensemble* a look of great sincerity. We may at first perceive but a few colors laid on broadly and flatly; but as we gaze, the objects take new distinctness both of shape and place.

A foreign art critic of ability once told me that it seemed to him as if Mr. Inness reproduced nature with a certain soft brutality: the phrase is so excellent that I quote it. But in drawing near to the artist's canvases we soon discover that his colors are laid on with delicacy rather than bluntness. He uses his brush with prudence, employs the palette-knife sparingly, and Carot himself could not produce vanishing effects with a more skillful rubbing of the fingers. His colors are often quite thick, but they are distributed evenly. He has all the force of Jules Dupré, when he desires, without the violent *basso-reliefs* of that brilliant artist.

It must be conceded that Mr. Inness's hastiest creations are sometimes his best. At Mr. R. E. Moore's American Art Gallery a small canvas is now exhibited, which good authority states to have been painted between the hours of eight in the morning and four in the afternoon of the same day. This little landscape is almost perfection in every way. A shower is just dispersing itself over a delicious tract of summer country. A

rain-swollen stream glimmers in the foreground, between banks where the fresh meadowy moisture has been portrayed with surpassing tenderness. Two elm-trees are at middle distance, throwing cool, dark shadows on the sward beneath them. Beyond rolls the rich-foliaged land, broken by the tawny space of a ripe wheat-field. A vapory dampness clings about the scene, rendered with an absolute wizardry of touch. Never were the subtler relationships of landscape more firmly yet delicately handled. The whole picture is a note of lovely truth, struck by an unfaltering hand. It has a fascinating simplicity, and at the same time a distinct elegance. Not the least sensational advantage has been taken; and yet Nature has been made, by some delicious spell, to show us one of her inmost and sweetest meanings.

Several eminent judges have declared this gem to be one of Mr. Inness's finest conceptions. It has a superb quality, a marvelously wrought atmosphere, and, something more valuable than either, an evident fulfillment of the painter's ideal to seem as though he had produced superfine results from slight exertion.

Almost as an offset to this picture, I may here mention having found an incorrect piece of coloring by Mr. Inness, where the glow of a midsummer evening seems curiously forced and unnatural. The "key" of this picture is falsely pitched. It is painted with great apparent care; it is clearly not one of its creator's rapid inspirations. The foliage, though meant possibly for something far different, has the opaque look of evergreens. The yellow-lit and rose-tinged clouds have a rounded deliberateness of outline. If the mingled splendor and calm of an early and sultry twilight has been aimed for, the achievement is only scenic and factitious.

But there is, nevertheless, an undeniable beauty in the exaggeration of this landscape. Its draughtsmanship is excellent, its perspective, as is usual with Mr. Inness, well suggested. The cottage roof, pointing through the leafage in one corner, is managed with pleasant skill; the opulence of distant vegetation has a welcome softness. We feel the

light to be somehow untrue, but we find ourselves wishing that we had felt nothing of the sort; and before we have ended a close scrutiny of the picture, we are convinced that it is the kind of failure which is preferable to a host of more commonplace successes.

This is, indeed, one of Mr. Inness's strong points; he is very apt to fail agreeably. He never falls to earth with an awkward plunge; his descents carry a wavering grace, like the dropping of a wounded bird. The wings have a symmetric pulsation, even while we admit that they are growing nerveless.

I now wish to speak of another picture, widely different as to both subject and treatment, which shows Mr. Inness's faculty of dealing with somber and appalling natural phases. A dense purplish cloud almost envelops the earth in its stormy dusk. You know from the whirled, frayed look of its edges, and the bulged, sidelong massiveness of its body, that this storm is packed with tempestuous gusts. If a white javelin of lightning had been made to split its gloom, the impression of danger and disaster could not have been heightened; for a weird, doomed look has been thrown across the lands, as if they waited some annihilating outburst; the foliage and their gnarled trunks have been wrought in aspects of shuddering suspense; wild, ghostly lights fleck the shadowed fields; it is almost as though the whole earth crouched in doleful anticipation of some divine vengeance. We are reminded of Mr. Aldrich's pungently realistic lines in dealing with a similar theme:

"We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind, and the lightning, now,
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

This is but one of Mr. Inness's many moods of a like sort. He can nearly always "dip his pencil in the hues of earthquake and eclipse," with forcible solemnity, hurry, and sublimity as the result. The grandeur of all elemental conflict seems to have entered deeply within his spirit. Both in this and another picture, representing a thunder-storm, we are led to think that the underly-

ing symbolism of these turbulent scenes must have been for the artist an expression of heavenly wrath, and the destructive curse following it. Just as Mr. Emerson has declared that he can find the gorgeousness of Assyria in a vivid sunset, so Mr. Inness seems to have felt the woeful overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the scriptural "dimness of anguish" itself, in viewing Nature when lashed and driven by rude agencies.

In this connection I would mention another thunder-storm effect, which is full of equal vigor and novelty. Here the purple wrack seems literally engulfing the world. What we see beneath it has the transitory aspect of something that fades forever beneath deadly menace. The light emerald touches on the darkened trees are exquisitely conceived; it is scarcely hyperbole to say that they suggest a sort of wistful despair. Notably strong, too, is the way in which, on a small space of canvas, meadow after meadow, and the long sweep of a hillside, are made to express breadth and distance. A wheat-field in the foreground, struck by a slant glare of light, gives the grimness and peril of the picture an added significance.

Another of Mr. Inness's striking works is a river-side scene, in which several beech-trees rise at the front with clever abruptness, their woody solidity of trunk being painted so that we cannot doubt what tough resistance they would give to an ax-blow. There is a strip of dull shadow under these trees, though little of their foliage is seen. Beyond them, at the river's edge, the sward is brightly illumined; a few cows show here and there, while feeding or at rest, their clumsy auburn bodies, though the close-shorn, velvet grass, and the westering afternoon, tempt them rather to recline than to browse. A gray plume of smoke, rising from some burning twigs, contrasts charmingly with the fringy ovals of commingled cedars behind it; while a moss-touched rock lifts its bulky ruggedness from the river's nearer side, foreshortened with cunning tact. The sky has a delightful airiness and lucidity, and the faint autumnal coloring of the low bosage beyond the central stream is soft as the dy-

ing notes of rare music. This picture bears few signs of haste, and has probably cost its maker many hours of meditation before it left his studio.

Smaller by several degrees, and perhaps the product of quicker work, is a view of what would seem the Hudson in full mid-summer. Masses of close-growing, rounded foliage run along the middle of the picture, in a line of beautiful irregularity. The land has a peculiar dimpling loveliness, and we catch a glimpse, amid the dense, tangled, rolling greenery, of a white edifice, evidently some luxurious home. The coloring is here devoid of Mr. Inness's customary acuteness, but the whole work is informed with his healthiest mode of fascination, and blends an easy, familiar sort of majesty with its winsome *chic* and grace.

Mr. Inness has frequently filled canvases of very large dimensions, and we can find no better example of him in this more ambitious attitude than is represented by a picture called "Peace and Plenty," now in possession of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. The date of this picture is 1865-'66. It has crudity, but it also has real grandeur. In front is a wheat-field, here and there overlaid with heavy shadow. A tranquil stream winds from low distant hills. The sun still wants an hour or so of setting, and the sky is full of clouds whose rose and lavender tinges will soon deepen into crimson and purple. This sky has a magnificent altitude and salubrity. A long clustering line of elms and small bushes exquisitely suggest a narrower thread of water, which their dark exuberance quite conceals. The eye roams here and there about this really enormous picture, with a veritable out-of-door sensation. One imagines himself lying at ease in some meadow, only a slight distance away from the harvesters who stand among the golden stacks of sheaves. If there is too much "breadth" here, too manifest a shunning of anything that resembles finicality, the whole canvas has nevertheless a gentle, wholesome glory. Its faults

are chiefly technical ones, and seem to result from haste rather than feebleness. The mellow plasticity of the wheat is not at all ably rendered: its whole expanse lacks throb and quiver; while the sheaves already cut and piled have a pasty indistinctness. The banks of the river, too, show an almost reckless series of brush-sweeps. But how charming, on the other hand, is the loaded wain, seen against the cool level sward, the clear white mansion lifting its façade from the remote trees; and how potent and yet calm the stateliness of the great overarching heaven! Nature has certainly spoken with tender intimacy to the man who can thus realize her finest enchantments.

The position held by Mr. Inness in the world of American art is secure and unquestionable. He is, so to speak, masterly without being a master. Much that he has painted will, of necessity, perish; it has, indeed, perished already. But much more has the sort of value which we give to splendid improvisation, to quick, vehement, yet captivating outburst. If he had been an artist of more ordered temperament, less dreamy and transcendental, more allegiant to fixed laws and forms, we might have gained a great deal from these altered conditions, though perhaps we should have lost a lovely ethereality which is now his best charm, whenever it fails to degenerate into affectation. It has been well said of him, that he has exemplified in his works some of the most characteristic traits of later continental methods. He stands in American art today as the brilliant representative of its emotional, idealistic, and consequently its most evasive and illusory element. He is a grasper after poetic shadows, which he often has the magic dexterity to secure. We must not judge him by the standard of exactitude, diligence, sustained force, or unflinching accuracy. We must judge him by what he is—a beautiful spirit, now musing and now frenzied, but always, at his best and worst, inspired with chaste, exalted, and dignifying aims.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.

I had not seen Bickersteth for years. Some one wrote me of his failing health, and afterward the Markhams met him in the south of France; then I lost track of him entirely, until I found his letter on my office table one morning. We had never written much to each other, but I recognized the penmanship instantly. A sharp decisive hand, as of a man who has much to do, and little time in which to do it; and yet Bickersteth was the prince of do-nothings. The letter was like him, if the chirography was not. Here it is:

DEAR KEITH: I am one of the innumerable company of pulmonary exiles who people this southern country in proof of the cowardice of man, having given up life for the sake of existence.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," reads well; but submitted to your personal choice, with slight mathematical and geographical changes, you would unhesitatingly choose the latter; at least I did, and here I am; however, I am not alone, for my sister Agatha has laid aside the birch, and rules both me and my house with a hand rendered doubly firm by years of pedagogy. Yes, old fellow, my house; for I have a house at last, a materialized dream of the earth, but not earthy—a deserted adobe, which I have ventured to restore; if in so doing I have strayed from the design of my predecessor, then may that swarthy saint forgive me. Sweet soul! how I have learned to revere his memory; for did he not set my house at an angle, regardless of road or compass? Did he not plant my door-yard with plummy acacias, and broad-leaved figs, and never a eucalyptus to try me with its pallid youth and premature old age? If you tell me, like Agatha, that he did it without design, then I say, hail to him all the more: he had the soul of an artist.

Portia Flint has promised to set up her easel in our midst in August; will you not come, my boy, and put the sharp sickle of your wisdom to our waving harvest of fancies?

I am not likely to die. Any aspirations of that kind I may have cherished have been rudely frustrated by this southern sun; indeed, I sometimes fear my medical advisers have rather overdone the matter of my recovery, in sending me to this land which has conquered even the last enemy. Think of me, then, not as a man who needs your help to kill time, but eternity—and come. RUSSELL BICKERSTETH.

It was like him to write in that way, as if we had been in close correspondence during our years of separation. His manner always reminded me of a kind of worsted work that ladies do, drawing in a thread of one color, and then another, with no apparent design, but often with startling effect. I chanced to be the thread his fancy lighted upon just then, so he picked me up and utilized me, quite as a matter of course.

And Portia Flint! what a cloud of old faces the name recalled! She was the president's daughter, and it was a part of the college course at one time to be in love with Miss Flint—a torrent of passion which must have swept her entirely out of existence, had it not been restrained by that profound concealment for which the sophomoric soul is noted.

Only Bickersteth dared to make love to her: perhaps because she was his sister's friend, perhaps because he was too lazy to conceal as he was certainly too lazy to affect, anything. I remembered the awe with which the rest of us regarded him; and I remembered, too, certain vows, inspired by the story of Alcander and Septimius, which I, as his acknowledged chum, recorded in those days, and came very near breaking upon one occasion when Portia Flint asked me to disentangle her bracelet clasp from the lace at her wrist—vows which no doubt relieved the young lady of an unpleasant duty, if they did not secure the life-long happiness of my rival.

It was generally understood among us that Portia Flint would distinguish herself; just how, none of us presumed to ask, it being universally conceded that the field of her success was merely a matter of her own choice; that it would not be in any ordinary matrimonial way, however, we were of course agreed. How long ago it all seemed!—and she was an artist! I took home a volume of

Ruskin that evening, and read a few chapters, and the next day I dropped into one or two galleries, and looked over the pictures; not that I knew anything about them, but one likes to keep himself in sympathy with the world's work.

There were several stretches of canvas whose general luridness and unsatisfactoriness made me suspect them of merit; but in every case the name, which I discovered in a damp unwholesome bit of marsh in the lower corner of the foreground, in no way resembled Flint. I wondered what fame had done for her: had it given her more ardor, or made her more divinely calm. I half-wished she had chosen something a little more in my line. I even envied Briggs, who bought pictures for Frame & Co., and talked in the most incomprehensible manner on all subjects of art.

In August I went South. Bickersteth met me in Los Angeles. He was very little changed; the same handsome face and general air of happy indifference that had always characterized him were there still. We rode out to his place that evening, between brown hills that seemed to close the way before us, and recede at our approach. Any other man would have talked of old times, but Bickersteth had neither memories nor hopes.

"Portia has come," he said, "and is delighted with the house. But I have had a terrible blow; the only mitigation is, that it may result in settling you comfortably for life."

A certain wild possibility made me silent.

"I don't think I wrote you about my view," he went on. "It was simply elysian, until a fellow from Arizona chose to come and locate himself directly across the way from me, and put up one of those enormous pine boxes in which Hawthorne says the solid American citizen loves to ensconce himself. Worse than all, he has painted it a peculiarly bilious shade of yellow, which he calls upon me to admire as at once 'pearl and tasty.'"

"Is the man rich?"

"Vulgarly so."

"Won't it increase the value of your property?"

"*Et tu Brute!* My resolve is taken. I will marry you to his daughter when she comes. Portia has chosen to theorize about the girl. The father drifted away from home years ago, and has lately stumbled upon a silver mine in Arizona. He tells me his daughter has stood between the family and starvation since she was seventeen; and now she is to fare sumptuously every day. The old fellow's pride in the fact is almost pathetic."

I knew he would run on in that way for an hour, and oblige me to face Miss Flint in embarrassing ignorance of her triumphs, unless I could jerk his mental craft about, and tow it up stream by means of questions.

"Is Miss Flint much changed?" I asked.

"Not much, a little more bewildering, perhaps. She taught painting in the school with Agatha, and they are still friends in a sort of stone-wall-and-ivy way. You don't know my sister Agatha; she is the only sensible Bickersteth of whom we have any authentic record. You ought to like her—"

"What has Portia Flint done?"

"Done! Why she has been thoroughly statuesque; isn't that enough? I must say that question is painfully like you, Keith; the Goddess of Liberty has never done anything especially meritorious that I can recall, but I have a warm regard for her, nevertheless. Portia was designed by Providence to be an object of adoration; isn't that enough for one woman?"

I could imagine circumstances in which—but I resolutely refused to do so.

"I suppose so, if she is satisfied; but I thought she was ambitious—she certainly *was* ambitious."

"Was she? I never observed it. What did you expect her to do, man?"

"I didn't know what line she had chosen until I got your letter; then I supposed, of course, she had painted a great picture. I always thought she would distinguish herself; we all thought so."

Bickersteth burst into a fit of uncontroll-

able laughter; then he dropped the lines and seized both my hands.

"Keith, my old chum!" he gasped, "you are a rare good fellow: the best fellow in the world!"

Then he resumed the reins, and went on laughing in a subdued, retrospective way, peculiarly exasperating. What a whimsical fellow he was. Why should he laugh at what must be a cruel disappointment to Miss Flint? I tried to imagine her saddened by failure. I could have throttled myself for the sudden rise of spirits I felt. Perhaps, in her despondency, a plain matter-of-fact man—Bickersteth touched me on the shoulder.

"There it is—there is the smoke from 'my ain fireside'—look quick, before we make another turn and see the throne of mammon!"

The place lay upon the mesa like a bas-relief. Very little of the house was visible, except the long sloping roof of dull red tiles. In front, the succession of low brown hills seemed endless. At the back, a deep ravine hid all but the topmost branches of the sycamores growing below; and beyond that, the hills rose abruptly, covered with a shaggy growth of grease-wood, like tufts of exaggerated moss.

It was really very pretty. I tried to remember some of the jargon Briggs talked to me one afternoon on the piazza at Monterey. I even made a feeble clutch at a sentence from Hammerton, which I thought I had committed to memory.

"It looks like a good thing," I said at last—"if the title is all right. I hope you looked into that; these Mexicans do business in a very loose way sometimes."

I was really very much pleased. I could even appreciate, in a measure, Bickersteth's disgust with his neighbor, whose house came into view at the next turn in the hills.

"Perhaps you can persuade him to plant trees and hide it," I suggested.

Bickersteth shook his head.

"I thought of that, but he won't do it; he will set out a score or two of unsuspecting cypress trees, and carve them into forlorn

urns, and pillars—'monuments to murdered beauty,' Portia says—there is Portia now."

Yes, there she was, standing on the veranda. Bickersteth had pronounced her a trifle more bewildering; but when she came forward and gave me her hand and smiled, as no other woman on earth ever smiled, I wondered at the tameness of his speech.

Miss Agatha was not at all like her brother; a good deal older, and with a certain acidity of speech which might have passed for brightness amid other surroundings. I knew it was unfair to any woman to judge her in Portia's presence.

Bickersteth led me over the house after dinner, going ahead with a candle. I suppose every room was an artistic marvel. At any rate, it was comfortable to know that politeness forbade me to criticise anything. When we returned to the parlor, Miss Flint was leaning back in her chair, with her eyes closed. I was struck by the simplicity of her attire, and her resemblance to some of the pictures Bickersteth had been showing me.

"Portia and Russell are responsible for all this, Mr. Keith," said Miss Agatha, with a little sweep of her hands around the room. "I want you to exonerate me. I hoped to spend my declining years in peace, but it is ordered otherwise. I am not even permitted to put the table covers on straight!"

"Agatha is under bonds to keep the peace toward Art," said Miss Flint, opening her eyes as she spoke, and then shutting them again slowly.

"I suppose it is art to have things crooked," said Miss Bickersteth; "I can remember when it was simply—obliquity."

"Agatha thinks she has received reinforcements, Keith," called Bickersteth from the piazza, where he was smoking. "I know by her tone"; then he got up and came to the door, leaning against the casement. "I meant to tell you all that I have decided to marry Keith to the young woman across the way," he said: "she will be practical as well as pecunious."

Portia sat up and clasped her hands in her lap.

"You like practical people, Mr. Keith," she said, looking at me with her fixed, delicious gaze: "you are like me, I hate shams."

Bickersteth went back to his cigar. It puzzles me even yet to know how he came to mistake Portia Flint so utterly. I could see her old intensity of purpose in every look and gesture. Other women threw off their brilliancy in little witticisms of conversation; hers was gathering force for some great illumination.

Yes, I told her, I hated shams; perhaps because I had been obliged to deal with them so much.

"I hope you have not learned in that way, Miss Flint," I said.

"No," she answered; "I chose art because it is so real. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' If I have not been praised much, it is comforting to know that it is neither more nor less than I have deserved."

"I am very sure you will be praised more—but not more than you deserve," I said, and she sent me a quick, grateful glance, and bent her eyes upon the floor.

Miss Bickersteth brought me a portfolio.

"These are all Portia's," she said, "but I don't hold her responsible for their faults; it is the decadence of artistic taste. When I was taught to paint flowers, we chose a well-selected nosegay, firmly tied with a blue ribbon, and placed it securely in the center of the frame; now they represent the tip of something, with the stems disappearing at the side as if the whole thing were about to recede, and flower-painting become a lost art!"

"Good!" called Bickersteth, "I am coming in; I want to be present at that inspection."

He didn't come in, however, but moved his chair where he could see us through the doorway.

Portia sat quite still on the sofa with her hands clasped in her lap. Once, when I asked a question, she came and stood beside me, and bent over to take the sketch from my hand. Just for an instant I felt the weight of her arm on my sleeve.

"It is Heaven," she said, laughing, "or a

glimpse of it. I painted it years ago, when I had all the daring of ignorance."

Bickersteth laughed again; the same laugh that had puzzled me as we drove out.

"It is like pelting a boulder with rose leaves, isn't it, old fellow?" he said.

Portia turned and looked at him quietly. "Many people love Art," she said; "artists love Nature. An interest in pictures proves nothing whatever as to temperament; it is merely a matter of circumstances."

"These are the most beautiful pictures I ever saw," said I.

Bickersteth got up and walked across the piazza.

"The throne of mammon is extensively illuminated," he called to us presently. "I wonder if the impending evil has arrived. Come and look, Agatha. Do you know anything about it?"

Miss Agatha walked to the door.

"Somebody came to-day; a young woman whose welcome was entirely out of proportion to her baggage. Portia caught a glimpse of her face. She has red hair."

"And she is pretty as well as practical and pecunious," said Miss Flint, smiling at me, and speaking so low that the others could not hear.

"If you advise me to marry her I shall hate her," I said, with some energy.

"I never advise any one to marry," she answered; "I don't believe in it."

Bickersteth saw the new-comer a good deal sooner than he expected. It was the next day, and we were all on the piazza.

She came up the walk a little way, and then wandered off among the flower-beds, looking about her with an air of bewildered delight. When she discovered us behind our screen of vines she colored a little, and hurried forward.

"I am Rhoda Bruner," she said, in a girlish voice, with the least perceptible tremor in it; "my father wanted me to come over. He said he thought there was a lady here who would teach me to paint. He wants me to learn everything," she added, with a little deprecatory laugh. "I don't suppose I can, but I want to please him."

Portia was charmingly gracious. It would be a pleasure to teach Miss Bruner.

"I may not be here very long," she said, "but I can show you a little, and then perhaps you may go away for a time and study."

"Father would send me any place if he only knew. I wanted him to come in, but he said he would hold the horses. I think he felt afraid," glancing from Miss Bickersteth to Portia; "he is not much used to ladies."

"Perhaps I can persuade him," said Bickersteth. "Come along, Keith, I want you to take a look at Mr. Bruner's colts."

The man greeted us with evident pleasure, but refused Bickersteth's invitation. I could see him glance nervously toward the house, as we discussed the horses.

"I sent Rhody in," he said, presently; "I hope you'll overlook her mistakes. She hain't had a fair show; her maa's been sick a good deal, and I've always been kind o' worthless; but I'm goin' to make it all up to her now. I'm goin' to set to, and made a lady of her."

"You don't need to do that, Mr. Bruner," said Bickersteth; "ladies are born, not made."

"O, it's in her, but she needs polishin'." I can see that myself. She can play a little on the cab'nit organ, but I've got her a three-cornered pianny; I want her to learn to handle that. No, I'd rather not go in; I want her to have a fair show; she's been drug down by her paa long enough. Lord!" he added, reflectively, "if this streak had a' come when it was too late!"

Portia and his daughter came to the gate.

"This is Miss Flint, father," said the young girl. "She says she will do all she can to make a fine lady of me. I am not half grand enough for my father," looking at him with a little teasing affectionate laugh; "he's ashamed of me."

The man's obeisance to Portia was so profound as to endanger our gravity.

"I'm obliged to you, Miss; I hope Rhody didn't say nothin' out of the way; if she did, you must lay it to me; she hain't had no sort of a chance, what with her maa bein' poorly, and me bein' such a pullback to her

always: but I've had my day, an' I mean to stand back now, and give Rhody a show."

His daughter got into the carriage beside him, and put her small brown hand on one of the rough ones holding the lines.

"Please don't, father," she said, coaxingly, "you'll only be disappointed; I wish you'd try to like me just as I am." Then she smiled and nodded to us all as they drove away, still keeping her hand on her father's.

Bickersteth stood gazing after the carriage.

"Well, Russell, what do you think of her?" said Portia, "will she do—for Mr. Keith?"

"I don't know," he answered, absently; "I really don't know."

Portia and I walked on, and left him standing by the gate.

"Am I not to be consulted at all?" I asked.

"I suppose not," she replied; "you have had no experience in selecting a wife."

"Yes, I have," I answered, looking straight at her; "I have had some very sad experience."

We found Miss Agatha in a state of enthusiasm.

"Now I want you all to let her alone!" she said, energetically; "she is fresh and natural, and I don't want her æstheticized. Don't try to cultivate all the sweetness out of her. Do let us have a few single roses?"

"But I have promised to teach her," said Portia.

"Teach her anything you please, except self-analysis. Never let her discover *why* she does things. Don't let her make her brain into a crucible to resolve her soul into vapor and ashes!"

"Why don't one of you answer her?" asked Portia, with a helpless glance from Bickersteth to me.

"I am stunned," said Bickersteth, drawing a long breath.

"I thought so," she replied; "but you have had time to recover."

"I know Mr. Keith will sympathize with me," pursued Miss Bickersteth. "Imagine that flower-like creature becoming like Portia, say!"

"I am not imaginative," I replied, with

some coldness; "at least, not imaginative enough for that."

Perhaps the girl merited all the interest she aroused. Perhaps her devotion to her illiterate father was phenomenal, rather than filial and commonplace; but I must confess they tired me with their constant discovery of something new and vivid in her during the weeks that followed. There was nothing in it all so really touching as the self-forgetfulness with which Portia Flint laid aside her own plans for the good of her pupil. I ventured to remonstrate with her once, when we had climbed the hill back of the house, from which Bickersteth said we could see the ocean. I suppose he was right; at least, there was a long strip of haze, which answered quite as well, with Catalina rising shadowy and serene above it. We sat down to rest awhile, and Portia's face took on the look that always came to it with the sense of height and wide outlying space.

"The world is so very, very wide," she said, wearily.

"Yes, one may easily lose himself; the most of us do it without trying; but you have no right to do that."

"Do you think so? Suppose the world overlooks me—what then?"

"If it does, you are to blame; you let your heart run away with your hand. Why not leave commonplace charities to commonplace people: there are plenty of us; the world has other work for you."

She sat quite still for some seconds. Something in her pose—perhaps in her dress, and the way she wore her hair—reminded me of a Greek goddess.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, slowly; "only it comes to me sometimes—it did just now—that possibly I hope for too much, that my aspirations are—you will not misunderstand me—too high."

I reflected on this conversation a good deal. I will not deny that her confidence was extremely grateful to me. It was pleasant also to notice that her depression had vanished entirely by the time we reached home.

Her devotion to her pupil may have been

a little less marked afterward; but the lessons went on as usual. In spite of my annoyance, I was obliged to admit that the young girl's gratitude was very charming to witness. She came in one day when Portia and Miss Agatha were out driving. Bickersteth and I were lounging under the pepper-trees in the door-yard. My host threw away his cigar, and sprang from his hammock when he saw her. She frowned a little over Miss Bickersteth's absence.

"I wanted so much to see her. I want to ask her advice," she said.

Bickersteth expressed his regret, and willingness to be the bearer of a message.

"Perhaps, after all, you will do as well," she said, hesitating a little. "I want to make Miss Flint a present before she goes away—something she will like; and I thought Miss Agatha would tell me. I suppose it ought to be a picture," she added, regretfully, "or perhaps a book; but I don't know about pictures, and I think she has read nearly all the books there are, hasn't she?"

"Not quite," said Bickersteth, "but I wouldn't give her a book; give her something that is like yourself, something that will remind her of you."

"I don't know what is like me, except my photograph, and it isn't very much," she answered with a little blush. "I don't want to give her that."

"I don't mean that, Miss Rhoda: consult your own taste; give her something you like. A gift should bear the impress of the giver, not the receiver."

She stood a little with her eyes cast down, then she raised them quickly with a pretty appealing smile.

"Won't you take the money, Mr. Bickersteth, and get her something—something that is like me?" she asked.

Bickersteth would be delighted. I thought he wore a queer look as she laid the gold-piece in his hand, and I am very certain it was in his possession the day following when he met Miss Agatha's demand for money with an announcement of temporary bankruptcy. I suppose it was one of his whims to keep it. He had forgotten all

about marrying me to the newly made heir-ess, and was devoting himself to landscape gardening; resolving himself, as he said, into a society of one for the prevention of cruelty to vegetation, and spending hours in trying to convince his neighbor that even a cypress-tree has rights which its owner is bound to respect. I suppose the daughter was present at some of these discussions; and it occurred to me that afternoon, as he accompanied her to the gate, that she had lost a little of her frank unconsciousness in speaking to him. When he came back, I mentioned it to him.

"You should be careful how you treat that young girl," I said, "she may fall in love with you."

He sat up in his hammock and stared at me with his most inscrutable smile.

"I am not at all a bad sort of fellow, Keith," he said. "I know my virtues have heretofore been rather those of omission than of commission; but if I thought that young girl was in love with me, I would feel it my duty to marry her!"

"I know it," I replied; "that's the reason I warned you. There's no great merit in a sacrifice of that kind, when a little forethought would make it unnecessary."

Miss Flint showed us Rhoda's gift afterward. It was something I could not appreciate. An ornament, carved, I think they said, from the beak of a bird. They all pronounced it in faultless taste.

"I shall prize it very highly," said Portia, "as showing what may be done by careful instruction. When I began to teach her, she was an ardent admirer of celluloid."

Bickersteth looked at her gravely.

"I don't think I could have suited you better myself," he said.

The more I saw of Bickersteth, the more I was convinced that Portia had refused him.

Early in October we had an unexpected dash of rain. It brought me to a consciousness that the summer was over, and made me determine to go home. The night before my departure I had a long talk with Bickersteth.

"A man has no right to ask a woman to

give up a brilliant future," I said, "when he has nothing to offer her in return, except his own circumscribed every-day life; at least, he has no right to expect anything but a refusal if he does."

Bickersteth was nursing a match to light his cigar; he let it go out in his hands.

"You don't mean to tell me—" he began.

"That I have offered myself to Portia? By no means. A man ought to be satisfied with the friendship of such a woman. If he isn't, the fault is his own, and he has no right to drag her into the position of an inquisitor. I don't think she suspects my real feeling for her, and I shall take care that she never does. Indeed, I have thought of following your advice, and marrying the young girl across the way," I added, with an unsuccessful attempt to laugh. "I suppose you can't understand that, but it is true."

"Yes, I can," he answered, moving a little behind me, and putting his feet on the railing; "that's the only thing you have said to-night that I can understand."

"When one is in love with a goddess, I suppose mortals are much the same to him," I went on: "of course I was joking about Rhoda; I only wanted to show you how thoroughly I understand my own position and Portia's. I knew, from the first, she was wedded to her art."

Bickersteth did not speak. I appreciated his sympathetic silence. The moon came up and glistened on the pepper-trees. I threw the end of my cigar into the grass, where it burned an instant like a reproachful eye, and then went out. I am not a sentimental person, but I wished the night were a little less perfect. I wanted to go away in a fog. Perhaps I had cherished a hope that Bickersteth would say something pleasant; at any rate, his silence began to be oppressive.

"Don't trouble yourself to be sorry for me," I said at last. "I shall have plenty of time for that, myself. If Portia were like other women—"

There was a little rustling beside me, and a faint odor of violets. I turned, and saw some one standing by Bickersteth's empty chair.

"Pardon me," said Portia; "Russell told me you had something to say to me."

* * * * *

When Bickersteth wrote us of his marriage to Rhoda Bruner, I stared at Portia in amazement.

"The fellow has done this in a fit of desperation," I exclaimed; "think what a companion she will be for him!"

My wife took the announcement very calmly.

"Russell Bickersteth never wanted companionship," she answered; "he only wanted to be entertained."

Strange that those two should misunderstand each other so thoroughly! I shall always like Bickersteth; but it is a great pity he is not a little more matter-of-fact.

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

SONG.

Over sunny hills to stray,
While the far-off bells are ringing;
From the weary world away,
Some light merry song a-singing.
Thinkest this,
Life spent amiss,
While the solemn bells are ringing?
*The flowers smile
With artless wile;
And songs of birds,
Like spoken words,
The soul beguile.*

This I hear kind Nature sing:
Woo my breezes' softest kisses;
They will sweetest pleasure bring
And awake life's sleeping blisses.
Have thy fill;
Bespeak no ill.
So thy sense no beauty misses,
*Where flowers smile
With artless wile;
And songs of birds,
Like spoken words,
The soul beguile.*

OMNIUM GATHERUM

CAPTAIN JOSEPH R. WALKER.

Biographical sketches of the adventurous and intrepid spirits who explored the vast wilderness and broad deserts which now constitute the States and Territories of the Pacific, and the whole region westward of the Missouri River, are befitting subjects for presentation to the people who inhabit this vast domain, and who therefore feel a deeper interest in its history; and, in time, these biographies will constitute one of the most interesting, and not the least important, of the various departments of the standard literature of the Republic: similarly as the lives of De Leon, of De Soto, of Champlain, of John Smith and Roger Williams, and of Daniel Boone and other early explorers and adventurers are regarded in connection with the discovery, origin, and settlement of the several divisions of the country lying eastward of the Missouri. And in contrast with the myths and fables, the fiction and romance, and the obscured, confused, and uncertain accounts and histories of the origin and foundation of the nations of the Old World, these clear-cut, authentic, and entirely trustworthy records of the New World are singularly fascinating, instructive, and wholesome. The world has been made conversant with the grand exploration of Lewis and Clarke to the Pacific shore of Oregon, and their tracing of the mighty Columbia and its chief tributaries—the Clearwater and Snake rivers; and the similar adventures of Bonneville are perpetuated in the charming narrative of Irving. But there are other explorers and pioneers of this vast western empire, yet to be honored by tributes of enduring form, in manner commensurate with their exploits and their merits; and these contributions may most appropriately come from among the people whose fortunes have been happily directed hitherward more or less directly through the adventure and toil, the sagacity and self-sacrifice, of these noble and

intrepid pioneers who first tracked the waste of wilderness and desert, and supplied to their countrymen the knowledge of the magnificent domain which is now peopled by the most enterprising of their race, and has before it the promise of that still greater development which is so certain in the course of time to be fulfilled in its ultimate grandeur and glory; when the many States of the Pacific shall be densely populated, and shall outrank all others of the Union in the leading elements of prosperity and wealth; and when San Francisco shall become the unrivaled possessor of the rich and enormous traffic of the Indies and China, together with that of the great island continent and the many islands of the broad Pacific. In this spirit of the performance of this grateful duty, within the measure of the ability of the writer, this sketch of one conspicuous in his lifetime among these early explorers and pioneers is presented.

Joseph R. Walker, the discoverer of "Walker's Pass" through the Sierra Nevada chain, leading from the great basin into Tulare valley, was born in Knox County, near Knoxville, Tennessee, in the closing year of the last century. His father had emigrated only the year before from Rockbridge County, Virginia, and his new home in Tennessee was at that time barely an outpost of civilization, with an old block house, or fort, for the protection of the few settlers from the Indians. At the age of nineteen years, Jo Walker, as he was commonly called, moved with the family to Fort Osage, Jackson County, Missouri. His father had died, and his brother, Joel Walker, two years his senior—who died in Santa Rosa township, Sonoma County, about two years ago—and himself were the main support of his widowed mother, and sisters. In 1821, he made his first steamboat trip on the "Expedition," the first vessel of the kind that ever

ascended the Missouri so far up as Council Bluffs; and the event was so impressed and retained in his memory, that he could narrate the details of it down to the close of his life. One circumstance of the trip was the unskilled manner of loading the boat, by which she was made to draw only two feet of water forward, while aft she drew six feet. But this great difference in the draft enabled her to make landings at low banks and shores with better facility than had she been on "even keel," as the boatman's phrase is. Rafts and broadhorns were then the ordinary means of river navigation on the "Big Muddy," and the novelty of a steamboat trip, in connection with the wonderfully increased speed of from six to eight miles an hour—the best time for the crack steamboats of those waters in that early period of steam navigation—had allured young Walker to the treat. He had early developed a fondness for adventure and mountain life, and his home in the sparsely settled regions of his nativity, and in the still wilder Missouri new territory, had enabled him to cultivate the chief requirements for that kind of life. In his twenty-third year he joined a hunting and trapping expedition to the plains, with the intention of extending the perilous journey all the way to the Pacific coast, as the accounts of the explorations of Lewis and Clarke—each of whom had settled in Missouri, after their famous trip across the continent to the Columbia River and the Pacific shore of Oregon, and subsequently become Governor of the Territory by presidential appointment—had excited many to engage in similar expeditions. The route proposed by the party led through New Mexico, at that time a province of Mexico, secured to the new republic by the treaty of Aquala, by which Spain had relinquished her dominions in that part of the New World to her former subjects; and the Governor of the province was ill disposed toward Americans, either as adventurers or emigrants. He consequently forbade the expedition from encroaching upon his domain; and as his orders were supplemented by an ample military force, the unwilling expedi-

tionists had no other alternative than to submit, and the return to Missouri was consequently agreed upon, after a brief imprisonment of the whole party.

At that early period, however, the sagacity and enterprise of some who were engaged in trade in Missouri led them to attempt the opening of a route that should enable them to possess the rich traffic of the Mexican border; and as Santa Fé had already become the chief trading-post for that extensive region, that was made the objective point toward the accomplishment of the scheme.

The aid of Congress was petitioned, and in 1824 an appropriation was voted by that body to survey a route from the Missouri border to that chief Mexican trading rendezvous, the route to be marked by the throwing up of small earth-mounds at suitable distances. Because of his superior qualifications for the service, Jo Walker was engaged as guide to the survey; and although the project was, in direct sense, a failure, it served, nevertheless, as the "breaking of the crust," as Walker himself characterized it, for the subsequent use and benefit of the caravans or trains which annually conveyed the merchandise, and established the lucrative traffic that so long made synonymous the term of "Santa Fé trader" and the acquisition of large fortune; and secured to Missouri the immense profits and great advantages of that golden gateway to the wild territory of the distant West, in which was bred and inspired so much of that spirit of adventure and enterprise which has ever since directed its fearless energies to the exploration and settlement of the vast region on this side of the continent, then almost an unknown wilderness and waste, so far as the white race was concerned.

So well had Walker acquitted himself in the survey employment, that on his return to his home he was elected sheriff of Jackson County, and in that capacity he developed his foresight as a true pioneer by his selection of a site for the county seat. He named it Independence, characteristic alike of his sterling patriotism and his own free nature, and by that name the town is still

known. It was long famous as the point of departure for trains and emigration bound for New Mexico, Utah, California, and Oregon, as well as for its having been the chief trading and military post of the far western frontier. His first term of two years having expired, Walker was honored by a re-election, and again creditably served the duration of the term. Upon retiring from office, Walker returned to his more congenial mode of life; and in the pursuit of his love of adventure, joined also the occupation of trader in live stock. He made long journeys from Independence into Arkansas and contiguous territory, and Fort Gibson was one of his points of traffic. At Fort Osage in Missouri, early in 1832, while on one of these trips, he fell in with Captain B. L. E. Bonneville of the Seventh Regiment Infantry, U. S. A., then under leave of absence from Alexander McComb, Major-General, commanding the army, to enable him to explore the country to the Rocky Mountains and beyond, and whose remarkable adventures, while on that exploration, the genius of Washington Irving has so felicitously recorded in his enchanting works. The casual meeting led to the enlistment of Walker as "sub-leader" or lieutenant in Bonneville's expedition, and he is thus sketched by Irving:

"J. R. Walker was a native of Tennessee, about six feet high, strong built, dark complexioned, brave in spirit, though wild in manners. He had been for many years in Missouri on the frontier; had been among the earliest adventurers to Santa Fé, where he had gone to track beaver, and was taken by the Spaniards. Being liberated, he engaged with the Spaniards and Sioux Indians in a war against the Pawnees; then returned to Missouri, and had acted by turns as sheriff, trader, trapper, until he was enlisted as a leader by Captain Bonneville."

At the same time was enlisted M. S. Cerré, an experienced Indian trader, and who had also been upon an expedition to Santa Fé. He, too, was engaged as a fellow-leader with Walker. Bonneville's party left Fort Osage May 1st, 1832, one hundred and ten men strong, the greater portion of whom were skilled hunters and trappers, inured to mountain life, and experienced in fighting Indians.

Captain Bonneville departed from the accustomed mode of using only animals for pack-trains, and outfitted also with wagons. The American Fur Company and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company were at that time the competitors and rivals in the valuable traffic in furs and peltry through the wild regions of the West, and with the employés of these companies Walker and Cerré were well acquainted, as the two were likewise with the wilderness in which they mainly pursued their exciting, hardy, and oftentimes perilous vocation.

During the following October, the Bonneville expedition reached the country of the warlike Blackfeet Indians, and from there, Walker, with a band of twenty hunters, was dispatched to range the region beyond the Horse Prairie. At one of their camping-places, while quietly enjoying their rest after a day of hard travel, and a hearty supper of the game they had killed—some sitting about the camp-fire, recounting their adventures, others giving attention to their rifles and accouterments, and Walker and a few more beguiling the hours at a game of "old sledge"—they were suddenly surprised by the war-whoop of a party of Indians, and had barely time to prepare for the instant onset of the savages, who shot into the camp a shower of arrows, and had already seized upon the horses and pack-mules to run them off. Quick work with their handy rifles, and the determined courage of the surprised band, in a little while turned the attack into a flight, and the Indians were at last glad enough to make their escape from the deadly encounter without the animals they so much coveted. Walker's coolness and intrepidity in the sudden hot dash, and his sagacity in directing the hurried plan of defense into mastery of the situation, saved himself and his comrades from slaughter, and enabled them to get away from the scene in good condition, without serious wound or loss; but he was afterwards more prone to adopt the very safest course from any repetition of the hazardous incident, and he evermore hated "old sledge."

By his consummate skill in leadership,

and his equanimity and daring in moments of greatest difficulty and danger, as well as by his uncommon aptitude in mountain life and woodcraft, Walker became the most trusted and favorite among all in the expedition in the estimation of his chief; and hence, when the party reached the confines of what is now Utah Territory, to him Captain Bonneville committed the charge of the subdivision to find and explore the Great Salt Lake, of which Bonneville had heard, and was most anxious to gain accurate information from a trustworthy source. More than a year had now elapsed since the expedition had left Fort Osage, and Bonneville had resolved to continue his explorations to the Columbia, and trace that mighty river of the north-west to its mouth and discharge into the vast Pacific.

"This momentous undertaking," as Captain Bonneville himself termed the exploration of the route and the survey of the Great Salt Lake, now intrusted to Walker, resulted disastrously, through circumstances against which it was impossible for him to successfully contend. With his forty men, he had left the main body at Green River valley late in July, and pushed westward toward their allotted destination, to be met and joined by Bonneville the ensuing spring or summer. It was an unexplored country through which they were to force their way, and meantime they were to trap for furs and hunt for their own subsistence. Along Bear River and on the head-waters of the Cassie they hunted and trapped, gathered furs and laid in a store of buffalo meat and venison. Away southward they could see, from their greater altitude, the shining surface of the Great Salt Lake they were to reach and report upon. But they could not find or trace any stream which led to it, or was tributary. Beyond and surrounding it were deserts and utter sterility. Any who have in these times traveled overland by railroad or otherwise through the Weber cañon, and become acquainted with the impracticability of surmounting the Wahsatch range, or suffered the fatigues of the desert which stretches from the Sierra Nevada Mountains to that

range, will readily understand why Walker's party, in that primitive period of the exploration of that inhospitable, barren, and then unknown region, were unable to accomplish their desperate and perilous mission. They were beset by hostile Indians nearly every day; and while upon the desert, they endured sufferings which can be adequately imagined only by the emigrants and others who have since similarly suffered — frequent attacks by hostile Indians, hunger, thirst, and the difficulty of subsisting their animals or themselves. They were compelled at last to abandon the mission on which they were bent, to save themselves from perishing on the desert, and to strike for the mountain ridges to the northward. They reached Mary's River, and there the Shoshones troubled them, pilfering their traps and game by day, and endangering their camps as they slept. The killing of one of these thieving Indians caused such hostile conduct on the part of his tribe, that the party were forced to leave that region and push their way across the mountains into California. The Great Salt Lake expedition was a woful failure; but on that terrible journey into California, Walker traced the Humboldt to the sink of the river, discovered Carson Lake, and also the lake and river which still bear his name, viewed Mono Lake from a distance, and crossed the Sierra chain not far from the head-waters of the Merced into the valley of the San Joaquin. On the night of the extraordinary spectacle in the heavens of the "shooting stars," November 12th, 1833, Walker and his party camped on the banks of the Tuolumne River, and he was roused from his sleep in the dark of the early morning, by the comrade who shared his blankets, to look at what the terrified trapper exclaimed was "the d——dest shooting-match that ever was seen!" From the San Joaquin Valley he crossed the coast range to Monterey, and there wintered, much to the demoralization of his men. Early in the spring of 1834 he started to rejoin Bonneville at the appointed rendezvous on Bear River, and there found his chief in quite destitute condition, from his long

journey to the Pacific shore of Oregon, and his exploration of the Columbia and Snake rivers, and sadly disappointed at the failure of his next darling project, that upon which Walker had been sent. It was arranged that Walker and Cerré should proceed on the homeward journey to Missouri, to superintend the conveyance of the furs to St. Louis; and there ended Walker's connection with the Bonneville expedition.

After his return to Missouri, Captain Walker, as he then became known, was quickly employed by the American Fur Company, and during the ensuing four years he remained in that employment. These were four years of arduous toil, frequent privations, desperate encounters with hostile Indians, besides many hazardous adventures and bare escapes from death. He then determined to pursue his favorite mode of life on his own account, untrammelled by contract obligations, and unrestrained in his path of duty or pleasure. The companion and congenial fellow of the most noted trappers and mountain men—the Sublettes, Bridger, Smith, Hensley, Fitzpatrick, Williams, Carson, and others of similar skill and worth—he employed his years in hunting, trapping, exploring, and pioneering thence onward, down to within a few years of his death, and became conspicuous among the few who volunteered their services, on many occasions, in guiding and escorting into California and Oregon the weary and perplexed and destitute emigrants who came over the plains to found new homes upon this coast. Hundreds of families, of whom the heads are still living, or whose sons and daughters are now themselves advanced in life, with families of their own about them, throughout these Pacific States and Territories, owe their easier and safer journey hither to his generous and prudent conduct. He not only guided or directed them to the most feasible and least dangerous routes and through mountain passes, but he furthermore, in many instances, accompanied and gave them his protection and substantial aid into spots favored of Providence in soil and surroundings; for he was acquainted with al-

most every trail and pass, conversant with Indian life and its dangers, and knew the most eligible portions of the country for settlement and homes.

It was not until 1850 that Captain Jo Walker discovered the pass through the Sierra Nevada Mountains which leads into Tulare valley, although others attribute the discovery to Jedediah S. Smith, as far back as 1825, while trapping in the service of the fur company of which General Ashley was the chief in command in the mountains; and others still ascribe it to Ogden, the American in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, who is said to have found it in 1827; or to Ewing Young of Tennessee, a pioneer of Oregon, who died in 1841; or again, to William Wolfskill, an early pioneer of California, who passed through it, on his way farther westward, from an exploration of the Wahsatch Mountains at a subsequent period. It is clear, at all events, that, whomsoever discovered the Pass, it was never utilized to the purposes of emigration and travel until it was made generally known by Captain Joseph Walker in 1850, when he pushed through it after his explorations in the country of the Moqui Indians, supposed to be a remnant of the ancient Aztecs, in which he saw the ruins of old and massive habitations, pyramids, castles, pottery, etc., which gave evidence of a very remote and advanced civilization. These ruins he found between the Gila and San Juan rivers. They are believed to mark the site of the great city of Grand Quivera, or Pecos, the most populous and grandest of that race, now long extinct. Walker found his way through the Pass from the Mohave desert into Tulare valley. It was ten miles from plain to plain, and on his way he traveled along the headwaters of Kern River. General Beale afterwards traveled the same region, going eastward by the southern route.

It was in 1844 that Captain Walker resolved to make his home in California, here in the territory where so many of his old and beloved comrades had fixed their abode. That year he left for the States with a band of horses and mules, with a party of eight

men to accompany him. Colonel John C. Fremont was then in advance of him, on his return to the East, after his second expedition to this coast. In his journal of that adventure, under date of May 14th, Fremont says: "We had to-day the gratification of being joined by the famous hunter and trapper, Mr. Joseph Walker, [the "Mr." would have roused the ire of the plain and modest old mountaineer] whom I have before mentioned, who now became our guide. Nothing but his great knowledge of the country, great courage and presence of mind, and good rifles, could have brought him safe from such a perilous enterprise"; i. e., the journey he had made before he overtook Fremont. Captain Jo Walker's very modest account of the "perilous enterprise" was to the contrary effect—that he never felt that himself or his little party were in the slightest peril, for he and they were alike well mounted, well armed, and amply prepared for the long journey overland by themselves, without fear or thought of molestation from either the hostile Indians or perils of other sort. And his idea of the quality, if not of the want, of the much-vaunted courage of the "Path-finder," and of his skill as a "mountain man," was not at all to the credit of that gold-medaled hero of his own exploits, whose memorable trip over the coast range, from the valley to Santa Barbara, forever dispelled the humorous fancy of those who indulged it, that mules never famish or die.

After having guided and accompanied Fremont to Brent's Fort on the Arkansas River, Walker continued his journey into Missouri in his own way. But the following summer, at Fremont's solicitation, he again engaged with him in the trip westward to California, and his services were once more invaluable to that distinguished adventurer.

The gold discovery in California had no charm for Captain Jo Walker. Although he valued money in his own provident and unselfish, unavaricious way, he was neither its slave nor its worshiper. To accumulate and hoard it, when about him or known to him were any whose circumstances or necessities caused them trouble or privation, was averse

to his great and generous nature. He was not wantonly prodigal with gold; but he was never so fond of it as to make its acquisition the aim or end of his lifetime pursuit. It was to him mainly the medium through which to comfortably provide for his own simple wants, and to supply the necessities or relieve the sufferings of his friends, and the unfortunate whom he encountered mostly to cheer or assist. His temperament and his mode of life prompted and confirmed in him moderation in requirements and habits. He was a democratic republican, of the ancient, pure, and simple stamp, in principle and action, without the dross of the politician or the guile of the partisan in his nature or behavior. General Jackson was his grandest of mortal heroes blessed with immortal name, and he remained always affectionately disposed to his native Tennessee, and to the "Old Missouri" of his early manhood. He was alike temperate and frugal in his mode of life.

His was a notable figure in any group of men, even in his ripe age, as the writer of this tribute saw him in 1853, when he was prevailed upon to recount some of the eventful deeds and scenes of his active life for publication in the San Francisco "Herald," which were graphically and gracefully prepared for the press by Mr. A. J. Moulder, at that time the assistant editor; and in later years, so late as 1876, when again he was persuaded to communicate to Mr. R. A. Thompson, then associate editor of the Sonoma "Democrat"—now county clerk, at Santa Rosa—a more extended account of his reminiscences of mountaineering and Indian fighting. His stature was as given by Irving and copied in this sketch, and his form was of massive mold for strength and endurance, as well as for activity. He bore himself always as a man conscious alike of his own rights and proper dignity; nor was he unmindful of the rights and condition of others. He had the mettle of a hero, the simplicity of a child.

Captain Walker ceased from his accustomed toils and fatigues about ten years before his death, and made his home, in peaceful

contentment, with his nephew, James T. Walker, in Ygnacio valley, Contra Costa County, from which he occasionally paid visits to his elder brother, Joel, in Santa Rosa, and to prized friends in other parts of the State. But he was happiest in the quiet of that fond home, and there he died, October 28th, 1876. His mortal remains repose in Alhambra cemetery in Contra Costa. He lived to the green old age of seventy-six years. The soil of California has given final rest and sepulture to few more deserving of the respect and remembrance or homage of her citizens, for the measure of good works

nobly performed from unselfish motives, and in self-sacrificing, generous spirit. Among the roll of her honored pioneers, his name will be cherished; and the record of his life and of his beneficent services during his eventful career, as a worthy representative of the noble band with whom he maintained devoted fellowship, will be inseparably connected with the complete history of this State, to whose growth and greatness he and they so materially contributed in the period of its earliest occupation by Americans, and its subsequent marvelous development toward highest prosperity. JAMES O'MEARA.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

CHAPTER IX.

The Doctor passed lingeringly through the grounds, and out into the high-road, with his hands clasped behind him, and his head bent down, as though he felt overpoweringly oppressed with sad regrets for a cruel task imposed upon him by inexorable duty, and which, if it were in his power or discretion, he would gladly have altogether avoided. And at the window stood Stella, white with sudden terror, rigid and spell-bound, gazing after his receding form, as though he was carrying out of the world with him all her hope and life; yet, all the same, following him with a strained, wistful, and imploring expression, as though still upheld by a latent, half-defined expectation, that, after all, he might turn upon his steps, avow the whole matter a jest, and so retrieve the mischief he had done.

Reaching the high-road, and feeling himself at last protected by the intervening shrubbery from all further observation, the Doctor unclasped his hands, raised his head, allowed a pleasant smile to spread over his face, as of one well satisfied with the performance of an ably rendered part; and with that, struck into a quicker walk back to his

office. But to poor Stella, seeing him now no longer, there came no return of cheerful expression. Bereft of her puny, wild, illogical hope of his return with healing in his words, the whiteness of her face became still more ghastly and deathlike, and the little remaining strength with which for the moment she had nerved herself to stand and gaze longingly after him deserted her, and she sank half-fainting into her chair; there, in speechless and motionless misery, over and over to resolve one bitter, despairing sequence of troubled thought.

She had been very happy upon the preceding evening. Her dreams of the night, in whatever crude distortion shapen, had throughout been richly gilded with bright and heaven-sent promises for the future. Until the previous day, she had hardly expected, scarcely even ventured to hope, that she would ever be suffered to meet her olden lover again. When first she had heard that false report of his death, she had secretly mourned for him, as though all hope of any future happiness had been blotted out from her life. When, afterwards, she had learned that he was still alive, though for the moment she was enraptured with the news, she had, all the same, endeavored to so school her

mind as to think no longer about him, excepting as of one whom she might never see again. Not only that there were dangers of battle and sickness yet to be passed, but that meanwhile new scenes and interests might not unnaturally end in carving out other destinies for him. Now that he had for so long been separated from her olden associations, how could she expect that the memories of them should continue so pleasant to him as to encourage any desire for their renewal? She had probably passed out of his constant regard, so she thought, even as she must already have passed away from any direct influence upon his scheme of life. He was no longer the lover; not even the friend, perhaps: he was only a phantom of past fancies. Therefore, when he had so unexpectedly reappeared, the sound of his voice had summoned forward into glowing brightness once more the sunlight of the distant past, and at once the dark cloud of present isolation had rolled away into nothingness—a painful, soul-torturing nightmare, to be forgotten with the breaking of the new day. How completely, in her great joy, she had then fallen, as it were, from her self-possession, letting her pleasure gleam unchecked upon her face, and in her unguarded thoughtlessness and frank sincerity, allowing him to guess how warmly her heart still beat for him, betraying herself even before he had fairly dared to question her feeling. How deeply she had blushed to think that she had thus unwittingly revealed herself. Better, perhaps, to have opposed adamant denial, and have affected much coy resistance, and thereby punished him for his silly reserve and reticence of the past years, during which he should have known that he had merely to hold out his hand to grasp the good fortune of perfect love always waiting to bestow itself upon him. And then again she had driven the blush away; for why should she feel ashamed at the mere verbal interchange of thoughts that had always been a living reality between them, known and acknowledged, all the same, and lacking merely the form of open expression?

Yes, she had been very happy for those

past few hours; and now a thunderbolt had fallen, and it seemed as though in every direction there were only wreck and ruin. If ever these were cleared away, it must be through some long-protracted period of misery and despair, so it seemed to her; and meanwhile, what if the ruin never should be repaired? How could she think to suffer in secret, and, with any appearance of that calm philosophy which was altogether so repugnant to her nature, dream that the evil would at last correct itself? And yet, how could she venture ever to interfere, and not find need of tears that might be misunderstood, and of half-confession, that in its incompleteness might bring unmerited reproach upon her, and so, little by little, let misconstruction accomplish its baneful work, and take away forever all chance of future happy restoration?

At length she aroused herself. Whatever had happened, she must not thus give way to despair. At least, the outer world must not know her grief; and perhaps with occupation, she might be led to collected reflection. She had much need of thought, indeed; for this was no emergency in which she could turn aside and watch events drift by her at their chance, unaided by her will. If she had only some kind, dear friend to whom she might confide the story of her misery, it might bring aid; but even that poor recourse was denied her. The dearest and best friend in all the world must not be allowed to hear the story that had just now been whispered to her. In utter despair of soul, she must, through herself alone, seek escape from the terror that spread its baneful influence about her. She must be her own confidant, and, if needs be, must bear that story in secrecy to the grave.

Pale and terror-stricken, she now glided about the house; mute, irresolute in action, doing and undoing mechanically the same tasks with listless pretense of industry, yet knowing little what she did, seeing that her thoughts were all the while fixed upon other scenes, and her mind weighed down with the same crushing power of hopelessness. But at last she bethought herself with more

determined effort, and prepared to arouse into action. It was no way, indeed, to trust that occupation would bring repose of mind, and thence the needed inspiration. The morning was wasting; there was something for her to do, and perhaps but little time for her to do it in. The sun was high, and at any moment Allan might now appear. Let whatever line of action be adopted for the future, there was now the imperative necessity that she should not see him, and that he must go away, perhaps forever.

For an instant, she glanced apprehensively around and outside. No one to interrupt her within; without the house, apparent repose and lifelessness. A bright sunshiny day, without a breath of wind to disturb the perfect serenity of the scene. In the distance, an unruffled bay, with two or three small boats upon it, in which fishermen sat with scant pretense of labor; farther out, the open sea, moving with lightest possible swell, and burdened with merely two specks of sail, far off upon the horizon. Nearer by, the road, running white, hot, and glistening between hedges of motionless shrubs, and no sign of human life upon it. Yes, one sign: an ox-team slowly creaking past, the driver lying back at half-length, too idle to raise his goad, and so leaving the whole direction of affairs to the cattle. These slowly plodded on, meek and sad-eyed, almost as sleepily disposed, apparently, as their driver, and so dragged their burden past the house, and along the next turn of the road. Then, as the creaking ceased, all became once more still, and seemingly lifeless as before; and sitting down at her little desk, Stella began her task.

It was a wretched task. For one whose pen would generally fly so nimbly over the paper, it seemed marvelous how slowly her fingers now moved. There was so little to be said, too. Only a line: telling Allan that he must not come to her; that he must leave the village at once. Yet there are some messages in which every word is so instinct with thought, and so capable of widely differing constructions, that most exceeding care must be taken in its use and relation with all other

words; and in this little note of Stella's, many minutes elapsed before she could satisfy herself that she had written it aright. At last, as she folded the paper and looked up, she found that all her labor had been useless, for that now already Allan stood before her.

Urged on by his impatience, he had come at what seemed to him the earliest possible hour, had slipped through the open gate, and had stepped in at the long parlor window looking upon the piazza. Seeing her at the desk, he had waited a moment, watching the graces of action which, even in that time of trial, enveloped and adorned her; in the somewhat darkened light of the room, and with his vision in a measure made indistinct by the outer glare, not for the moment noting anything of bewilderment or distress in her expression, but only an imprint of intense thought in her down-turned face, not unbecoming or unusual with one writing under some strain of mind. So for a while, with a pleasant smile upon his lips, he had stood undetected.

Then, when at the last she looked up and recognized him, he would have stepped forward, eager now not only to speak to her, but also to embrace her as his own. But at the moment he felt impelled to stop. Even in that dim light he could see a startled look upon her face, repressing him. Startled, indeed: for as she had dreaded meeting him, and had attempted to forestall his coming, so now his sudden appearance, and the sight of his tall figure in relief against the window, standing out clear and well defined against the bright sky, appalled her for the moment, as though it were an evil fate causing him to rise like a phantom from the floor, and counteract all her well-meant precaution. No: her look showed plainly that now there was no place there for lover-like dalliance.

"What is it, Stella? You do not seem glad to see me. And were you writing to me?" he added, with instinctive sagacity. "Had I thought so, I would have waited longer at the inn, so as to receive the pleasant note before coming."

For the moment, not a word from her, as

she stood gazing uneasily at him, and mechanically twisting the little note in her nervous fingers, until it threatened to lose all its fair, delicate proportions.

"I was—yes, I was writing to you. Will you have the letter? Perhaps, after all, it tells better than I can what I mean to do—what I require."

With a sudden, impulsive motion she held out the note for him to take; then, as he reached forth his hand, withdrew her own, still clinging to the note. After all—so she reasoned—would the letter tell him what she meant half as well as her own words might do? At the best, it was cold and distant, though she had tried to make it kind; while there might be something in her very tone that would soothe his resentment. She forgot that any expression of kindness in the note would remain; while her own words, however expressed, came now disguised beneath dismay and terror, so as to seem even less than friendly. But under her new impulse, she held the note away from him for a moment or two, then tore it into fragments and cast it upon the floor.

"It is well," he said, affecting a dignified approval of her action. He knew now, by her words, her expression, and her action, that it could have been no pleasing note—nothing that he would ever wish to carry against his heart. For a moment, he stood irresolute and stricken with sore tribulation; at length—it was only an instant, yet in that time there had been a long train of reflection uncoiling itself in his mind—he turned toward her, speaking pleasantly, and yet with an effort that showed how difficult it was to stifle his rising resentment.

"What does this mean, Stella? How am I to understand it?"

"It means," she answered, nervously clutching the back of her chair, as though she needed support—"it means, what the note says, and what I will tell you instead: that you must go away from here—must go away from the town, and back to the army—at once—nor return until—"

"But this is making a jest of me, Stella; it is speaking mysteries which I cannot com-

prehend. In Heaven's name, what have I done to bring all this upon me? I can see that it seems to come from no mere fancy upon your part. You speak as though you meant it: that cannot be denied. Yet I should be permitted to believe that you have not had time to take an aversion to me. Tell me, then, what it is you mean?"

No answer, though earnestly he waited. She stood before him speechless, motionless but for the rigid twisting of her fingers among the carvings of the chair-back, her face half-averted, and no expression in her eyes other than of some combination of troublous emotions, the true meaning of which it would be hopeless for any one to unravel.

"Tell me, Stella: is it that I am coming too soon after—after last evening? It is not a short time for me to have waited; but if you think I ought to go away for a few months longer, I will. But I am sure that this is not the reason."

Sure, indeed, and at any other time he would have laughed at the thought. Even he, a man not used to fathom women's hearts and impulses—foolish in that lack of perception as men so often are—felt now that it could never happen in one of Stella's trusting nature to make any such studious calculation of lapse of time. With her, the mere measure of days would never be made the measure of her love. Not for her, the worship of his early years, to put him off from day to day, now that she had given herself to him, and to make pretense of scrupulous delay after the manner of women who fear to lower their value by allowing too easy a victory over their hearts. Not for her, having in one impulse of affection given up her whole soul to him, now to feel shame that she had done so, and endeavor to withdraw her faith in order to surrender it again more leisurely and cautiously. To believe this of her, in his vain groping around after some possible explanation of her conduct, would be to impute to her an unworthy purpose, and one foreign to her nature. There must be other reason than this.

"No, Stella, I think that if you would

care to see me a month hence, you would care to-day," he said. "Tell me, then, this—it is all that I can suggest to myself—has any man or woman endeavored to come between us, and prejudice you against me? That might perhaps be, for I have so long been away, during which time you can have heard little or nothing about me, either to my credit or the reverse—"

"And if there had?" she suddenly interrupted. "If any one had told me anything about you to your discredit, what then?"

Earnestly she bent forward, seeming as though she must not lose a word of his answer: as though upon it, or upon a single syllable of it, her uncertain course might be taken. Even in her few words, spoken in half-whispered tone, there was a ring of anxious pleading, as for some answer that she may have held hidden in her heart, and which she would have had him utter.

"Why, only this, Stella," he responded; and in the gathering of his pride he spoke more firmly and decidedly, in proportion as her own weak words seemed likely to fail her. "Upon this, perhaps, depends what I will do. You tell me that I must leave you—this village—return even to the army corps. This will I do only when I see there is no other proper course for me."

"And wherefore—"

"In this way, Stella. It might be that now you are not displeased at heart with me for anything; that you are merely pretending displeasure, that you might try my faith and constancy, and perhaps enjoy my pleading for one word of affection. I do not really think this is so. Your words and manner have too little the air of being a pretense, I fear. But if it were so, why then, nothing could make me do your bidding and leave you. Why should I do so? It could be no light matter that would draw my love from you. Consider how from our youth we have been together. I cannot now remember the time when there was any gliding softly from the formal to the familiar, or any gradual letting mere acquaintance give way to friendship, and friendship to affection. There

was never the time when I loved you not. There was for me no sunshine in the days when you did not come; no pleasure in my walks when I did not meet you. All that time I did not tell you of my love, well as you must have known it, so little did I have to offer you. But now that I have told it to you, Stella, do you think that it would be any mere light sporting with my feelings that could make me resentful, and drive me from you?"

"You have already said that you do not attribute to me such foolish and trivial action," she answered, after a little pause. "For you know that I am free of heart, and open and truthful by nature, and could no more bring myself to conceal a true affection, with pretense of unkindness, than I could pretend, for any purpose, a love that did not exist."

"Yes, all this I know," he rejoined; and for the moment he seemed cast down at the admission. Perhaps he had even hoped for the instant that in some mood of playfulness she was really testing his faith, and sporting with his misery, and the realization that this was far from her nature cast hope from him. "All this I know; and therefore, on that score at least, I may not venture to press my presence upon you. There then remains only—"

"What then remains?" she asked, seeing that he hesitated.

"I can scarcely speak it, Stella, for I am unwilling to believe that any other persons could make you think ill of me. I have been too true to you to deserve such fate as that. But yet such things have been in this world. And if it should have been so in this matter, why, this I will say: less for that, then, than for any other reason, would I now consent to be driven from you. I would stay until I had ferreted out the slander, whatever it might be, to the slightest whisper. I would not cease until I had brought the enemy to his knees, so that you yourself should witness his abjection, and should confess that I was as free from the imputed blame as I have been always free from any disloyalty."

"Nay, nay; speak not like that—there is no need—there never could be—"

"Then this, also, is a mere imagining, and I am still in fault, Stella? Why, then, indeed," and he drew himself up with more appearance of anger than he had yet shown; "then there is only one more thing to say. It must be true that you have never really cared for me as I had hoped; that your pliant yielding last evening was a mere outbreak of good nature and of ordinary friendly feeling, repented of almost as soon as recognized; that in the silence of last night you have reconsidered your part, and would now turn me away, as unworthy of your love. If this is so, why, then I will go. I could not bring myself, you know, to throw myself upon your charity, and beg for your friendship, as a thing to be accepted in place of love."

With that, he turned suddenly away, and for the moment she believed that he was about to depart, in anger and without another word. More rigidly than ever her fingers wound themselves convulsively in the carved work beneath them; more deathlike and pale grew her face. It seemed as though she could no longer endure this test; that she must recoil from what she had attempted, and so, perhaps, ruin all; that she must spring forward and beseech him to remain, whatever the bitter consequences. But once more he turned, and it was with a last appeal.

"You see that I am weak at heart, Stella—weaker, after all, than a man should be. Doubtless, it is because I cannot give up all my life for a single suspicion. You must be able to look into my heart, and read its every thought—the weakness that urges me to stay, with the hope of conquering some suspicion and so regaining your love; the manhood that tells me to go away forever, if your love has entirely vanished. It must, after all, be for you, Stella, to tell me what I must do."

"And if I thought—if only I knew," she tremblingly began.

"For you see, Stella, that it is harder, perhaps, for me than for you, to part. This is why I linger, and so weakly plead with you. It is two years since you have seen me,

until last night; and two years are a great while, and might easily efface any pleasant feeling of regard. But I, who later than that—yes, let me confess the little secret—I, who within a few months have stealthily dared to draw near, and—"

With a sudden start she drew herself up, pressed her hand upon her side, then sank half-prostrate against the favoring arm of the chair.

"Why, what now, Stella?"

He would have advanced to her support, but she waved him off.

"Tell me—and do not deceive me—were you—a few months ago, upon a certain night, were you near this house?"

How earnestly, almost pleadingly, she bent forward to catch his answer! And he, seeing from her manner how vital to her the answer must be, paused for a moment to frame his words with care and distinctness. Somewhat thrown off from his self-possession, too, since her question surprised him not a little with the evidence of a knowledge of something which he had believed known only to himself. So, in spite of all effort to the contrary, he remained for an instant confused and almost speechless. Marking his hesitation, her hope fell; yet she felt that she must persevere, and leave nothing to imagination or concealment.

"Tell me, were you here at such a time?"

"How did you know that, Stella? Yes, I was here upon a certain night. I came—"

"Enough! O, why did I ask that question! I should have foreseen the answer, and that it could not leave me a hope. Now leave me. Come not here again. Go—go! Since you refer the choice to me, a thousand times rather go than stay!"

He turned in silence—in offended wrath that for the instant could not admit of speech—gained the window, passed to the outside, then again faced her.

"Yes, I will go," he then said; "and going, it is not probable that I shall ever return."

"I did not mean—that is, I would say—go back to the army at once. I will write, and so you will know—"

"Will write me, when I get back to camp, Stella? Why, as for that, it can scarcely be necessary. It is an old form, of which I know the purport. Whatever can be said when discarding a lover should always be said at the time, it might seem, and therefore should now be said to me here; and yet I suppose that in doing so there would be a violation of some different practice. And it is so much easier to put into a distantly-sent letter those things which otherwise must be told face to face. Still, I think that I know it all: how that we have both been mistaken in our feelings, and how that it is better that at least one of us should find it out in time for the preservation of the happiness of both; how that, though it may give me pain at the first, I shall live to laugh over it, and to bless the kind discretion that gave me relief; how that you will ever be my friend, and, if possible, my better influence, even from a distance; and the like. Yes, you see that I know it all, and so it would be a foolish waste of time to write: do you not think so?"

"Yet hear me—"

"No: I will now go away, Stella, and of course, as you demand, I will endeavor never to return. I cannot pretend that the present hour will ever fade away from my memory, as it ought. It is unfortunate that we cannot always forget what we would wish to forget. The past of so many years has relations with me which I cannot help remembering, and probably for the rest of my life: for they were years of joy and hope, and were mingled with pleasant picturings of the future; and it is hard for me to wake up from that youthful trance, and know that it was a reality of mere cooling friendship. Perhaps I ought now to act a hardened, listless part, and to tell you that I will impute nothing to your blame, and look upon you as one who has been merely agitated by some evil influence; that it was not yourself who has spoken to me so severely. After a while, I may be able to do so, but not now. Better let me speak what I really feel, and assure you that your wishes shall be obeyed; and that, as far as lies in me, the past shall be all blotted out. And so, good by, Stella."

He turned again, and in a moment was striding away down the winding walk to the open gate. Had he looked back, he might have seen Stella standing at the window, with strained and hopeless gaze, never afterwards to be forgotten if he chanced to read it aright. Had she acted wisely or not? Had her constrained effort been their safety or their ruin? Alas! how could she yet know? But even as she had followed the Doctor's retreating figure, hoping that he would retrace his steps, so now she gazed after Allan, fearing that he would return and undo her work, so painfully carried out. Once, indeed, it seemed as though he was about to look back, and she hurriedly lowered her hand, half-way to her lips. But he did not falter, or turn his head; and Stella, again lifting her hand and completing its passage to her lips, gave herself, in her own privacy, that poor consolation of sending after him a farewell loving kiss, and then sank once more down in her miserable torture of spirit.

CHAPTER X.

While the Colonel lay through the night, tossing to and fro in what was neither sleep nor wakefulness, there was a sudden gale outside, driving the dark clouds across the sky in thick, ragged, scattered scuds, lashing the ocean into a foam, swelling the waves even of the little bay, and doubtless wrecking many a vessel far outside. It came up almost unforeseen, raged wildly through most of the small hours of the night, and then passed off with as little warning, leaving a clear, cloudless sky to receive the earliest glow of the rising sun.

But while the gale swept about the little tavern—carrying up the roar of the surf, now and then drowning all other sounds with the patter and plash of occasional gusts of hail and rain, clattering blinds and sashes, threatening the old chimneys, and even at times rocking the whole tavern to its foundations—the Colonel heard but little of it understand-

ingly. The sounds were in his ears, to be sure, but were so mingled with hideous dreams and queer sorts of distempered fancies, that the whole seemed one great dream, in which there was no actual reality, but the true and the false all blended in the intricate evolutions of the latter. So that when, after a few hours of somewhat sounder sleep, he awoke and found the sun shining in at his window, and an early spring bird pleasantly chirruping under the eaves, he would have felt certain that all the turmoil of the night had been part of an ugly nightmare, were it not for the little crowd of men in the bar-room, discussing the gale. Some of them had been out all night in it, endeavoring to save threatened property in boats and nets; others had been kept awake and listened: all agreed that there had been no such severe spring weather for years. The lighthouse keeper spoke of the rocking of the building, and the occasional difficulty of maintaining his lights; the oystermen were of the opinion that the oyster-beds must have been pretty severely disturbed; a lifeboat upon the outer coast was reported crushed by the falling in of its house; a schooner was said to be ashore at Leeward: but, after all, there were no tidings from any direction of life being lost. So the men, not at all fatigued with their night's labor or unrest, gayly gossiped, and began yarns which they never seemed to finish, and drank a little too much, perhaps, and generally made a pretty good morning of it.

The gale and its accidents and circumstances mattered little to the Colonel, however. What was the storm of the elements to that storm of terrible thought which swept through his brain? What was the wreck of vessels to the wreck of all his hopes—his very life's happiness? No: the anxieties, labors and misfortunes of others could count but little in his troubled existence. Caring nothing, therefore, for the details of that night's devastation, he sat down to his breakfast in gloomy reverie.

Upon him waited Mrs. Crusty; herself silent for a while, since she observed that he was troubled in his mind, and she thought

that perhaps she had better not interrupt him. But as the minutes flew on, and his face did not brighten, her ready sympathy came to the aid of her curiosity, and she faltered forth a feeble question.

"Her—Miss Stella—did you see her, Colonel?"

Grayling looked up quickly, uncertain, for the moment, whether or not to rebuke the intrusion. But when he saw how frightened the poor little woman already looked at her temerity, how she glanced sideways in seeming fear of some sudden avenging doom coming upon her from somewhere, and how certain it would be that a sharp answer from him would crush her to the ground; and when, moreover, he noticed, through all her tremor, what a deep fount of sympathy seemed to well up into her lack-luster eyes, and remembered that the woman had been Stella's old nurse—his heart warmed toward her. After all, he needed consolation himself, and it might be that the confidence of this poor creature would be better for him than nothing. Therefore he said:

"I have seen her, Margaret, and I find that she is not pleased to see me."

"I want to know! And didn't she speak right to you, after all?"

"So little, Margaret, that she bade me leave the house, and never come back again."

"Never come back any more, Colonel? Why, of course she didn't mean that. Perhaps you didn't coax her enough; for I always knew that she liked you. Did you try coaxing, now? Women always like that; and sometimes they wait for it, before letting themselves speak out. It isn't natural, after all, for us to speak out before we are asked. I remember when Crusty came and asked me to marry him, I didn't say a word at first, for I was all taken aback. But he pulled me by the arm, and shook me so that he shook my back-comb down and the words out of me. And so, I say, a woman always wants coaxing before she will speak out."

"I fear that even if I had wanted to try that experiment, Margaret, I could not have got near enough. But it matters little now. I will go away this morning."

"Not for good, Colonel? Don't be down-hearted. Come back after awhile, and try again, won't you?"

"Perhaps, Margaret—but I cannot tell."

Having finished his breakfast, he moved off into the bar-room, announced his intended departure, and engaged his place in the stage of that morning. Doctor Gretchley happened to stand outside the bar, and heard the announcement. His heart felt pleased within him: for he knew, not only from that circumstance, but also from the Colonel's long face, that there must have been ill-success in the wooing. For a moment he looked at Grayling with a sort of disposition to speak with him. There was no reason why he should not do so, for they had been old acquaintances; but what if Stella had told the Colonel about his interference? What, then, might be the nature of the counter-greeting? But at that moment the Colonel, happening to look up, saw the Doctor, and stretched out his hand. The Doctor breathed a little more freely. Whatever Stella might have said, it was evident that as yet she had not mentioned her authority. So far, at least, all went pleasantly.

"Not going away, Colonel, are you?"

"Yes, Doctor, my business here is finished. Being on furlough, you know, I have a few idle moments on hand, and I thought I would run down and take a look at the old town. Passed part of my youth here, you know."

"Won't you be coming back again?"

"I hope so—some time—in a few months, perhaps," was the answer. For the Colonel had been considering Mrs. Crusty's suggestion to try again, and had concluded that it might be a good thing to do so. Not at once, of course, but in about three or four months, it might be. It could do no harm, and might do good, after all. How could he tell but what Stella's strange humor with him might spring from some physical disturbance of the heart or brain—a transient paroxysm engendered by her loneliness, and likely after a while to pass away forever?

"In a few months, you say, Colonel?

Glad to hear it. Hope to see more of you then."

Whereupon Doctor Gretchley shook him again by the hand, this time for farewell; and Grayling climbed into the stage which stood at the door. There were but few passengers that morning besides himself: only the invariable New York merchant, and another deacon going up to give some hitherto forgotten directions about the gilt pineapple. So the load was light, and they drove off in very gay and pleasant style, sweeping past the church and lighthouse, then for a few minutes coasting the shore, now piled unusually full of seaweed, the only present indication of the gale, and then turned off at an obtuse angle towards the railroad station.

As they drove along, the Colonel had plenty of time for reflection, his companions being rather silently disposed. The merchant was thinking about his stocks, and the deacon was thinking about the pineapple—a little worried, moreover, with the sudden question whether after all it would not have been more appropriate to have a gilt pomegranate, since that was a fruit mentioned in the Bible, while the other was not. The driver was sulky, for he was tired of going up and down, and was wishing that he had interest enough with government to get a lighthouse, and so be at rest: contrary to the opinion of the lighthouse keeper, who at that moment happened to be looking out, yawning at his enforced seclusion, and wishing that he knew how to drive, as in that case he would set up an opposition stage. So the Colonel, being left to himself, leaned back and reflected. Yes, certainly he would come back some day, and try his luck again. In a few months, probably. Then, as he lost sight of the town, the more poignant memories of the last evening began to lose their force in view of the pleasant reception of the evening before that. It surely could not be that Stella did not care for him. There was some mystery which might be explained most satisfactorily, if he were to press her. And the sooner the better: he would come back in a week. But why wait

a week? If anything was to be done, might it not be attended to more speedily? Might not three or four days, for instance— So, little by little, his thoughts formed new purposes for him, and it is doubtful to what infinitesimal fraction of time his return would have been reduced if he had been allowed to continue; but at that moment the stage drew up with a sharp bump.

"Hallo! What now?" said the driver.

Upon this, all the passengers looked out to see what was the matter. They were yet coasting along the shore of the bay, and the driver had pulled up to ascertain the meaning of a little gathering of men close to the water's edge. They were crowded around some apparently inanimate mass in the center; for the most part stupidly looking on at a few who seemed to be working away in a state of agitation which did not admit of any very practical result to whatever task they had set themselves upon. At one side was a small sailboat, careened upon its side, as though it had been dragged or towed in while in that position.

"What's up?" said the driver, finding that no one answered his first salutation.

"Crusty—drowned—or leastways, if not drowned, not coming to," responded one of the crowd, coming close to the side of the stage, as though it was improper that the intelligence should be conveyed in any other than a whisper.

"You don't say so? And how?"

But the man was not one who could speak succinctly or to the point, and he began his story with such verbosity, and so many preambles, that the driver looked longingly ahead, and began to feel in a hurry and finally gently pulled the reins to urge his horses into action again. He was not hard-hearted, but there was little time to spare, for the train was nearly due, and the depot still a mile off, and it was his business to make the connection. Moreover, he was not a doctor, and consequently could do no good by remaining; and the story of the drowning would doubtless keep, so that he could listen to it more at his leisure than same evening over his pipe; and after all, Crusty was

nothing to him, beyond a chance and not very agreeable acquaintance. Therefore he commenced whipping up his horses, when the Colonel for a moment longer detained him.

"And what has been done?" he said.

"Doctor Gretchley has been sent for," was the man's answer.

"But good gracious!—what meanwhile has been done?"

"Nothing: we're waiting for the Doctor, don't you see?"

With that, the Colonel threw open the stage door, and leaped out, disgusted and alarmed at this confirmation of the suspected public inefficiency. In an instant more, he was parting the crowd before him, and pressing forward to the inanimate object in the center.

"Can't wait, you know, Colonel," called out the driver, "must make the train."

"Go on. I'll walk over, and take the next train," said Grayling; and as the stage rolled on, he bent over, and began to inquire into the circumstances, and the chances of life. There were a dozen ready, of course, to tell how it had all happened. It was evident that Crusty had been making one of his customary nocturnal excursions to his oyster-beds, and had been overtaken by the gale. A steady gale of any dimensions would have mattered very little to him, of course, with his experience in the proper navigation of a sailboat; but it happened, also, that Crusty, after another well-established custom of his, must have been indulging a little too freely in spirits, with the view of keeping out the cold air, and thereby must have lost his head, and suffered a capsize. For, only an hour before, the boat had been seen drifting in, upon its side, and, on being pulled in closer, Crusty had been found entangled with the mainsail. Whether he was dead or not, could not at once be determined. It is pretty certain that he must have lain in the water for several hours: long enough, in fact, to have drowned him half a dozen times over; and if any life remained in him, it could only be owing to the fact that his head had become

so fastened to that part of the sail which was not altogether under the water as to be occasionally lifted up in the air, enjoying thereby, with the swell of the waves, a sort of amphibious existence.

This was how it had happened; but it was, after all, a matter of very little consequence, compared with the greater question as to whether he could be recovered again. Some—the majority, in fact—thought otherwise; but fortunately for Crusty, while they stood still and disputed and wondered why the Doctor did not come, the Colonel rolled up his sleeves, and went vigorously to work. The roughness of the camp had given new vigor to his natural self-reliance, and taught him many of those little precautions and secrets about matters of life and death which every man should know, but few actually do. Now he raised Crusty's head, and had him well rubbed here and there, and manipulated his chest, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of seeing a slight motion of the lips. At this, the crowd all pressed closer around, while each one cried out to give him more air; and a few shook hands with each other, as though they had been the sole authors of the good work, and deserved all the mutual congratulation they could get; and some patted the Colonel upon the back, and told him he was a trump, and a team, and an A 1, and whatever else occurred to them as symbolical of great excellence. A few, indeed, did not lose their longing for a more regularly licensed practitioner, and still anxiously looked out for the Doctor; alleging that there was now something for him to work upon, and that if he could only be present to grasp the favorable opportunity, all would yet be well. At one moment, indeed, it was thought that he was swiftly approaching on horseback, but it was only the boy who had been dispatched after him.

"Find him, Sam?"

"Yes. He's harnessing up his gig, and says he'll be here directly."

"Might have taken your horse, Sam, and been here now, I should think," said the questioner, rubbing his chin reflectively;

VOL. IV—33.

but no one answered so as to provoke discussion upon that subject, and so it was dropped, and all turned again to look at the good work going on over Crusty.

A little more hard rubbing and manipulation, and an occasional application of a flask of spirits which one of the crowd happened to have with him, and then the breathing grew more collected and regular, and suddenly Crusty sneezed. With that, the spectators felt confident that the battle had been won, and they set up a little cheer. Hearing this, Crusty slowly opened his eyes. At first, they appeared glazed and dead, but in a few moments, the light of such little intelligence as he usually showed began to flicker back into them, and he appeared to make an effort to sit up, and sneezed again. With that, they propped up his back a little higher, and gave him a drop more of the whisky. This stimulated him to that degree that his lips moved in an evident effort to speak, and after a moment or two of unintelligible mutterings, he succeeded.

"What's this here row, boys?"

"Don't you know, Crusty? You've been drowned, and we've fetched you to."

It took him a little while to comprehend this, but after a while he seemed to get the idea.

"Yes, I see. I was grubbing down the bay for a few oysters, and the gale come and keeled me over. Kept up for a while, but gave in afterwards. Water pretty cold, and the waves high, and that's all about it. And so I was drowned, and you're bringing me to, are you? Any more of that whisky handy?"

There should have been, but unfortunately the man who held the flask had just finished what was left, in a spirit of congratulation at the success of their joint efforts for the unfortunate man's recovery. At this, Crusty frowned; but in a moment all at once recovered his spirits under the influence of a new inspiration.

"Give me some oysters," he said. "That is the thing for lightness of heart."

Knowing his favorite theory upon that subject, and how often it happens that an inner instinct teaches a sick man what is

most good for him, they ran at once to his boat, set it up on an even keel, and searched in the bottom. Here they found a few oysters which he had gathered before the gale had come on, and bringing them to him, began to open them for him, with the aid of a jack-knife and stone. It was evidently a source of mortification to him that as yet he could not open for himself. It was as though his profession had been violently taken away from him. Moreover, he looked on with increasing disgust at the inartistic manner in which the work was performed; but being as yet weak in the lungs and throat, made no remarks, and quietly swallowed what was offered to him. Then, in truth, he seemed to prove the value of his theory, by becoming at once better, and sitting up straighter.

"And so I was drowned, boys; and you're bringing me to—eh, boys?"

"Yes, Crusty—us and the Colonel. You see, we sent at once for Doctor Gretchley, but he didn't come in time, and so we did it for you—us and the Colonel."

"Sent for the Doctor, did you? And why, then, didn't he come at once?"

"Don't know, Crusty. And that's what bothered us a little. Never knew him behind before. Must have mistook the road, or something."

"Yes, in course," responded Crusty, a queer sort of expression settling upon his stolid face. "And you sent word to him how bad I was, didn't you? And that if he didn't hurry, he might not have a chance to bring me back into this blessed world at all, I suppose?"

"To be sure, Crusty."

"And you don't see him coming yet, do you?"

"Not yet, Crusty."

"No, nor you won't at all, it's my opinion," was the response. The same queer expression was again observed upon his face, but it passed without remark. That and his words seemed to be regarded as merely the ebullitions of a transient spleen, requiring no especial comment. "No more you won't at all, boys. But never you mind. It might have been worse. Thank you, all the same,

for what you've done. And thank you, too, Colonel, most of all; for I shouldn't wonder if you had been at the head of all this."

"Of course we all did our best for you, Crusty," said Grayling. "And I know we are all glad to see you getting well again. Well, good by; I must walk fast to catch the next train, and am not needed any longer here."

With that he shook hands, first with Crusty, and then with the two or three who had been most active and efficient in laboring under his directions; and then, gaining the road, set off with long strides towards the station. Already he felt that his spirits had improved; and with his coat buttoned closely about him, he realized that he was jogging along quite contentedly. Was it only that the air was pleasant and the sunshine bright, and the rapid motion over the clear sand exhilarating? Or did the fact that he had just done such a good deed give lightness to his thoughts? Whatever it might be, he now, as he mused upon Stella, felt that not only had he no cause for despair, but very much reason for hope; that a more urgent demand for explanation than he had yet made would soon bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion;—that, in fact, he had received only an ordinary rebuff, incident to the career of all lovers.

In a little more than half an hour he reached the station-house, aside of the track. It was nearly deserted, and there was still almost an hour to wait, before the next train would pass. In a listless mood he prepared to while away the time by looking out at the back door upon the whortleberry patches, or reading the framed time-tables of connecting lines; when all at once he heard a loud stamping up the outer steps.

Looking out, he saw two rough-coated men coming up. They stepped inside; one of them placing his pipe carefully outside, and the other taking his tobacco from his mouth, and hurling it across the track with a spirit of ostentation, as though he would have demanded approbation for his unnecessary consideration to the rough premises. Then one of them drew a folded paper from his pocket.

"Colonel Grayling, see here! Sorry to have to do it; but we are sent out after you, and can't help it. If you hadn't stopped to bring Crusty to, you would have got off by the last train, you see. And that's the both-eration of it."

"Well, what is it, Bob?" said Grayling, all unsuspecting, for he recognized the village constable, and supposed that it might be a bill for some forgotten debt, which the man had been sent to collect; and as he spoke he put his hand in his pocket. "And how much is it?"

"No, it's nothing of that kind, Colonel," responded the man, somewhat mournfully; and he turned toward his associate—"must we tell him, Hiram?"

"I suppose he has a right to know. Will know, sometime, of course," said the other, looking out at his pipe to see whether it was yet alive.

"Yes, to be sure. Well, then, Colonel—don't blame us, for we can't help it, you know—it's a warrant agen you—a warrant for—for the murder, six months ago—of Lawyer Vanderlock."

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

DON CARLOS.—III.

Don Carlos remained in England some seven or eight weeks before taking his departure for America. He was received by the English people with all the honors due to a fallen monarch. The cards of members of the royal family and household were left at his hotel. Many of the chief nobility and gentry, headed by the premier duke, also left their cards, or had their names recorded in the visitors' book. Don Carlos held afternoon receptions every Tuesday; and cards of invitation to the number of eighty were issued each week, only, however, to those who had previously called, or inscribed their names upon the visitors' book. The card of invitation was as follows:

*Lieut. General the Marquis of Velasco
is commanded by
His Catholic Majesty
King Charles VII.*

*to invite
to Brown's Hotel, on
from . . . to . . . o'clock.
Morning Dress.*

It was not long before Don Carlos realized the fact, that, though he might be at war with nearly all the powers on the continent, he was, at least, at peace with England. This

accorded well with a common saying of the old Spaniards:

*"Con todo el mundo guerra,
Y paz con Inglaterra."*

While in London, Don Carlos was accompanied by the Marquis de Velasco, the Marquis Valdespina, the Count of Monserrat, the Viscount Ponce de Leon, and one or two members of his former military staff.

Don Carlos had long inculcated habits of industry, and always rose at early morning. After partaking of his chocolate *a l'Espagnol*, he attended to official business until eleven o'clock, at which time breakfast was announced. He almost always had some English guests at table.

One morning, during the business hour, a card was sent in to Don Carlos, with the name of Lieutenant Torres upon it. Torres was an officer who, during the heat of the engagement, at the third battle of Somorrostro, had left his company and abandoned the field of action, and was not again seen until the morning after the battle. On being informed of this, Don Carlos, who was himself under fire during the hottest of that memorial battle, commanded him to be ad-

mitted. The Lieutenant had been dismissed from the army on account of his conduct at Somorrestro, and had made the journey to London to procure a revocation of the order. Don Carlos demanded his excuse for taking *las calzas de Villadiegos* (to his heels), and Lieutenant Torres, calling to his aid the *bel esprit* of the Basque people, to whom he belonged, replied: "Mas vale que digan, Aqui huyó que Aqui murió." (Better they should say, "There he ran away," than "There he died.") It is almost needless to remark that Don Carlos granted his request.

On the return of Don Carlos from a drive in Hyde Park one afternoon, he found, among several cards that had been left during his absence, one bearing the simple inscription, "Mr. Charles Bradlaugh"; and immediately directed that a card of invitation be sent to Mr. Bradlaugh for his next weekly reception.

For fifteen years, Mr. Bradlaugh had been the leader of the republican party in England. In the spring of 1873, when Señor Castelar was made President of the Spanish Republic, meetings were held in various parts of England to express sympathy with the Spanish republicans. Many in the United States believed that Castelar, as a statesman and scholar, had not his equal in all Spain; and it was felt to be an important object to obtain from him a direct expression as to the form of republic which it was his intention to attempt to establish. In this emergency, the proprietor of the New York "World" dispatched a telegram to Mr. Pierre Gerard, chief of the London bureau of the "World," directing him, at whatever cost, to procure the services of Mr. Bradlaugh, for the purpose of interviewing President Castelar at Madrid.

In those days, the London headquarters of the New York "World" was in a somewhat dingy and not very spacious apartment, on the third floor of a building in Fleet street, not far from Temple Bar. But the importance of the work that issued out of the "World's" London bureau should not be measured by the appearance of its local habitation; for, as Mr. Gerard himself once re-

marked to me, the famous University of London itself for many years consisted of nothing more than a door-plate. It was in Mr. Gerard's little office, at the top of a dark flight of stairs, that the great English agitator accepted his mission and received his instructions. It was understood that he should be known in England and Spain as the envoy extraordinary of the English republicans, and in America, as the commissioner of the New York "World" newspaper. Mr. Bradlaugh at once proceeded to Birmingham, where he organized a republican convention. This assembly passed a number of resolutions, expressing sympathy with Señor Castelar, and hopes for the success of the Spanish Republic. Mr. Bradlaugh then procured the appointment of himself sole delegate to convey the sentiments of the meeting to the Spanish President. His interviews with Señor Castelar, and his observations respecting the new government, were contained in a series of communications to the "World," which attracted very considerable attention at the time.

If Mr. Bradlaugh had been doomed to traverse the burnt-out regions of another world, the apprehensions of his friends for his safety, when it became known that he would travel through the Carlist provinces, could not have been greater. That this feeling was not confined to the creative imaginations of a few of his personal followers, was apparent from the great strife displayed by the London newspapers to procure the earliest details of his supposed decapitation; and journalists anticipated rich nourishment in the looked for reports of Bradlaugh in chains, or of Carlists singing his funeral dirge. I take the liberty here of reproducing from "The New York World" of May 31st, of that year, a cable dispatch from its London agent:

"LONDON OFFICE OF 'THE WORLD,'
32 Fleet street, May 30th.

"My dispatch of yesterday informed you of the reported capture of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the 'World's' correspondent in Spain. His capture, or arrest, has been confirmed, and some details are published. The report that Mr. Bradlaugh's life is in peril is also confirmed; but I hope for an early and

favorable issue of the affair, for the reason that General Kirkpatrick has, at my request, telegraphed to the headquarters of Don Carlos, requesting the release of Mr. Bradlaugh. General Kirkpatrick's influence being great among the Carlists, I have no doubt as to the success of my application."

The next issue of the "World" contained a dispatch which relieved the anxiety concerning the safety of Mr. Bradlaugh, and read as follows:

"LONDON, May 31st.—For three days we have experienced a great deal of painful anxiety concerning the fate of your special commissioner to Spain, Mr. Bradlaugh, the famous English republican leader. After accomplishing the purpose of his mission to Spain, and receiving from the official representatives of the Spanish capital, and the leading republicans there, a banquet, he left Madrid for Paris, where he should have arrived on the 27th. But a private dispatch, received from Paris on the 29th, announced the fact that he had been taken by the Carlists between San Sebastian and Irun, and that his life was in danger. The facts concerning his reception at Madrid by Castelar, as the envoy of the English republicans, had been telegraphed everywhere, and for this he was particularly obnoxious to the Carlists, and it was reported that orders had been given by Don Carlos for his arrest. In this emergency, I applied to General Kirkpatrick, the representative of His Majesty King Charles VII., in London, who immediately telegraphed to headquarters for information. This evening I received a dispatch announcing the release of your commissioner."

It is not always agreeable to destroy an illusion; but, in fact, Mr. Bradlaugh was received, on approaching the Carlist capital, with unusual cordiality; and on being presented at the Palace in Durango, was invited by Don Carlos to dine at the royal table. It was the delay occasioned by his being a guest at the Palace that produced such dire consternation among his friends abroad. As may be judged, both Don Carlos and Mr. Bradlaugh laughed heartily over the recollection of the event.

It might be supposed that the high ancestry of Don Carlos would have aided visibly in molding his character, and that the historic acts of his great forefathers would have given color to nearly every movement of his life. But even if Don Carlos were sometimes to indulge in these reveries, he never-

theless bears Nature's stamp that he is one of the few who are designed to hand down greatness as well as to derive it. His early studies, pursuits, and journeys had prepared him for an active life. When the right to the crown devolved upon him, he entered the field of Spanish politics with unusual ardor. He was fortunate to possess those quick faculties and active powers of observation, the *coup d'œil* of the military art, so highly prized in diplomacy. And in the military field his ambition was no less intense, because it was not free from the taint of personal interest. While at the head of his battalions, directing the movements of a hundred thousand soldiers, he still found time to watch almost every move made upon the political chess-board of Europe. When Señor Castelar, whom all admired for his great learning, became President of the Republic, Don Carlos fixed with accuracy the tenure of his office. "Castelar," said he, "has established an ideal republic, a government with false colors. He expects," continued Don Carlos, "to realize the glorious vision of the classic republics of old; but if it meets the views of the Spanish republicans, it cannot maintain its lofty character, for this can only be sustained by qualifications of superior intelligence, religious belief, and good morals—qualities which the Iberian republicans do not possess."

In most of the countries of Europe, republicanism meant disturbance, spoliation, and bloodshed. Civilized society everywhere, however, seemed to be advancing with rapid strides toward republicanism, under the guise of individual equality. The study of constitutional and liberal politics, therefore, became a favorite occupation of statesmen.

It was not, then, merely to gratify a legitimate curiosity, or to satisfy a fancy long entertained, that Don Carlos wished to visit America. His desire was to study the constitution and government of the Great Republic, under which, he had been told, the word "republic" was synonymous with respect to property, protection for rights, safety to freedom, and religious reverence.

Don Carlos determined to preserve, as

near as possible, a strict incognito, in order that he might be afforded a better opportunity of observation and instruction. Four persons only, besides his royal spouse the princess Marguerite, and her secretary Señor Estrada, had knowledge of his departure and subsequent movements. That Don Carlos was about to undertake a prolonged journey was everywhere known. Some said that he was about to visit Vienna or Saint Petersburg; and others, that he intended to shoot and fish in the wilds of Sweden and Norway; and there were still others who thought that the Gaels and Celts were to be made happy by his travels in Scotland and Ireland.

The royal party had already been three weeks in the United States, when a well-known gentleman from the lowlands of Scotland gravely informed me, in the presence of several gentlemen, in the smoking-room of the Army and Navy Club, London, that he had just returned from his country house, where he had been honored with a visit from Don Carlos. I naturally abstained from asking him any questions. The enterprise of foreign correspondents was quite astounding: for dispatches frequently appeared in the English newspapers, announcing the arrival of Don Carlos at Gratz, Prague, Frankfurt, Christiania in Norway, and at other places.

Don Carlos, traveling under the name of *Eduardo Gonzalez y Fajardo*, was accompanied to the United States by General Velasco, the Count of Monserrat, and the Viscount Ponce de Leon. The two latter assumed their patronymic titles of *José Ruez* and *Señor Ventanillo*.

The travelers arrived in Boston on a beautiful afternoon in May, 1876. The following morning was mild and brilliant, and they took a stroll on the Common. Don Carlos, always of a sympathizing nature, could not, like some, withhold his admiration from the beautiful things in nature and art that he saw, because they were new or foreign. The memory of old familiar places beyond the Atlantic did not fade or wither when he came in contact with the new; for in one of

his letters he made comparisons between the famous Boston Common, with its ornamental waters and beautifully arbored walks, and the parks and gardens of London, Paris, and Vienna, which were not unfavorable to the American city.

The second day after their arrival was occupied in viewing some of the Revolutionary scenes in and near Boston. After an early breakfast, all of the party, excepting General Velasco, traveled by rail to Concord, and from the station rode to the site of the first skirmish of the Revolutionary War, near what was known as the old North Bridge. The fine granite monument, commemorative of the event, stands a short distance from the road leading to the village. An inscription upon a marble tablet is inserted in one of the faces of the pedestal, and was copied by Don Carlos as follows:

HERE,
on the 19th of April, 1775,
was made the first forcible resistance to
BRITISH AGGRESSION.
On the opposite bank stood the American
militia, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the
WAR OF THE REVOLUTION,
which gave Independence to these United States.
In gratitude to God, and in the love of Freedom,
This Monument was erected,
A. D. 1836.

On the afternoon of the same day they visited Bunker Hill Monument. Ponce de Leon made a sketch of this huge obelisk. It was a fair representation of the great monument for which all Americans have a sort of patriotic reverence; but, like the obelisk of Trajan, or Nelson's monument, it is not likely to preserve of itself a correct record of anything more than the great general event for which it was raised.

The visit of Don Carlos to New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and New Orleans impressed him with a degree of enthusiasm respecting the vast resources and general prosperity of the country seldom displayed by princely visitors. It was not that he admired the form or administration of the government, for of political events he had as yet only a general outline; but he had an

ardent imagination, and ever desired a more practical knowledge of the political administration of a nation which appeared to reverse the historical order of things as understood by the inhabitants of the Old World, where like conditions were supposed to produce like phenomena.

From New Orleans, Don Carlos voyaged by steamer to Vera Cruz, and thence to the City of Mexico by the same highway of travel by which Cortez first approached this ancient city of the Montezumas. While yet the steamer was fifty miles from the Gulf shore, and the city of the True Cross was still out of sight, the snow-clad heights of the great Orizaba, rising seventeen thousand feet above the level of the plain, was the first object upon which the eyes of the passengers rested.

The failure of all attempts to make other coast towns chief ports of entry shows the wisdom of Cortez in selecting Vera Cruz as a commercial capital; and to this day it remains more Spanish in its characteristics than the City of Mexico itself. On disembarking from the steamer, the passenger traverses a long, solitary wharf, and enters an open, unshaded plaza. This plaza is noted chiefly as the place where Santa Anna lost his leg in some artillery practice; more noted, perhaps, because the fortunate lost leg aided him in acquiring power and distinction. In the center of the town is another plaza, small and pretty, profusely shaded with trees, and ornamented with plants and flowers. The city is compact and clean in appearance, but sickly. There are two principal streets, and the others are so small that they are seldom visited by vehicles.

The reception of Don Carlos at the City of Mexico was enthusiastic in the extreme. His arrival was the signal for a great demonstration. The city was *en fête*. Visits were early exchanged between Don Carlos, the President of the Republic, and the cabinet ministers. A succession of entertainments followed. Banquets, bull-fights, theatrical and operatic performances were gotten up to rival those of Seville or Madrid.

When Don Carlos walked into the Grand Plaza to view Carlotta's pretty flower garden, or down the long arcade shaded by the overhanging branches of the Australian gum-tree, the Chinese laurel, and the magnolia, to view the famous shops where nearly all trades ply their vocations, he was greeted on all sides with "*Viva Carlos Setimo! Viva el Duque de Madrid!*" The famous Indian band played before Don Carlos. He listened to the music with high appreciation, and afterwards declared, that for variety and sweetness it scarcely had its equal in any country. The Mexican Indian musician's touch is soft and sweet, and the melody in the moonlight of the torrid-temperate zone of the City of Mexico is unsurpassed, even by the rich night perfections of the fair Andalusia.

On the return of Don Carlos to the United States, he visited the great political and commercial centers of the country. He was one day inspecting the Capitol at Washington; and as he passed into the corridor of the House of Representatives, his eyes rested on the great bronze doors which connect the corridor with the so-called new Hall of Representatives. Don Carlos wrote at the time:

"The history of the different epochs in the life of Columbus were brought vividly to mind in gazing upon those grand old doors. All know how Columbus was denied aid to prosecute his plans of discovery in Genoa, *La Superba*, his native place, and that he met with no better success when he applied to Portugal and England; but his application to Spain received immediate encouragement: and *Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella*; his *Embarkation at Barcelona*; *Discovery of America*; *Return in Chains*; and the subjects contained in the other panels—are interesting matters of history."

In design and workmanship, these doors are perhaps unequaled in all Europe. They were made in Italy, and placed in their present position at what was considered twenty years ago an extraordinary outlay for such a purpose.

While in New York, previous to his return to England, Don Carlos talked and wrote freely on the political and social con-

dition of the American people. He found their social condition eminently democratic. But he discovered a power, which, if it could be transmitted from father to son, might well be called aristocratic. In Boston it was intellect; in Albany, family pride; in New York, money; and in some cities of the West it was political power. "Aristocracy," wrote Don Carlos, "founded on family pride, or self-love, has never taken deep root in American ground; and the *esprit de famille* of the great European countries has but a narrow existence here." The reason for this—and I give only my recollection of the convictions expressed by Don Carlos at various times—is found in the system adopted for dividing up inheritances; and upon this law the whole social order in the United States seems to rest. It is from the continual diminution of property that family pride ceases. The selfish passions of heirs come into play; a man thinks of his immediate necessities, or his present convenience, and seeks to provide only for a single generation. An American gives but little thought to perpetuating his family by means of a landed estate, and the condition of the law destroys his inclination for preserving his ancestral domain.

The social condition of the United States and its political consequences are a study of some magnitude with both Spaniards and Frenchmen, for they are continually witnessing great social and political changes—the physical effect in part of the division of inheritances, or, in other words, the abolition of the system of primogeniture. In the old world, the convictions, memories, and habits of the people present obstacles which do not exist in the United States. It is not impossible that equality may become the sustaining power of the social order in France and Spain, as it now is in the United States; and, in the progress of events, men equal in the social condition will become so in the political sphere, and in the end, equal

upon all great questions of public and private life. But in the countries of Europe, the great mass of the people fail to understand, as Americans do, the interpretation of the word "equality." With Americans, there is a manly and just desire for equality which inspires the ambition of men to become powerful and respected. It is this desire which has the effect to elevate the lower classes to the rank of the great. In Europe, the passion for equality among the masses is a depraved feeling of the heart which impels the lower orders of men to attempt to pull down the great and powerful to their own level. They would rather have equality without liberty, in pandemonium, than inequality with it, in a better sphere.

The autumn leaves had already begun to fall, when Don Carlos embarked on board the Atlantic steamer *Germanic* on his return voyage. To a number of gentlemen who accompanied him down the bay of New York, he expressed his admiration of America with great cordiality, and without reserve. His observations had given substance to his often declared principles of constitutional government, and further developed his taste for true statesmanship. They had also served to direct his mind to political objects worthy the time and care which he was accustomed to devote to political affairs. His conversation relating to the United States reflected the unmistakable signs of an uncommon earnestness, and depth of mind, which showed that he was necessarily strongly impressed with much that he had witnessed.

On arriving in England, Don Carlos hastened to join his queenly spouse at their charming villa in the beautiful suburb of Passy, near Paris, where he has since remained, surrounded by his family: if I except an occasional visit to some royal relative, or some brief period when *en congé*, at the request of the French government, during times of high political excitement.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

AN EPISTLE TO A BACHELOR ABOUT TO MARRY.

"Resolved at last to woo and wed!"
This ill accords with what we said
In those triumphant days, old fellow,
When the "Park and Tilford" made us mellow,
And health on health went round the "den,"
In honor of all single men.
'Tis not so strange as first appears
(Grave Horace fell at fifty years—
Fell flat, although he'd vowed he wouldn't,
And common sense declared he shouldn't);
But when your servant read the news,
He felt slight symptoms of the "blues";
'Twas then a melancholy stir
Crept heartward from the days that were.

Two of our four now wear the chain
Their proud strength once had snapped in twain:
A third but show of freedom keeps;
While one—alas, so soon!—one sleeps:
All this is neither here nor there;
But O, Bohemian, beware!
The hint was thrown with caution nice,
You'd like the friendly bard's advice.
Too late! Think you he has th' obtrusion
To war against his own conclusion?
Besides, most counselors are quacks;
Let's put 'em out, and face the facts.
Accept them, sir, as I shall hand 'em,
Tossed with some thought, but still at random.

Sweet Eve, ensconced 'neath Eden's tree,
Inducted woman's ministry;
Potent, not only over Adam,
But—fast as after mothers had 'em—
Reaching each son of every race,
Destined to grievance or to grace.
This doctrine courses Sacred Writ,
And pagan love continues it:
Beloved of gods, high Hebe stumbled—
Again was heavenly woman humbled.
Thence down, pursue her where you will,
The first grand failure follows still.
Let me be last to slight the pearl
That glistens in the guileless girl;

But, boy, it tarnishes with years—
At last in dullness disappears.
Even from April to October
Does transient beauty hasten sober;
And finally, in dread November,
Comes unconditional surrender.

With one by birth a scientist,
I may at once push tow'rd the gist:
Shall love alone escape restriction?
Shall hearts rub hard, still start no friction?
Such is your gallant dreamers' *dictum*—
Before reality has licked 'em.

O, I could scribble quires—yes, reams—
Against this tyranny of dreams!
Heavens! what a warning! Few have won
The prize hope's eye was fixed upon!
Still are her silver periods rounding,
Still are her siren numbers sounding;
But, spite of wit and subtlest art,
Must fact and fancy dwell apart.

One day the dove-winged dreams come home,
And weary, will no longer roam;
Experience speaks, the sightless see,
And life becomes reality.

Riches mean something we have not—
Maxim never to be forgot;
Lest, with a rainbow in your hand,
Too late you "wake and understand."

The smoothest shiner in the brook
Will wriggle ugly on the hook;
A star, the fire-fly sparkles by—
Catch it: you've caught—a common fly.

Fast as one nears the unattained,
So fast he finds its brightness waned;
Or, as blest Bobbie neatly said,
"You seize the flow'r: its bloom is shed."

At least, have cunning of your cat:
He's fond of fish, but, for all that,
No trout can tempt him in deep water,
As you must wade for beauty's daughter.
For final warning, take the fly:
A flow'r, *muscip*—call 't *x* or *y*—
Allures and folds him to her fair
Sweet breast, to sweetly perish there.

O beatific solitude,
Where only bachelors intrude!
Like eglantine in fields afar
Thy fragrance breathes from star to star;
While round the edges of thy glade,
Inspiring moves th' occasional maid.
I'd planned a banyan growth for thee,
A noble forest in one tree,
O —, model for all men!

I hoped thou'dst teach the world, that when
The solitary seeker calls,
Some Newton's apple ever falls;
That lamp of Galileo swings
For all that think, alone with things.

The wisest of all brutes that be
Breeds not in mean captivity.
Genius is not gregarious—
Lord make full all he may of us!

Wretch, that I am, to so defame
Sweet innocence's other name!
I'll play the hypocrite no longer:
'Twas thus we put it—only stronger—
In days by-gone. How changed since then
The tyros of the Broadway "den"!
"Onward, onward, to something better!"
Now cries the writer of this letter.
The dears shall be no more derided,
Haste, —, hasten! do as I did.

Commend me kindly to your fair one;
I know—I'll swear to 't—she's a rare one.
Over your shoulder, ere you wed,
Pray, let her read here what we said
As novices, my splendid fellow—
With "Park and Tilford" waxing mellow,
Passing the glasses round the "den,"
With odious odes to single men.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

ONE OF THE WORLD-BUILDERS.*

CHAPTER V.

GNOME-LAND.

*In the earth and underground,
Full a level mile below,
Where the busy gnomes abound,
Where their strange gold houses grow,
Where the smoky gnomes sit grum,
Rabbit-faced, knock-kneed, and low;
Where the days may never come,
Where the nights may never go;
Where with gleaming steel in hand,
In that dark world underground,
Where the hunchback gnomes abound—
There the giants gather gold;
There the hairy heroes stand,
Nude and grimed, but tall and grand;
As awful battle-gods of old,
They knit the sinews of the land.*

When the wretched little party rose up from the almost untasted dinner, the old man went into the cabin, sat down in the dark corner of his home by the sooty fireplace, and moodily smoked his pipe. Carrie wandered away alone up on the hillside, among the rocks still warm with sunshine gone away, and gathered wild flowers in the twilight.

But young Devine took up a short pine board, a pick and ax, and silently set out down the trail, as if he was going to town. But he left the trail on the rocky ridge, and turned aside to the two graves under the blighted oak, and there, with his ax, cut and cleared away the trees and bushes that had been trying for twenty years or more to hide from view these two glaring white graves.

Then he took up his pick and dug a hole at the head of and between the two graves. In this hole he set the pine board. Then he raked in the dirt, and, to make it more firm and solid, he heaped some stones about the foot of it, and beat them down with the pick. The steel clanged on the flinty quartz, and made a strange sound in the gathering twilight.

Old Colonel Billy, who, when sober enough, put in his time panning out in the edge of the muddy little stream up above, and not far from the mouth of the tunnel driven by Dosson and Emens, chanced to be passing on his way home just then, and was startled by the clanging of the steel against the flinty stone. He looked up, and seeing the bushes cleared away, and Dandy, whom he had early learned to like, leaning over the head of the graves, hammering on the stones with a pick, he came stumbling up over the rocks, and stood for a moment by his side, silent with wonder.

Then seeing a black penciled inscription on the white pine board, he stooped on his hands and knees and read:

TO THE MEMORY
OF

CHARLES DEVINE AND FRIEND.

The old Colonel drew his rheumatic legs up under him as fast as he could, and rose up. He looked curiously at the young man for a long time. Then he brushed his left palm against his right, and his right against the left, then dusted them again. Then stepping back and down toward the trail a pace or two, he looked up the stream and down the stream, and then at the young man leaning sadly on his pick-handle, and said:

"Friends of your'n?"

"Yes."

The long pause that followed was painful to both, and the old Colonel again attempted to tear himself away, and took another step or two backward and down toward the trail. But the strange conduct of this young man, the unaccountable sadness of the fine-cut face that stood out in profile against the clear sky, as he looked up from where he stood below, chained him to the spot. And then this was a sort of innovation—a species of trespass, it seemed to this old man. What

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right had this stranger to come here and dig up the dead past, and set an inscription over the dead of this camp? Who but he and his old partner, old Forty-nine, knew aught of these two graves or their occupants, now? At last, lifting a boot with its ancient wrinkles and yawning toe onto a rock on a level with his left knee, he rested his elbow on this knee, settled his bearded chin into his upturned palm, and pushing back his battered old white hat, he said:

"They desarved it! Yes, they did! No disrespect to your feelin's, Dandy. But when men go for to climbing down honest men's chimbls, when they are asleep, for to rob 'em, I say, pepper 'em! And I say they desarved it! There!"

The hand was high up, and the palm was brought emphatically down, all doubled up, after it had been thrust over toward the dead men in their graves, and again the man half-turned as if to go. Devine was suddenly all attention, and cried out eagerly:

"What! And they were not hung on this tree? They were shot?—did you say shot?"

"Why, yes, shot! Didn't Forty-nine tell ye? O, no! Come to think, he'd be about the last man that would. And then he ain't given to talking of anything but that old tunnel, anyhow. But, Dandy, friends or no friends of your'n, I tell you he wasn't to blame."

"Who—who wasn't to blame? Who? Speak!"

"Dandy, we came into this 'ere camp together, Forty-nine and me. He is as square as a Freemason's rule. Why, I have known him, young and old, for nigh onto thirty years. Now I'll tell ye what made it so bad. When these two pads—beggin' yer pardon—got peppered, they crawled down the trail this way. Well, right here one of 'em 'pears to have tuckered out. And what does the other do but sit down agin this 'ere tree, tote his head in his lap, and hold him, and nuss him, and care for him till he was dead. And even then didn't try to leave him. But right here, in the darkness, with the awful disgrace and all, he stuck right here with his dead pard, and died with him."

"O, my poor father," murmured the boy, lifting a wet face, and looking away against the dim twilight sky.

"And that's what captured the camp. To see a pard stand by his pard like that, Dandy; I tell you, that foted the boys. And they were really sorry they was killed. And they didn't like the man that killed 'em. And they never did; and they never will. And that's just what's the matter of Forty-nine. Yes. To kill men like that, you know. It's made him feel bad all his life, you know. But they desarved it. They desarved it. They've ruined my old pard Forty-nine. But they desarved all he give 'em. Good night! Good night!"

The young man bounded down the rocks, and caught the retreating figure by the shoulder.

"And you say that Forty-nine killed him?—them?"

"Sartin! And they desarved it. Good night."

The old Colonel shook him off, and went stumbling on down the rocky trail toward town as fast as he could go. He was almost afraid of him now; his eyes had a glare of wonder and of madness in them.

On a little summit near town he looked back. The young man had moved from the spot where he left him, and was now kneeling by the graves.

But soon the young man rose to his feet, and turned his face toward the cabin of old Forty-nine. He walked briskly, and in a few moments met Carrie at the door.

"Get ready!" he said to her, sharply.

"What? What do you mean? Going—are you going away?"

"I am going. This is no place for me. No place for you. Get ready; I am going. If you have any respect for me—for yourself—you will not stay here another hour."

He stepped into the cabin, and went up to the little window. The moon had risen now, and the uncovered graves shone white and bright in the silver light.

The old man in the corner had laid some pine knots on the fire, and they began to burn fitfully. The quartz rocks which young

Devine had brought in, as was his custom at the end of every day, as specimens from the tunnel, still lay on the table, unexamined by the old man. Devine had thought them softer, and more rotten and worthless, than usual, as he laid them there.

"Forty-nine, I am going away." The old man did not move.

At last, the girl, who had stood by the door, came up to where the young man still stood by the window. She put up her face only a little; she put out a soft, sun-browned hand, and gently touched his. It was but a little thing she did; and yet it seemed to her that she had done all, all that could be done.

The man was still moody. He did not stir, but still gazed out down the little valley, through the deep cañon, as he said: "Get ready; we are going—going now."

The girl drew back in the dark corner where the old dog crouched. She fell on her knees at his side, and took his big, battered head in her thin, ragged arms, and held him to her heart. Then out of that dark corner came a sob, that startled Fortynine, who had risen, and was approaching her. Still the young man did not hear or heed. The old man looked out, and saw the uncovered graves.

His face grew black with anger. Perhaps it was a selfish anger. But he had suffered bitterly. Yet he had in some sort become reconciled. But now, when this stranger, whom he had found hungry and alone in the world, had broken up her life, and now stood coldly commanding her—why, she had stolen bread for him!

The old man was weak in mind and in body. His being was breaking up. He was hardly accountable now for what he might do or say. He knit his wrinkled and overhanging brows, and hobbled up and down the floor. Then he went up to the fire, and laid a lot of pine knots on, and there was a bright blaze. The young man still had his back turned, and still gazed out of the window at the two white graves glistening in the moon. Then he began to sing a soft, low air, and tap the floor with his foot. This seemed to madden

the other still more, and he muttered to himself: "To take her away from me now! To take her away like that! To take her from me and throw me quite aside! I—I could murder him!" His feeble old hand fell down at his side, and touched a heavy pick-handle that stood there by the fire. Instinctively he clutched it. He half-lifted it in the air. He was looking straight at the young man standing there, half-humming an air—a sad, plaintive air, as he looked out and down the valley. The girl still crouched back in the dark corner by the dog. Once or twice the old man thought he heard her try to suppress a sob. At last, he was sure he heard her. Then he started forward. At first he started to her. He still held the long hickory pick-handle. As he approached and stood at the back of the young man, he paused. He did not hear the girl any more. He heard, saw nothing, now. He only thought of murder.

Nothing is so dangerous to man as the sense of once having killed a man. There is something singularly fatal in this. Let a man once kill one man, and he will find an easy excuse in his heart to kill another. Old Californians know this well. And they have a saying, to the effect that it is hard on the man who is killed, but a great deal harder on the man who kills him.

This old stand or table on which Devine always emptied out the specimens, each day on return from his work, stood out near the middle of the floor, and before the little window by which he was standing now. Here lay the little heap of quartz he had brought home this last day. The distracted old man had been too busy with his dinner, and then too much troubled after dinner, to take up the specimens in his trembling old hands and examine them, as he always had before. And so there the ragged and jagged rocks lay: black and white and brown and gray; rocks that had not seen the light before since they sprung into existence at the fiat of the Almighty.

"Going away now! Going to take her away! To go and drag bare the two graves, and set them glaring in my face; and then

take her away, and leave me here to go mad!"

Tighter the old man clutched his club as he approached the boy from behind. He poised it in the air. He measured the distance to the back of his head with his eye.

"And to stand there coolly singing, as he looks out upon the two graves!" muttered the old man to himself. Then he paused a second, for he seemed to catch a note in the low, half-inaudible air that he had somewhere heard before. For this man had been no savage in his youth, whatever he may have been now. He knew music well, and loved it too.

Devine was waiting for the girl. He once or twice turned his head as if to see if she was getting ready to go. Then he continued to sing.

Again the old man seemed resolved. He raised his club. The table was a little in the way. He stepped around it, and at the same time looked to see if Carrie saw him. Her head was still lowered above the dog, and she was sobbing bitterly. He measured the distance.

The blow would fall at the base of the brain. The neck would be broken. One step nearer! Then he set his right foot firmly in front, and gathered all his strength. The club leaped in the air.

The dog growled. The young man half-turned his head, and the other lowered his club, and pushed the bits of quartz about on the table. He took a piece in his hand and fell back toward the fire. He made pretense of examining it. The young man again looked out at the soft and silvery moonlight, down the valley, and again began to sing to himself.

Suddenly the old man saw something glittering in his hand. He heaped on a piece of pitch, and as the flame shot up, he started back and caught his breath. He clutched the pieces of quartz and hid them in his bosom. It was gold! The inexperienced young miner had brought home bits of stone that were streaked and barred and seamed and stored with gold.

So weary and worn and discouraged was he, that he had only mechanically and from

custom brought in these specimens, and perhaps had never looked at them or given them a thought. Now he was a millionaire! Forty-nine was a millionaire! They had struck it at last!

The old man grew wild! His eyes took fire. He seemed to grow tall, as a storm-tossed pine. He was strong as a giant. He felt like a lion! For the first time in twenty-five years he stood erect! He was rich! rich! rich! What did he do, as that great truth grew upon him, and took the form of established fact? Did he go up to the young man, put his arms about him, bless him, and be happy?

My friend, gold is hard. Do not forget that. Gold is a hard substance, and it is the most hardening substance in the world. It is as cold, too, as a dead man's hand.

The old man glanced swiftly about to see if he had been observed. He listened. Only now and then a half-suppressed sob burst in the corner, that Devine could not hear for his own sad song; only the deep breathing of the bull-dog, the snapping of the pine knot, the gurgle of the water in the cañon without. Nothing; no one had seen or heard anything at all.

He clutched his pick-handle once more. Being a rich man now, he stood erect, and moved ahead with confidence and precision. He was resolute now. Let the dog growl if he liked. He would kill the dog too. Gold! gold! gold! All should be his. Not one ounce to the merciless stranger.

As the old man again planted his foot in front, and poised his pick-handle hastily for the fatal blow, the moonlight fell like a lot of silver across the window-sill. Then, as if he had been waiting for that, the boy began to sing—to sing clear and strong and full—the song which his mother had bade him sing when he was desolate. He lifted and relaxed; the heavy pick-handle sank to the floor, and the old man leaned forward, and from the low, sad song drank in these words:

"Then sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is none too long, love,
Ah, love is none too long."

"Who can know it but she and I? The song I wrote for her! It is sacred to us alone! It is her song; it is her voice!" He sprang forward, and clutching the young man's shoulder, he drew him around, and cried in his face:

"Where—where did you learn that song?"

Coldly and calmly the young man answered, looking him sternly in the face, while the girl, who had started forward, stood at his side, all wonderment.

"It is my mother's song. It is the song that my father—my father, yonder—my father made for her. They sung it together, while they lived, each Christmas eve. And my mother—God bless her!—sings it still. But my father, yonder—"

"I—I— No! no! I am—"

The weak and broken old man could not bear up under so much. His head spun round, words failed him, and he fell unconscious to the floor.

The girl had a little bundle in her hand, and she held the old slobber-mouthed dog by a string. She, too, had seen a deadly battle fought between love and duty, with her own heart for the battle-field. Love had won. Duty had been beaten; and she stood with her dog and little bundle, ready to follow wherever he might choose to lead her.

But they had not one thought of leaving the old man now. They laid him on his bunk back in the corner, behind the faded calico curtains, and coaxed him back to life and consciousness.

How he wanted to embrace his boy! But he seemed so cold, so distant and hard now. He had never seen him so before. One time he tried to sing the old song. But he had no strength or voice. Then he thought he would say over to himself the lines, and let his boy hear him as he bent over him. He thought he would say them low and soft, and not above a whisper at first. Then he whispered to himself, and slept unheard, even as he breathed:

"For life is none too long, love,
And love is none too long."

Then he dreamed. He dreamed of her. He had returned with gold. With heaps and

heaps of gold. He saw her standing by the mantel, with head bowed just as of old. He asked her for the baby that he had left in that empty cradle, and she pointed through the window at an empty bird's-nest in an apple-tree, with the fledglings feathered and gone. Then a tall, bearded boy embraced him, and called him father. Then he dreamed again of gold. Gold! gold! Heaps and heaps of gold! Could it be a dream? Once he pinched himself to see. This awakened him, and he got up and again examined the specimens. Then he tiptoed across to where his boy sat sleeping in the corner, put back his hair, and tenderly kissed his forehead.

It was dawn now, and waking up Carrie, who had gone to sleep with her arms about the dog's neck, he bade her waken young Devine. Then he made them both solemnly promise to not leave him till in the afternoon. In the afternoon they might go, and go with his blessing, wherever they chose to go. Then he went at once to the tunnel, bidding Carrie come to him there very soon. How he wanted to take his boy to his heart! But he was so cold and stately. He must wait.

Soon the two followed the old man to the mouth of the tunnel. The boy carried the old man's gun. He would enter the tunnel no more. They stopped there. A little stream of muddy water trickled down through the leaves on one side, as if the earth had lately been disturbed or broken above. Carrie noticed this. Those who live on the border, and battle with the elements and wild beasts, have to look to every sign and signal. Their lives depend on their alertness.

Devine noticed nothing, however, and the girl said nothing. As they lingered there, waiting for they knew not what, looking askance, looking down, starting, and coming back, saying little nothings, getting bothered, and blushing as lovers will, a rattlesnake slid down the steep, dripping hillside, rattling as he ran, as if he feared a foe that no venom of his could touch. The boy lifted his gun and shot the reptile through the head.

Carrie at last, as if playing hide-and-seek, and laughing at her own fears, lowered her pretty head, and darting forward, disappeared in the dark and forbidding tunnel.

She reached the old man, and spread some fruit and berries before him. He was stripped to the waist. He was wild with excitement and delight. She had never seen him so strong and supple in her life. He caught her in his arms, and sat her upon a pile of quartz in a corner; and then bowed down at her feet, and called her a little queen. He had literally set her on a throne of gold.

How she cried, and how she clung to his neck and kissed him then; a half a mile away in the dark dripping earth!

Then they ate. And how they did eat, and plan, and build their castles of gold!

Dandy should know nothing about it! No! not one word, till they were right certain he loved her almost to death. As if she did not know that already!

At last her apron was spread out, and a heap of gold—bars, threads, flakes, seams, all heaped together—covered it; and the old man, taking the candle from his hat, filled the old hat, as a boy merrily fills his hat with golden apples; then taking the candle in his hand, they started for the mouth of the tunnel.

They had to stoop and lean and bend over as they groped along. Now and then the old man would stumble under his load, and almost fall. Then Carrie would banter and laugh merrily at his tall figure, which was ill-suited for his groping along with a great load. And then stumbling, limping, falling, laughing, and bantering each other like school children, they drew near the mouth of the tunnel.

Carrie missed a shaft of light, so familiar to them both, as they turned a little angle in the tunnel. But she said nothing. She still tried to laugh, as she stumbled even more. But it was such a laugh as might come up from a grave. She hastily staggered on a few yards farther. She stopped; then she hurried on, and suddenly found she stood almost to her knees in the cold, muddy water. The girl dropped her gold with a

dull ugly splash, and hastened back to where the old man stood holding up the candle before his eyes and trembling in every limb. The water had followed her back, and was rising fast.

She took the candle, which was about to fall from his trembling hand. She did not speak. They looked each other in the face, but neither spoke. They both understood too well the awful truth.

She turned, and waded down the sloping tunnel till she stood in the water to her waist. There was no light, no sound—nothing. The whole mountain-side had slid down, and shut them up in their living tomb. There was no power on earth could roll away the stone. She knew they would never, never pass through the mouth of that tunnel any more. She returned to the old man, and took him by the hand. "Come! come back!" she said, "see, the water is rising fast!"

"But what can we do back—back there?" pleaded the old man, piteously, as he dropped all the gold, and mechanically allowed himself to be led back deeper into the heart of the mountain.

She did not answer. What, indeed, could they do back there, but sit down and wait an hour, and then—die?

Both were silent. He was thinking of his boy. O, if he only knew! If he only knew of the gold that at last was his and hers! She was thinking of the green trees above her, as they groped back ahead of the water that slowly crept up the tunnel after them. She was thinking of the flowers—of the flowers she had gathered for him. She was thinking of the bright and beautiful sun. O, but to see the sun again! O, but to look up out of a chasm in the earth, and see a single ray of light! O, but to be a bird! But to be a squirrel, and leap from limb to limb! Now that the world was shut out from her, she remembered how beautiful it was. She thought if she could only see a single little flower nodding in the sun, she could sit down and love it, and love it tenderly.

The old man was dazed, helpless. She led him back to the extreme end, and they

there crouched down together to wait. To wait for what? Death.

The water came, touched their feet, their knees. The candle burned to its socket, and dropped through the iron ring into the water with a strange cry, as if it died in pain.

The tunnel was total darkness. The girl felt about, and drew up from the water and heaped up a pile of rocks in the highest corner. She placed the old man on this, and sat at his feet. The man put out his long bony arms, wound them about her, and drew her up as far as he could from out the

water. She felt the cold tide touch her bosom, and then she knew that all would soon be over. "Can you pray, Forty-nine? Father, can you pray? Pray for Carrie, for she is not fit to die. And O, pray for him, too!" and the girl's heart, for the first time in all her dreadful life, began to fail her, as she clung to the old man's neck.

"Child! that is your prayer, and it will save you. No, I am not fit to pray for you. But O, Carrie, I could die for you!" And the two drew closer together—closer together in death, even, than they had been in life.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—PART II.

Ellice awoke the next morning with a vague feeling that something was wrong, not knowing at first what it could be; but, as she twisted her long hair into the coils which crowned her head with a mass of pale gold, and fastened her lace barb with a little pearl arrow, it all came back—the dull sense of something lacking to the perfection of the sunshiny day, and an angry impatience with herself for feeling it. However, Miss Kent's dramatic talent, natural or cultivated, was sufficient for the occasion, and whatever thoughts she may have had on the self-forbidden subject were suspected by no one—not even Cora.

Philip's absence seemed to make very little difference to the universe in general, after all. The tide came in twice a day, just as it would have done if he had walked down the beach, with his hands behind him, or read Tennyson on the rocky point. Plenty of agreeable cavaliers were left, and the riding and sailing parties went on without him. Ellice wondered if nobody else could care, but she never spoke of him unless his name was mentioned first.

"Well, Elly," said Cora, one day, "are you having a good time? Aren't you glad

we teased you to come here this summer?"

She was sitting on a low cricket, with her head against the crimson background of the window curtain, a pretty bit of girlish color and life.

"Yes, indeed," said Ellice, smiling down on the upturned face; "it is all delightful to do nothing but dance and sail, and wear my best gowns—and be with you: I enjoy it only too much; for I am afraid I shan't want to go back to the classes again in September. Still, I don't believe I should like it forever. What does it all amount to, Cora, for us or anybody else? What is the use of it all—to wear pretty things, and talk and laugh and dance, all the time? I shouldn't be contented with it always."

Cora pouted, in pretended displeasure.

"O, well; you are always painfully climbing up to some high ideal, Elly, with your reading and studying, and all the rest of it: we don't pretend to amount to anything. For my part, I don't like so much 'divine despair': I'd rather be second-rate and enjoy myself!"

Ellice laughed, and let the subject drop.

On the afternoon when Mr. Armstrong

was expected back, she was disagreeably conscious of being in a little tremor of fear, lest he should not come. She meant, at first, to be at the house on his arrival; but, on second thought, walked over to the pines with Fred Gilbert, and did not return till he had been at the house an hour.

"We were just wondering where you could be," said Molly Bond, when they entered the hall. "We have a new arrival. Miss Kent, allow me to present to you Mr. Philip Armstrong."

Philip's bow was something magnificent to behold, and Ellice, in her turn, made a sweeping courtesy.

"Have I not some time met you before, Miss Kent? Your face seems strangely familiar."

"Very possibly," she answered, demurely. "Have you ever visited the Mansion House before, Mr. Armstrong?"

Some one else came up just then, and the conversation grew general. Ellice lingered a few moments, and then, murmuring some inaudible excuse to Mr. Gilbert, went upstairs to her own room and locked the door. What had she expected? That he would, at their meeting, show the pleasure *she* felt? What did she want, after all? She could not tell, herself; she only knew she was unreasonably disappointed, and grieved at the uneventful happening of what had been so hopefully anticipated; and, undignified and foolish as it was, she began to cry. Very few girls can cry with real, girlish wretchedness, and not show marked traces of the process. Ellice was no exception to the general rule; and she was just beginning to think, with some dismay, of her forlorn appearance, when Cora knocked at the door.

"May I come in a minute, Elly?"

Ellice did not take long to think, but she knew it would not do for her cousin to remark the swollen eyes. She hastily pulled out a long eyelash, opened one lid, and dropped it underneath, before she turned the key.

"We want you to— Why, Elly! What in the world—"

"I have something in my eye," said Ellice, blushing a little at the huge deception

hidden inside this bit of indisputable truth. "Will you get it out for me, if you can?"

"Poor Elly!" said Cora, kneeling beside the window, while her cousin took a seat on the cricket. "I see it now—no, it's two great long eyelashes down below the lid. I'll have them out in a minute. Do I hurt you very much?"

"No, not much."

"There they are," said Doctor Ballastier, at last. "I don't wonder they blinded you. Why, you look as if you'd been crying a week!"

"I feel so," said Ellice.

They went down to tea a little late that evening, Cora very conveniently explaining matters when any one noticed the scene of the small surgical operation. Then, somewhat to her own surprise, Mr. Armstrong seemed to claim her time the greater part of the evening, on one pretext or another, and the little shower up-stairs was quite forgotten.

There was, in truth, very little about Philip Armstrong, more than half a dozen other young men in the house, to be really worthy of this girl's shy adoration. He had a striking figure, good intellectual ability, and strong personal magnetism, and had been endowed with a natural taste and gift for society. All his life he had been accustomed to being liked, and found an agreeable companion; all his life he had been fancying one pretty face after another, but never so deeply or so long that it cost him more than a sentimental sigh or two when he came to the end of the chapter. Yet, for all this, the people who knew him best said that under the trifling exterior lay hidden the possibility of a genuine passion that might sometime bring out all the best that was in him, and make him a strong man, working with a real and lasting purpose. Perhaps their fancy was extravagant—who can tell?

All unknown to Ellice, this wished for consummation seemed to be drawing near. He did not want to say pretty nothings to this pale, slender girl with the grave, hazel eyes, and the graceful turn of neck and shoulders; he felt that it would be like offer-

ing beads and fish-hooks to some English countess when he went to Canada. A strange diffidence crept over him sometimes when he talked with her; he wondered what she would think of innumerable little follies and peccadilloes set down by the Recording Angel to his account, and tried to imagine how she would seem if she cared for him. The New York telegram was a genuine summons, but, had he so chosen, it need not have kept him away so long; that was partly his own desire—to try if a week's absence and absorption in business would make the little dream fade away, as so many dreams had faded before. But it was not so: the longer he stayed away the more he felt that while Ellice Kent was at the Mansion House no other place could offer any homelike rest or satisfaction. If he only knew whether she ever thought of him at all? But she had never given him any sign; how could he guess? He packed his valise with alacrity when the week of exile was over, and took the morning express for the seashore. Should he speak? He would wait a little, first; the old easy habit of taking his friend's esteem for granted had somehow slipped away, and he felt as awkward as a school-boy at his first party.

Ellice was half-happy and half-miserable during the next two weeks: happy, because she and Philip were constantly together; and wretched, because she felt that she had no right to care. She began to long for the summer to end, so that it would all be over, and she could begin to forget him. Mrs. Ballastier fancied she was ill, and spoke to Cora about it.

"Elly is looking very tired; I hope she is not overdoing, these warm days. Don't drag her out everywhere so, Cora. Perhaps she would rather be more quiet."

"I guess she's only tired of rehearsing—everybody is, for that matter—but you know the grand affair comes off next Wednesday, and *then* we can have a little peace of our lives. Dramas are more bother than they're worth, any way!"

One morning, Miss Kent had been out with two or three others for a walk, and came into the house with a bunch of late

wild-roses in her belt, tied up with a long, stout blade of marsh-grass. She went upstairs to put them in water, and passing by Miss Bond's room, went in for a moment to show her prize. The quiet, reserved New England girl and the frank impulsive Southerner were very good friends indeed.

"They're lovely," said Molly; "where did you find them?"

"Down the lower road, at the edge of the marsh. You shall have some in your hair"; and she pulled out two of the prettiest sprays, and deftly tucked them under Molly's shining black braids and puffs. "There! that's an improvement, really. I must see to my own now, or they will fall to pieces before I find my little vase."

She passed out again into the broad gallery that encircled the stairway, and tightening the little band of grass about the stems, peeped over the rail to see who was down below. Only Jack stood by the lower baluster, idly drumming with his fingers on the old-fashioned carving. A sudden impulse of mischief occurred to her. How startled Jack would be if she should drop the little posy directly on his head! No sooner thought than done: the roses landed exactly on the crown of the unconscious being below; he turned, and lifted his face: it was not Jack at all, but Philip Armstrong, whom she had treated to this floral compliment!

Ellice drew back suddenly, in mortification and alarm. What would he think? Had he seen her? She was very much ashamed of the childish performance, and exaggerated it almost into a real indiscretion, as she sat blushing in her own room. Philip had really caught no glimpse of her face, but he knew the flowers, and, picking them up, laid them carefully away in his vest pocket, when nobody was looking.

A merry group of a dozen or twenty were gathered in the hall that afternoon, ready for a ride. Ellice sent down word at the last moment that her head ached, and she could not go.

"That's too bad," said Fred Gilbert, with a little scowl; "I don't believe but what 'twould do her good."

"So I argued," said Cora; "but she couldn't be convinced."

"Try again," said Gilbert.

"No use," said some one else, with a laugh.

"Don't you know the old verse, Fred?"

'Where is the man that has the power or skill
To stem the current of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't—so there's an end
on't!'

"But where's Mr. Armstrong?" asked Bell Stacy, as they started off.

"Why! I thought he was here."

"I think I saw him in the gentlemen's reading-room when I came by," said Laura; but he was not there now.

"How vexatious!" cried Gilbert. "Here, Johnny! run up to Mr. Armstrong's room—run all 'round the lot—and find him, and tell him we're all ready—waiting for him!"

Johnny vanished; but presently reported Mr. Armstrong not to be found anywhere.

"He said something about going over to the village," suggested Miss Bond. "Perhaps he's walked on ahead."

"That's it, exactly; we'll overtake him on the way"; and after a good deal of chattering and laughing, and changing of seats, the great coach started off down the sandy road.

Just how it was that they missed the pedestrian, no one could quite explain: unless, perhaps, Philip himself might have done so; certain it was, that an hour afterwards he returned alone, dusty from a long walk. Ellice had been lying down in her room, with ice-water on the aching head; and now, longing for the fresh breeze on the beach, and thinking all the rest had gone off to ride, tied the long braid of her hair in a heavy loop, and throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, came down the stairs just as he crossed the hall. It was too late to go back.

"Is the headache any better?" he asked, coming quickly to her side. "Will you walk on the beach a little while, and see what that may do for it?" She assented, almost in silence, and they passed out together. Mrs. Meredith, at the drawing-room window, raised her eyebrows, and smiled significantly.

Neither spoke as first, at they walked slowly

around the curve of gray sand, and out of sight of the house.

"I supposed you had gone to ride with the others," she said at last, making a great effort to break the silence. He was looking straight down at the sand beneath his feet.

"Did you think I would care to go?" he asked, rather abruptly.

She looked at him in some wonder, not thinking for a moment what he meant. He lifted his own eyes then, and bent them full upon her face. She began to read their meaning, and a great rosy blush spread over cheek and neck, at this sudden gleam of revelation. Was it possible? The little speech he had been so carefully preparing fled to the four winds, and left him in the lurch.

"What can I tell you, Ellice? Don't you know it now?—that I love you dearly—wholly—that I have been trying not to be too presumptuous in hoping you might care a little for me, sometime? Won't you, Ellice?"

"I do," she said, very low. She did not dare look up again; it was enough to know that Philip's eyes were on her—she could feel them in every nerve. He stopped short, the dark face glowing now with manly love and hope.

"And you will marry me, Ellice—we will be each other's always? Nothing can part us now."

"Nothing in all the world!" said Ellice, and she laid her hand in his.

She could hardly believe in her own great happiness, as she thought it all over that night, after Cora had kissed and congratulated, and hinted vaguely at previous suspicions. Were these feelings, of which she had been so ashamed, which she had tried so hard to repress, only right, only what he wished—what he said he wished, with those deep, dark eyes telling their story to her own? Ellice was used to being alone in the world; Amos Kent was never anything very substantial in the oak-tree line, and since she had taken care of herself these past four or five years, she had come to look upon it as the natural way of living. Now, all at once, her life had chang-

ed; Philip would be its center, and he and she would plan everything together; all their interests would be in one; she could never be lonely any more—she would always have Philip to go to with every trouble and every joy. It was a dream of paradise too great for her to take in all at once—the seventh heaven of a girl just engaged to the lover who is to her, of all men, the one strong, brave, and every way admirable hero.

Cora came flying in the next morning to tease her a little.

"What makes your eyes shine so, Elly? Are you going to have a fever?"

"I think not," said Ellice, smiling, and throwing open the blinds to the morning sunshine; somehow the bay looked prettier than usual, and the white-capped waves were chasing each other gayly up and down the beach.

"I'm afraid—"

"Cora!" called Mrs. Ballastier from the other room. "I wish you'd come and find my other cuff-stud; it's rolled away on the floor, somewhere." And her daughter obediently disappeared, humming softly: "My true love hath my heart, and I have his."

Neither Philip or Ellice could ever have told afterwards how those last rehearsals went off; perhaps Jack Stuart, with the double anxiety of author and stage-manager, would be better authority on the subject; however, they did go off in some fashion or other, and the night of the entertainment arrived at last. Two great barges from the Beacon Point House, five miles away, brought a goodly addition to the audience in the long drawing-room, and friends came down from the city in embarrassing numbers. Ellice did not appear down-stairs at all after the middle of the afternoon, but locked herself into her room, denying admission even to Cora.

"I don't see what makes her act so queerly," said that young lady, half-inclined to be offended. "What in the world is the matter with her."

"Perhaps she wants to do a little final studying on *Lady Margaret*—put on the last

bit of polish, you know," suggested good-natured Molly. "I wouldn't disturb her."

Certainly *Lady Margaret's* counterfeit presentment could not be criticised when the last moment came, and Ellice glided down the winding stair in a long shimmering gown of pale blue, with necklace and bracelets of filigreed and frosted silver. She was looking very handsome to-night; a trifle preoccupied and anxious, perhaps, but that was quite natural: it was over as soon as she was on the stage. Miss Kent acted better to-night than she had ever done at rehearsal; and the indignation and scorn that repulsed poor *Hugh* seemed to have a slightly different rendering from usual—one could see that My Lady had really cared for the young squire in spite of her seeming coldness, and that her own heart was aching, for all the scorn. They called her out before the curtain when the scene was over, and some one gave her a huge bouquet.

"Magnificent!" said Gilbert, standing by one of the wings. "What a voice!"

Bell Stacy stood beside him.

"Yes, indeed," said she, in her very sweetest tones, "her voice is certainly very good. I suppose she has had a great deal of pains taken with it: she is professional, you know."

Miss Bell, be it clearly understood, was not professional. No one could accuse her of being in the remotest manner useful to society, or the world at large.

The curtain rose again. *Hugh* had gone, and now came revelations, thick and heavy, to weigh down poor *Lady Margaret's* heart, until she left her home to take refuge in the nun's dim cloister. The band of black-robed sisters chanted the low, Latin hymn in their most effective manner; and Ellice, pale and heavy-eyed, all in white, with long hair falling loose below her waist, was just kneeling by the altar stairs, when *Hugh*, with the usual sublime disregard for probabilities or possibilities that characterizes the hero of the amateur drama, forbade the banns, and claimed her for his own.

"Beautiful!" "Splendid!" "Magnificent!" said everybody, when the curtain fell for the last time, and the enthusiastic applause had

died away. Ellice had slipped up-stairs to change her dress again, and came down, this time in silver gray, with the frosted filigree once more at neck and wrists.

"I have something to show you, Philip," she said, by and by. "Will you come out in the garden, and see it?" The guests from Beacon Point were gone now; it was past midnight, and the drawing-room was all a wilderness of chairs and settees in disordered rows. Laura Vietz was at the piano, and groups were scattered here and there about the hall and the lower rooms, talking over the success of the evening. He assented, in some wonder at the request, and they went out together. The light from the parlor windows streamed out bright and clear through the pale gleam of a moon that had almost set, and showed every angle in the prim box-bordered paths. She walked silently by his side, refusing the offered arm.

"You wanted to show me something," he said, at length, a little puzzled by her manner.

"Yes," said Ellice slowly, drawing a paper from her pocket. "It is a letter I had today. I thought you ought to see it."

He took the missive in his hand with some curiosity, and began to read where she pointed, and Ellice stood there, half in light and half in shadow, the silvery silk glimmering softly about her tall, slender figure. This is what he read:

" . . . You speak of meeting Philip Armstrong at the beach, and ask me if I know him. Don't have anything to do with that man, Ellice, as you value your happiness. You can depend upon him about as much as on a weather-vane. You will think this is merely gratuitous abuse of one of your friends—I hope he is no more—but I will tell you what I know, and you can judge for yourself. He has always been a professional flirt, trying to interest in himself every girl he meets; and last summer he went down to Mount Desert on a yachting-cruise. You remember Dora Ford? She was boarding just where he landed, and had a few weeks to spare; so what should he do but spend the time in making desperate love to her. Of course she was a silly little goose to believe him; but believe she did, and supposed they were as good as engaged, when all at once he had business elsewhere, and sailed away, leaving her to break her heart, or mend it at her leisure. She took it pretty seriously at first, and felt so badly that the family were worried, and took her

off to Europe for a change of scene. Mind, I do not tell you this because I have any personal spite against Philip Armstrong: he has always treated me well enough; but I couldn't help fearing, from the way in which you wrote, that you might get interested in him, yourself (for he *is* a fascinating fellow), and I thought I ought to tell you what I know, so that you might have your eyes open."

Philip's face had changed a good many times while he read this account of his doings: first he looked bewildered, then angry, and finally impatient and disgusted as he gave the letter back.

"That's pretty stuff for her to write to you!"

"Tell me it isn't true, Philip!" said Ellice, half-imploringly. "Tell me it is all a lie: that you never did what she says!"

"Of course it is not true—as she tells it," said Mr. Armstrong, rather stiffly.

"I met Miss Ford at Mount Desert, and we were together a good deal: that is the whole of it." He evidently felt injured that she should have doubted him at all.

"Did not Dora Ford think you cared for her? Didn't she care for you?"

"How can I tell?" he answered, half-angry at the persistent questions. "She may have been so foolish—I can't judge of that. We were thrown together a great deal, and I may have said a little too much, perhaps; but there's nothing very criminal in that, I think. I didn't suppose you would be jealous of me, Ellice!"

"I am not jealous," said Ellice, with a little touch of indignation in her own voice; "I am only grieved and disappointed. I did not think you could do so unkind a thing. I supposed you were above such things—such cruel trifling with a girl's dearest interests: but I see I was wrong!"

This was enough; it was time for a reconciliation after their first quarrel. Being the first, he could afford to make the initial advances, though he was a man.

"I am sorry you take the matter so seriously, Ellice; there was no use in troubling you with such impertinent gossip at all; and I can't see that I am such a villain either; but I know you look at such things from a higher standpoint: I dare say yours is the

right one. Forgive me, dear. You know I had never met you then!"

He drew nearer, and held out his hand; but she clasped her own together, and would not notice it.

"Aren't you going to pardon me at all?" he asked, half-jestingly. "Must I go down on my knees, Lady Margaret?"

"You do not understand," she said, slowly. "If this story is true, it changes everything; it is all over between us."

Philip stared at her in blank astonishment.

"Why, Ellice, it is absurd! Break our engagement because of that piece of meddling gossip? You don't know what you are saying."

"I do," said Ellice, coldly. "If you treated Dora Ford so meanly—so cruelly—what can I think? What can I do? I cannot marry you!"

"Do you want me to go back to Miss Ford?" he asked, in gloomy sarcasm. "Do you fancy she would accept any such romantic reparation at this late day? Besides"—with the old tender tone—"if you think I could ever change toward you, it is not so. I never cared for her at all. I always cared for you—you know it!"

"I thought so," said Ellice, her voice trembling. "Yes, I believed it, and I believed in you; but the man whom I would marry, I must respect; and I cannot respect the one who would do what Helen Fairfax writes about. We must say good by."

"Are you an icicle?" demanded Philip. "Haven't you a particle of womanly forgiveness for what you choose to call a wrong? We cannot part in this way—it must not be so!"

She stood silent and trembling, the hazel eyes wet with tears, and a great drop rolling down the silken bodice. In the lighted parlor Laura Vietz was singing, and the words of the song floated out into the old garden.

"Love, that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set,
Many a chance the years beget:
Love the gift is love the debt—
Even so!"

"Ellice!"

But she did not answer; and the singer's voice floated out again.

"Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret;
Eyes with idle tears are wet,
Idle habit links us yet—
What is love? For we forget—
Ah, no! no!"

"Ellice!" he said again, and laid his hand upon her arm.

"I can say nothing, Philip. You may call me hard and unforgiving and cold-hearted—say I have no heart at all, if you like; perhaps I haven't: I have something that answers the purpose, for it aches. I would give the world if this were only a dreadful dream; but it isn't—it is all true—you say yourself it is true—and it changes everything. Perhaps you are right, and I am wrong: perhaps I ought to forget it; but I cannot. I could never trust you wholly. I should think what it would have been to me if I had been in Dora's place. You do not know how much that may have been—such things are more to a woman than they are to a man: they are the center of all her life. I cannot argue the question—I love you still too much for that—but we must say good by, and let everything be as if it had not been."

She turned then, and left him, the shining gown gleaming by the blazing parlor windows as she passed. He walked up and down the paths a little, and then followed her into the house. The servants were just beginning to put out the lights in the hall.

They met but once afterward, in many years. It was in a New York art store, when Ellice was on her way home from Cora's wedding, that she saw him standing beside a young girl, before one of the large landscapes. He bent his head in the old, graceful fashion, to catch some remark of his companion, a dashing, black-eyed person, dressed with elaborate reference to the latest fashion-plates, and turning suddenly, each met the other's eyes. A great doubt filled her heart all at once, and for a moment she longed to speak to him; but the moment

passed, they only bowed in silence across the room, and then he watched her as she slowly descended the stairs. The black-eyed girl pouted and shrugged her shoulders.

"How absent-minded you are, Philip!" she said, with a coquettish glance from under the heavy eyebrows. "This is not the picture I meant. Who was the lady you bowed to—the tall one with the light hair, and the long fur cloak?"

"She is from Philadelphia," said Mr. Armstrong, coming to himself with a little start. "I met her at the beach one summer. Ah! yes: here is number fifty-two. That rock-study is really very fine."

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart settled down to pass the honeymoon in a modest home by themselves. They sat together one evening by the open fire, Jack in a huge arm-chair, and Cora on an ottoman by his side, both hands in one of his own, while the fire-light flickered and danced over dusky wall and ceiling, and lighted the room with a fitful, rosy glow. They had been talking of the long train of callers, and something suggested Mr. Armstrong.

Jack's face grew rather grave.

"Yes, I saw him a while ago. The fact is, I'm afraid that affair last summer didn't do Phil any good. I believe he really was thoroughly in love that time; and when it all came to nothing, it was a genuine blow. I think Ellice needn't have been quite so hard on him."

"Elly is different from most girls," said Cora; "she is so critical of the people she cares for, and her ideals are so high in the first place, though she never requires more than she is ready to give herself. She will never marry until she finds a man who is perfection."

"I'm afraid she won't find him very soon," said Jack, musingly. "I shan't look for the wedding-cards this year."

Cora laid her cheek softly on his strong right hand.

"No, I'm afraid not," she said. "I know of one, but Elly cannot have him—he is mine."

Jack's response was not made in words, but it answered just as well.

MABEL S. EMERY.

[THE END.]

FLOWER AND HEART.

I love thee, little blossom, for thy hue,
Smiling above the dull gray earth and stone;
Knowing, the while, no merit of thy own
It is that thou shouldst lift thy cup of blue,
So fair and stainless to my loving view.
Blue as the sky, yet not by thy decree;
Fair-hued, because thou canst not help but be;
God gave thee life, God gave thee beauty too.
O dainty little floweret that I praise,
Sometimes there blooms a beautiful true heart,
A lovely blossom on life's dusty ways.
Pure, beautiful, and good, but not from art;
Loved all the more, like thee, O blossom blue,
Because it cannot but be good and true.

S. E. ANDERSON.

THROUGH THE SPREEWALD.

Along the river Spree, from the neighborhood of Bantzen in Saxony, toward its source, almost to Lübbenan in Prussia, live the Wends. The tract they occupy is forty or forty-five miles long from north to south, and its width varies from four or five to more than twenty miles. With the exception of an insignificant portion of this territory in the extreme south, the land is all flat, and no small part of it is either marsh land or land redeemed from the water. Of the inhabitants, about one hundred and twenty-five thousand speak Wendish as their proper tongue; and of these, about fifty thousand live in Saxony, the remainder in Prussia. Each year their number dwindles, and the territory of their language grows smaller; and it requires no prophetic power to predict their speedy absorption in the German population, and the relegation of Wendish to those elysian fields where Greek and Latin reign as king and queen among departed languages.

The Wends are Slavonian. In point of speech, they are most closely allied to the Poles and the Czechs, as their geographical position would suggest. The dialect of the upper Lansitz—the southern and most populous part, situated in Saxony and the Prussian province of Silesia—has a greater affinity with the Czechish; and that of the lower Lansitz, in the Prussian province of Brandenburg, with the Polish. Bantzen is the center of the former; Cottlins, of the latter. On the borders of the upper and lower Lansitz, there exists a border dialect. These are the principal speech divisions among the Wends; and the dialects of the upper and lower Lansitz differ so much that peasants from those districts are mutually almost unintelligible. But in addition to this, almost every village has its own dialect, to which it adheres with the provincial pride that is so strong an element in the preservation of all local peculiar-

ities; and a few words suffice to reveal to a Wend the village from which his interlocutor hails.

To make confusion worse confounded, there are in use at least four wholly irreconcilable systems of writing the language. In the upper Lansitz, the hymn-books used among the Protestants are printed in two ways: according to the old and unscientific method, in which the orthography is German; and according to the new and scientific method, in which the orthography is Czechish. The Romanists of the upper Lansitz have their own especial system of writing and spelling, and still a fourth method prevails in the lower Lansitz. To only one peculiarity of the language will I call attention; and that is, the prefixing of *h* to words properly beginning with a vowel. When he has become Germanized, the Wend still persists in applying the *h*; he speaks of "Hadam" as the progenitor of the human race, and closes his prayers with a devout "Hamen." But, like the English cockney, the Germanized Wend also omits the *h* where it properly belongs. This double peculiarity even persists in regions where for generations nothing but German has been spoken.

The name Wend, or Wind, was originally applied by the Germans to all Slaves; later, it became confined to the people whom I am describing, and to the Slavonians of the Austrian, Stiermark, and neighboring provinces. Tacitus describes, in his "Germania," the Venedi, whom, with considerable doubt, he classes among the Germans. It was the name of this Slavonic tribe—for Slavonic it undoubtedly was—that the Germans adopted as the name of the whole race. In the chronicles and documents of the Dark Ages, the name is written Wenedi or Winidi, and applied to all Slavic peoples.

It is certain, that in the time of Tacitus the Slaves had already pushed their way pretty

well toward the west, but it is impossible to determine from the "Germania" just what the boundaries between Teutons and Slaves were. In the time of Charlemagne, we find a number of Slavic tribes, loosely connected with one another, in possession of the land between the Baltic Sea and the mountains of Bohemia, bounded on the east by the Oder, on the west stretching somewhat beyond the Saale and the Elbe. In the Danish peninsula, they occupied only the south-east corner, their coast line extending as far north as Kiel. These Polabians, or Elbe Slaves, with the addition of some Slaves who afterwards migrated northwards from Hungary and Servia, were the ancestors of the Wends in the upper and lower Lansitz.

After conquering the Saxons, Charlemagne attempted to subdue and Christianize the Wends. He made them tributary, and forced baptism upon a part of the people; but his conquest was by no means complete. After his death, the Wends threw off the yoke, and from that time on, for several centuries, there was constant warfare between Germans and Wends. On the part of the latter, the conflict was wholly defensive, and they were of necessity the losing party; for, though brave and stubborn, they were uncivilized and disunited.

The chief seat of their religion was the island of Rügen. The island of Femern was the most noted abode of those robber chieftains who imitated faintly the vikings of the north. On the island of Wollin, at the mouth of the Oder, lay almost their only city; and the tribe which inhabited that island acquired considerable wealth by commerce. The Wends in general—and they have not changed to this day—lived in solitary huts, or very small scattered villages, and gained their living by tilling the land and by fishing. (It is the only Slavonic people among which the Jews have played no part.) Though peaceful, they are brave, stubborn, and enduring. Stories are still told among them of how their fathers lay hid whole days, motionless in the water, provided with a reed to breathe through, waiting until the time should come to fall upon their enemy unawares.

Christianity represented to them conquest and ruin; and they fought for their heathen gods and for their land, together. The Germans sometimes exterminated or drove out the conquered Wends; and in some places, most notably in parts of Saxony, they brought in Flemings and Walloons, industrious artisans, in their stead; but more often the Wends remained as tillers of the soil, gradually becoming Germanized, and contributing much toward building the North German type.

Albert the Bear, the rival of Henry the Lion of Saxony, in the second half of the twelfth century, figures as the subjugator of the Wends. At the same time, the Danes pressed upon them from the north; and the capture of Arkona on the island of Rügen, and the destruction of the heathen sanctuary of Swantewit by the Danes in 1168, may be said to have completed their subjugation: the Germans found no further obstacles in their way. Before that time, they had already made considerable progress, both in conquest and conversion. To Benno, bishop of Meissen at the end of the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth century, is ascribed the conversion of the Wends, and he was canonized for that service in 1523. But before 1168, neither conversion or conquest were secure, and the Wends rose at every opportunity, and murdered or drove out Germans and Christians.

The conquered Wends occupied no favorable position. In not a few places the use of the Wendish language was punishable by death—as in Leipzig, according to a law passed in 1327—and everywhere the "Wendish hounds" were excluded from guilds, and all occupations closed to them, except agriculture or menial labor. There were, of course, a few exceptions; but, as a rule, the man whose baptismal certificate showed descent from Wendish ancestors found few places open to him. Citizenship was also denied them, and in many places mixed marriages were either forbidden, or the children of such marriages refused civil rights. By the end of the seventeenth century, most of these restrictions had been removed, but

here and there they lingered on into the eighteenth century. One by one the Wendish islands vanished in the German sea; and by the middle of the eighteenth century, Wendish was spoken only in Lansitz.

The causes which have so long prevented the absorption of the Wends of the Lansitz are threefold: geographical, political, and religious. In the lower Lansitz, the impenetrable forests and morasses preserved their inhabitants from German encroachment. The upper Lansitz came at an early period into the possession of the Bohemian crown; and after the dissolution of its connection with the Czechs, it still continued to enjoy many of the advantages which that Slavonic connection had given it. The Wends of the Lansitz also early embraced Christianity—it seems probable that many of them were converted by Bohemian missionaries, two centuries before Bishop Benno's time—and this was further efficacious in the preservation of their nationality.

The religion of the Wends has played an important part in the history of their language, and still does so. The Reformation seems to have been first preached in their tongue, in 1520, by Paul Bosak—i. e., barefoot—a barefoot Franciscan in Postwitz, a small village close to the Bohemian frontier. The villagers of Postwitz relate the following story: The priest in Kunewalde, across the mountains from Postwitz, showed great zeal in opposing the new teachings. At length, he determined to kill the heretical Franciscan. So one Sunday morning, attended by a band of armed men, he set out to cross the mountains, in order to slay Bosak in his pulpit. But as he was crossing a narrow bridge, his horse took fright; he was thrown over the bridge, and the fall broke his neck. This was a judgment from God, and thereafter the new teachings spread rapidly. Whether the priest broke his neck or not, by far the greater part of the Wends became Protestants. The common names in the upper Lansitz for Romanists and Protestants—*podjan* and *podwobiski*, under one (kind), and under two—were drawn from the controversy as to whether the euchar-

ist was to be administered in two kinds or one.

Owing largely to the intense respect paid among the Wends to religion and religious teachers, it has now come to pass, that, where religious services are held only in German, Wendish vanishes completely; but where the pastor is a Wend, he serves as a point of crystallization for all the Wendish elements. At the time of the Reformation, it was impossible to procure enough preachers who could preach in the Wendish language. The preachers were accompanied by interpreters, and what they said in German, the interpreters repeated in Wendish. Both Protestants and Romanists felt the necessity of sending to the Wends men who were capable of speaking their language, inasmuch as at the time of the Reformation German was not understood in the Lansitz. On the other hand, there were almost no educated Wends: Wendish was an unwritten language. The earliest writing in the Wendish tongue is the epistle of St. James, translated in 1548. (It is in a dialect having great affinity with the border dialect now spoken between the upper and lower Lansitz.) The whole Bible was not translated before the year 1728. Luther's catechism, a hymn-book, and some religious writings had been translated by the end of the seventeenth century. The first Wendish school-book—an a-b-c book—seems to have made its appearance in 1670. Outside of songs and folklore, almost the whole literature consists of translations. A complete Wendish library would contain, perhaps, three hundred books, and of these a fair proportion would be translations of religious writings. There are, furthermore, six newspapers which appear at various intervals of time; two of these, again, are religious.

It was not until the beginning of the last century that anything was done by either Romanists or Protestants for Wendish education among the theological students; and then the former in Prague, the latter in Leipzig, took measures which enable the students to practice preaching and teaching in the Wendish tongue. And so from Prague, the intellectual center of Panslavism, the

eight or ten thousand Wendish Romanists in Saxony imbibe religion and Panslavism combined; and so it was that in 1870 their sympathies were wholly with the French. Religious instruction in the common schools is given at the present time in Wendish; other instruction in German, with this exception, that, as the children are in general unable to speak German when they first begin to attend school, they must be instructed in Wendish until they have acquired German. Where the pastor is able to speak Wendish, he holds service in both languages. The pastor is usually the son of peasants; but in a population consisting wholly of peasants, he is the only gentleman in the village, and consequently much looked up to. When it is impossible for any length of time to procure a Wendish-speaking pastor, the language speedily dies out. For example: In 1868, the pastor at Lübbenan died, and was replaced by a German. The two little fishing villages of Leipe and Lehde, which belong to the parish of Lübbenan, were at that time called Wendish; twelve years later, in 1880, Wendish is practically a dead language in both these villages. The Wends, with the exception of the young children and a few old people, are bi-lingual, speaking by nature and preference Wendish.

In comparing the Wendish speech boundaries at the present time with the speech boundaries of a century, or two or three centuries, since, it will be found that in Saxony the Wends have pretty well held their own, while in Prussia the shrinkage of boundaries has been enormous. This is possibly, in some measure, due to the proximity of the Saxon Wends to Bohemia, and their consequent accessibility to Czechic influence; but is mostly attributable to the strict Germanizing policy pursued by Prussia, and especially to her rigid military system, as opposed to the greater freedom formerly enjoyed in Saxony. The young men who have served their time in the army return home thoroughly Germanized, and rather loth to be looked upon as Wends. They naturally exert a great influence over the young women; so that however Wendish a given locality

may claim to be, there will always be a German element to be found as the result of military service. The effect of this military service is well illustrated by a little story from Saxony, of a Wend who served in the Guards in Dresden. On his return to his native village, he was quite German, and would not condescend to speak Wendish. His old mother, who could speak German very little, was greatly distressed thereat, for his German pretensions precluded any rational intercourse between her and her son. In true Wendish fashion, she went in her distress to the pastor, and he advised her to teach her son Wendish again, by means of his stomach. The next day, at meal time, there was no dinner ready, and the old mother was still busily engaged in washing clothes. The son asked vainly in German when dinner would be ready; he could get no answer and no dinner until he spoke Wendish. And so by a shrewd alliance with his stomach, the mother taught her son once more his mother tongue.

The Wends are a sturdy, strong people, simple and honest as a people can be, but slow and stupid. Like the Slaves in general, they are blue-eyed, fair-haired, with dark or muddy complexions. The women are rather short, thick-set, with powerful arms and enormous legs. Agriculture and fishing are the pursuits for which this people seem best adapted; and vegetables and fish, as well as butter, cheese, and eggs from Spreewald, are well known in Berlin. The women are in excellent repute as nurses, both wet and dry. The quaint costume of the Spreewald—the short full skirts falling a little below the knee, the bare arms, the curious head-dress, carefully concealing the hair from sight, and adding seriousness to the earnest, hardy, reliable looking faces beneath—are a familiar sight in Berlin. There half the children of the better classes seem to be intrusted to nurses so clad. But those who are acquainted with the "French" nurses of New York will hardly need to be informed that this vast horde of nurses are not all genuine Wends from the Spreewald. Large as Spreewald families actually are, that is not possible.

The Spreewald is the most interesting part of the Lansitz. It lies in the extreme northern part of the Wendish territory, and is itself divided into two parts, the upper and lower Spreewald. The former is about sixteen miles in length, by five in breadth; the latter about ten by three. The costumes which we had seen in Berlin, and the reports that we had heard of the strange character of the country, and the old-fashioned simplicity of the people, persuaded us to visit the Spreewald. The guide-books said that Whitsuntide is, of all the year, the best time to make such a visit; and we can testify that in this respect the guide-books have spoken conscientiously and truthfully.

After a ride of something more than two hours, in a train crowded with third and fourth class Berliners off for the holidays, our party of eight Americans was landed about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day before Whitsunday in Lübbenan. Guides were readily found, and by the time we had dined at the "Brown Stag," the boats were in waiting at the mill-dam. In older times, the boats were hollowed tree-trunks, but the boats of nowadays are not so primitive. They are long, and rather narrow, flat-bottomed, double-ended, and blunt. They are propelled by means of a long paddle, furnished with two short thick iron prongs at the extremity of the small blade. One pushes with these prongs against the bottom of the river, or the banks, and steers with the paddle blade, as in a canoe. We had two boats, and in each boat two settees, intended for two persons each.

In this flat land, the Spree has lost itself in endless branches; and to the confusing maze of natural streams the industrious peasants have added an intricate network of smaller canals, large enough for one boat, or for one boat to pass another. These are their roads from hamlet to hamlet, their paths from house to field. By water, the babe is carried to its christening; in boats, the children pole themselves to school; through the canals, the gayly clad bride is borne to her husband's home; and the river is the highway for the

ghostly procession of white-clothed wailing mourners.

We had soon left the town behind us, and were moving through the spring-decked fields. Once it was an impenetrable forest; now the forest has been mostly cleared away, and in the greater part of the district you find only a row of alders on either side of the stream. We were in the Spree itself, moving up towards Burg against the current. An endless number of tiny canals led into the fields on either side. Every few minutes we met boats traveling towards Lübbenan. Often they were propelled by women. The men were uninteresting, clad like common German peasants; but the quaintly dressed women were in keeping with the strange, monotonous landscape, that might have stepped out of some old Dutch painter's canvas. Every one saluted us, and gazed at us curiously, and neither salute nor stare were wanting on our part.

Lehde was the first village that we came to. The houses are log huts, sometimes plastered over, more often not, with roofs of thatch, or, rarely, tiles. No inducement seems enough to persuade a Wend to build of brick or stone; and even where wood is rare and costly, the Wendish peasant clings with tenacious affection to his log hut. Before each house was a small plot of ground, containing generally a few flowers. Whatever fences were necessary, as defenses against geese, ducks, and chickens, were built of wattled twigs. Each house had its canal, into which several boats were drawn, and in the water before each house was a fish-box. One proud aristocrat was the owner of a deer, which he kept in a small inclosure.

But we had no time to linger, and had soon slipped from the dense shadow of the trees in Lehde into the sunlight of the meadows. Whenever we passed a house, at least one dog was sure to run out to bark at the boats: from that same strong sense of duty which leads country dogs bred under other skies to bark at passing wagons, and then wag their satisfied tails before retiring to another nap. These Spreewald dogs show a

surprising dexterity in avoiding water splashed out at them—a dexterity that argues constant practice. A few peasants were at work in the fields, indifferently men and women. We learned that they received twenty-five cents, and something to eat, in payment for a day's work. Our guides were richly paid at a dollar a day each.

Leipe was the next village. It is the chief seat of the garden stuff and fish, in which the Spreewald excels. Would that we had taken wise counsel, and passed the night at Mother Rogatz's inn! But we had set our minds on reaching Burg, and would not be advised. When the river had grown narrower, or we had passed from the main stream into canals, we came to a few of the odd-looking bridges that offer a seldom passage from bank to bank. The land was so low, that both haycocks and houses were raised above the level, to avoid the winter floods that turn the Spreewald into one vast lake. In summer, boats—in winter, skates and sledges—are the common means of transit. And yet the people thrive: there is no malaria, no miasma, no chills and fever, and few mosquitoes, as mosquitoes go. Every little while we passed a log hut. It is noticeable that the Wendish peasants live apart in the middle of their land, while the German peasants live together in hamlets and villages, at a distance comparatively from their work.

Burg is the capital of the Spreewald, and the traditional abode of legendary Wendish royalty. The population might be readily packed into one street in Berlin; but owing to the Wendish love of isolated dwellings, the space covered by Burg is actually as large as that covered by Berlin. Our inn was beautifully situated, as we learned the following morning. After some reasoning, the ladies were provided with a room; and the gentlemen placed in beds, or on the floor in a large room already occupied by four Germans. It is strange that, much as the Germans visit the fresh air, they will never allow the fresh air to visit them. They will sit in the garden of a restaurant when an American would shiver at the thought, but they

will on no account permit a window of that restaurant to be opened, stifling though the air may be. But as the sonorous noses of the other inmates attested the soundness of their slumbers, we ventured to take precautionary measures against suffocation before crawling under our respective feather beds. Fleas are the bane of all things German, and of many things besides. Fleas do not sleep at night, and neither did their victims. The ceremonious impoliteness of our German room-mates on the following morning was overwhelming. They arose at about the same hour at which a country barnyard is wont to show such aggravating signs of life, whispering across the room—and that makes more noise than shouting—dropped their boots and tumbled over the chairs. But that was not all. A German could never think of leaving a room without saying adieu to its inmates. These men had already done foul injury to our peaceful slumbers, but they added unbearable insult when they ceremoniously bade us good morning. For a moment they were in great danger.

It was interesting to see the Wends on their way to church. Among them, man, woman, and child, in rain and sunshine, from near or from far, all always go to church. It was what they call the "first holiday," and on first holidays the women go to church dressed in black, and in general the old people go. All carried hymn-books in their hands; and the women, also, bundles containing their shoes and stockings. It is rather a novel sight to see a row of women standing by the church door devoutly drawing on their stockings and shoes before entering the sacred precincts, or frugally drawing them off again before starting for home. A little gossip after church—for they are fond of gossip—and then home with an earnest haste that is curious to see.

The cows in the Spreewald spend their time altogether in the house. I say house advisedly, because the part of the common building in which the cows and pigs live is, at least many times, as much the house as the one room—rarely two—where the family live, on the other side of the passage-way.

But though these cows do not have any exercise, they do their duty well, and by dinner time on Sunday we had reached the conclusion that the abundant milk and eggs were the only things that could not be spoiled in the cooking. But if our dinner was bad, we had, after all, expected nothing better; and the delightful boat-trip later, through field and forest, was some compensation for it. In that beautiful spring sunshine, lazily reclining on the straw in the bottom of the boat, comfortably pillowed against the overturned settee, with a charming comrade, serenity within and beauty without—what more can man ask for? The fields were covered with flowers, the leaves had not yet changed the delicate green of their springtime youth for the soberer tints of summer maturity. Before each house sat the family, in holiday garments of bright colors. Small boys and little maids, in hopes of recompensing pennies, cast flowers upon us, till we were weary of their number, and sated with their smell. The guides, too, had tales to tell of this or that. We floated from the fields, with their thin rows of trees, into a beautiful forest. We passed the "Oak," and heard that three kings had met beneath it; but who they were no one seemed to know. We heard an incredible tale of a former owner of the forest: that he was gambling with the present emperor, then Prince of Prussia, and lost all he had. Then the prince offered him all back again, if he could ride in six hours to his land; and the count did it, and scarcely had he passed his boundaries, when the wearied beast fell dead beneath him. And the guides sang songs, to which the forest played accompaniments. Then one of them recited for us: first a love poem, full of brave deeds; then a tedious poem, called "Despondency." The latter sounded like the Book of Job, with the last part left out, and is, I fear, a good example of a discontenting literature which finds among the lower classes everywhere too ready favor. It was night when we returned to find better provision for our comfort than on the previous night, albeit a "Turn-verein" from Berlin was slightly restless.

On the second holiday, the women all wear bright colors into church, and in general the young people are the church-goers. In Burg, there is enough dry ground to walk on, and it was a fascinating sight—the gay-colored, quaint attires moving through the sunny fields, while the somber woods formed a dark background to relieve the eye.

As we were at dinner, "Cantor Post" visited us. He is musician, school-teacher, and general factotum—an old man who has held this various position for many years, and his father held it many years before him. For about a century, father and son have held this place. It is pleasing to see the kindly reverence with which the simple people treat the old man. He feels it his duty and his privilege to call on all Americans; and he shows you with great pride the March number of "Harper's Monthly" for 1877, in which his picture appeared. This patent of nobility he carries in his breast pocket. He explained the sour looks the men had cast upon us on the way from church as due to the supposition that we were Berliners, and Berliners have no enviable reputation in the Spreewald. Had they only known we were Americans, we should have been overwhelmed with courtesy. All want to go to America. He was going, if he could get some money from the lottery. The waiting-maid at once spoke up to say that she, too, was going, if she were lucky in the lottery. Our guides were going if they could—indeed, I met no one who was not going, if possible. But this is not peculiar to the Spreewald; German peasants also find the burden of a military government, with its privileged aristocracy of officers, unendurable, and look on America as the promised land, if they can only earn enough money, or win enough in a lottery, to enable them to reach it.

Then down the stream to Leipe, to attend a Wendish dance, and regale our starving stomachs with the delights of Frau Rogatz's good cookery. On our way to the village "Tanzboden," which was in the other inn, we paid a visit to a peasant's house. Over the door was a German verse, asking God's blessing on the inmates; and beneath that

was inscribed, also in German, the following: "When by God's help and the builder, M. Küba of Burg, I had built this house on the 8th of June, 1788, and by God's will and permission it had burnt down on the 24th of June, 1791, I rebuilt it again by God's help on the 28th of August, 1792, by the very same builder, M. Küba of Burg." There was also a back door to the house, and over this another religious verse. The old couple that lived there received us in the most friendly manner, and showed us all they had. It was a simple peasant's hut, consisting of one room. All was very clean, but there was nothing peculiarly Wendish about it. In a regular Wendish hut, the door opens into a passage-way: on one side of this, live the animals; on the other, the people. The small loft is used for hay, and is reached by a ladder from the passage-way.

Leipe is Germanized; and so we found at the dance, that, beyond the costumes of the women, and a very little bagpipe music, there was nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary German peasant dance. The girls looked very fresh, pretty, and tempting; but the men were not so pleasing: they took off their coats, smoked while they danced, and drank schnapps between the dances. The amount of spirits drunk among the poorer classes in Germany is considerable; among

the Wends drunkenness is the prevailing vice, and the men celebrate market and feast days by intoxication. We learned afterwards that the second holiday at Whitsuntide is the only day in the year on which married women may dance. It was a pretty sight after the dance to see the Wendish maidens independently paddling themselves home through the moonlit canals.

The next day found the ladies of our party arrayed in Wendish finery. It is very becoming, and I advise some of my young lady readers to play Wendish peasant girls at the next fancy party they attend. The dresses, though short, by beginning high up on the person, manage to contain about as much material as a fashionable ball dress. A more lucid description than this my masculine stupidity is incapable of furnishing.

It was with regret we tore ourselves away from the nightingales, from the cuckoos that sounded just like real clocks, from the stirred eggs that we had come to look upon as the staff of life, and from the numerous quaint fascinations of the Spreewald. But Boreas was inexorable. We passed once more through Lehde, and after supper, and an unannounced theatrical performance in the Lübbenan theater by some members of our troupe, we took the train to Berlin, there to separate, as the pleasantest of parties must.

J. P. PETERS.

A BOTANICAL WEDDING-TRIP.

Looking northward from the old adobe city of Tucson, the Santa Catalina Mountains, about fifteen miles distant, appear to be a very distinct and isolated range of nearly bald peaks, with a green patch of forest on their tops; the whole rising majestically out of that great sandy, torrid, wind-swept desert that stretches for more than a thousand miles from the south end of the Sierra Nevada, to the southern portion of the Rocky Mountains.

It is evident to the ordinary observer that

this desert was lately the floor of a vast inland sea. The sand and gravel bed is slightly undulated, and seems to be overlaid on all the plain, covering, perhaps, long ranges of mountains, leaving only the sharp peaks, here and there, rearing their metal-lined spires to the skies. So constant is this isolation of peaks, that, with few exceptions, the many mountain clusters of Arizona can be skirted by a horseman in a short time: most of them in a single day. But the Santa Catalina is a marked exception. It must be the

unsubmerged remnant of a long, wide, and lofty range in primeval times; for there yet remains, above the bed of this ancient sea, a range of mountains about seventy miles long, by an average breadth of twenty miles, and a height of a little over ten thousand feet.

As remarked, looking northward from the streets of Tucson, or from the trains that pass parallel with the range for fifty miles, the Santa Catalina looks a gently rounded, smooth, innocent sugar-loaf, with a crown of green trees, pleasantly contrasted with the barren reddish sand desert that glares in the quivering heat between the mountain and the observer. A good field-glass, however, resolves the beautiful object into two lofty ranges of worn and splintered mountains, inclosing a large forest between them.

When we comprehended that a high valley was upheld there, fenced off by bristling peaks from the intrusive and scorching winds of the desert; when we were assured by the strong and determined botanist, Mr. Pringle, that he had just been baffled, after a long struggle, in the effort to penetrate to this valley; when General Carr told us that, to his certain knowledge—and he is an old settler, the founder of Fort Lowell—no white man had ever succeeded in passing over the southern rim of this secluded *terra incognita*, and that but recently it was one of the strongholds of the savage Apache nation;—when we learned all this, the information but intensified the resolution formed on a preliminary excursion the season before, that, inasmuch as this isolated region, of all others in the territory, must abound in rare and distinct forms of plants, and that, happily, it was as yet totally unexplored, we would make a determined effort to surmount all obstacles, and reach this hidden heart of Santa Catalina.

Arriving at Tucson early in March, we at once set about preparations for botanizing plain and mountain in the most effectual manner. By "we," in the foregoing sentences, I mean my wife and myself. We had been married on the Thanksgiving before, and this was our wedding-tour. My

wife, being as enthusiastic and as devoted to botany as I, was the first to propose that, instead of the usual stupid and expensive visit to a watering-place, idling our time in useless saunterings, and listening to silly gossip, we should wait a few weeks, devoting the time to study; then, at the right time, make a grand botanical raid into Arizona, and try to touch the heart of Santa Catalina.

She was provided with a short suit of strong material, the best of firm calfskin shoes, nailed along the soles and heels with gimp-tacks, and reinforced by substantial leather leggings that promised defiance to cacti and serpents. A broad-brimmed hat with a buckskin mask, and heavy gloves, a botanical portfolio, and a long staff, completed her outfit. Mine was a suit of canvas, with the usual equipments of a botanist.

Only one night was spent in Tucson, purchasing and packing provisions for an absence of about a fortnight.

Hiring a conveyance next morning, we proceeded to the edge of the foothills of Santa Catalina, about six miles, where stood a stick-and-mud cabin, deserted a short time before by a Mexican who had been detected stealing horses. The cabin was a simple affair. Nine crooked posts of mesquite upheld the roof, formed of giant cactus ribs, overlaid with weeds, and coated with mud, raised highest in the center to shed rain. A mud chimney formed a part of one corner. The sides were composed of the thorny poles of the candle-wood thrust into the ground, and plastered outside with mud. So tenacious of life is this candle-wood (*Foqueira splendens*), that the gardens and yards of Tucson are fenced with it, growing like a hedge, and several of the poles of our cabin exhibited little tufts of green leaves among the thorny ribs. A small hole on the east side, stopped at night by a wad of paper, served for a window; and a swinging affair, made of pieces from a dry-goods box, cross-barred with barrel-staves, we called the door. A cracker-box was at once suspended from the ceiling by a wire, to serve for cupboard and food depository; for, by the many holes along both inside and outside of the walls,

was evident that the premises were not totally deserted. A round ash pole divided off a portion of the floor for a deposit of weeds and "grama," upon which our blankets were spread, and the bed was ready.

The worst feature of our housekeeping at this place was the great distance to water, nearly three-fourths of a mile. You need so much water to cook with, and to cool your faces in that terrible heat, and you crave so much to quench thirst, drinking it by the pint, that regular trips had to be made over the hot sands, which were only to be crossed after nightfall; and a tiresome task it was to pack ourselves with oil-cans of water, and wade through the sand and weeds, when one needed the rest from the day's hard work botanizing.

From this cabin we sallied out every day at sunrise, to be gone all day, scouring the foothills for plants. These hills skirt the mountains proper with a border of about six miles; then commences the steep uprise of the mountains, and very forbidding they looked at close range. It took a week to explore the approaches, and to find supposed vulnerable places where the crest could be surmounted. Every way deep, inaccessible ravines, with polished sides, were seen separating projecting ridges barred at intervals from bottom to top with vertical, sometimes beeling, walls; the red fiery earth glaring between, sparsely clothed with cacti and Spanish bayonet, under which crouched starved grasses, and silver-coated or hairy ferns.

During one of our last approaches to the base of the range by way of the rocky floor of a dry creek-bed, we fortunately discovered a cave in the side of a ravine, at a point where a curve brought the south side of the ravine squarely facing the grand uprise of the mountains. It was the merest horizontal crack in the vertical wall, approached by a perilous climb up a zigzag stairway of rocks; then a swing around huge boulders breast-high, holding on by the fingers; lastly, a narrow passage through angular rocks to the mouth of the cave. The interior of the cave resembled a half-opened clam shell. We could only sit upright in one limited place. It had been inhabited,

for in the dust floor were bits of pottery. I crawled in first, carrying a torch to drive out the bats and moths that thronged the ceiling. Piles of rubbish, cactus burs, etc., along one side, betrayed the presence of wood-rats. But we found no crumpled snake skins in the skirting crevices, so justly concluded that this cave was not, like many other rock clefts we had noticed, a den of serpents.

Into this small cave my brave little wife crept, and gleefully commenced to put her house in order. Wooden pins were driven into cracks, and cords stretched therefrom, copper wires attached, and soon our rations for the expected week's stay were suspended, safe from rats, mice, or lizards, in little bags and tin cans. With the expenditure of an hour's time, and the incurrance of much torture, an armful of dried and brittle "grama," or grass, was fished out from under cactus and mesquite bushes, and spread over the rough rock floor on one side, for a bed. But for the neighborhood of a spring, which had been discovered two days before, even this cave dwelling would have been uninhabitable. This was about an eighth of a mile away, over a high rocky ridge, then along a lovely plateau, planted with the majestic giant cactus, and decked with the loveliest stands of candle-wood, then down a deep ravine to where a large bright green hackberry-tree betrayed the presence of water. Its roots were firmly clasped about some fractured rocks, from which issued a little pure sweet water, seeping slowly, about a quart in five minutes, into a crack one inch wide by six long and four deep. Fortunately, we had a rubber drinking-cup, and this could be flattened and insinuated into the crack to reach the precious fluid.

It was a day's work to reach this cave, from the cabin six miles away, and to make ourselves passably comfortable for the first night.

A line of fire was built along the outer edge of the cave, to deter reptiles that might be disposed to visit us, as did the Gila Monster (now on exhibition in Oakland), which came to our stick-and-mud cabin one evening; and we lay down, protected by only

one blanket, but tired enough, and triumphant enough, for sound sleep.

But the experiment was a failure. The night was too cold, and the clothing too scant; besides, our appetites were so ravenous that half our week's provisions was consumed the first day. There was no help for it. We must return to the cabin next day for supplies. We must be hearty, strong, well-fed, and courageous before trying the ascent towards the gap in the splintered peaks to which we hourly turned our eyes during daylight, impatient at the long delays. What terrible trips those were to and from the cave and the cabin! The way was along a sandy creek-wash, with patches of bowlders and occasional steep ascents, the whole way beset with cacti of varied degrees of formidable armature, from the innocent pincushion cactus, that only catches to your feet and clothing with its fishhook spines while the other straight spines tickle you, to the horrid, wide-branching tree-cactus, with its long, glistening, barbed spines, that completely clothe limbs and buds, the latter being shed off so frequently, and in such abundance, that they form high mounds under the trees, and often are scattered about for many rods. Any of these spines are strong enough to pierce through a cowhide boot-leg; and when it reaches the flesh, you are gone. The retrorse barbs cause it to continue entering, the more you struggle. The best thing to do, is to break off at once what you can, and let the rest fester and come away with the pus.

Almost as cruel are the bushes of an acacia, appropriately called "cat's-claws," that crowd into the trail, and reach their slender limbs across the way, armed every half-inch with pairs of strong, recurved thorns, that tap your veins unawares, and cause you to add drops of blood to the perspiration that drips almost constantly from your person.

It was on the up trip the second day that the accumulated hardships came near breaking us down. It was in vain I had tried to get some assistance. I knew that our only neighbor, miles away, had neither horse, mule, nor "burro." There was nothing for it but to pack ourselves like burros, and strug-

gle alone with our scheme. We were utterly self-exiled, and beyond all knowledge of men. Early in the morning, we had arranged our blankets, food, flower-presses, bales of paper, etc., into as compact bundles as possible; adjusted them to our shoulders by straps and cords, winding towels for pads around the parts that pressed upon our collar-bones; each with a staff in one hand, my wife with a coffee-pot of broma, with crackers crumbed in to prevent slopping over, held out in her free hand; a botanical pick in mine, with which to clear the way at times;—and so we started.

We were conscious from the first that we were too heavily burdened, but not a pound could be left; and we stopped often to rest, when a jutting stone or steep bank afforded a site upon which to lean our packs that could not be easily removed. But when the sun rose higher and beat down hotter, when the perspiration became continuous, when the ravine grew steeper, and the bushes and cacti thicker, when the long hours seemed to bring us no nearer to the grim old mountain, when the galled shoulders grew keenly painful, and blistered feet became unenduring, then, at about three P. M., it seemed that we could neither reach the cave that night nor return to the cabin.

It was after nightfall when we reached the cañon up which we knew was the cave. Here we left the greater part of our loads, enabling us to stagger on more easily. In silence, except when wounded afresh, we clambered up the steep, menaced at every step by the multiplied cacti, yucca, mescal, and thorny shrubs; creeping at last into the narrow passage, a lighted match revealed the black mouth of the cave, and Amabilis, falling on her face in the grass of the bed, exclaimed, "Thank heaven, we're saved!"

But our troubles were not done yet. The luggage from the mouth of the ravine was to be brought up, and water from the distant spring in the opposite direction. Supper had yet to be prepared and eaten. The bundles were yet to be untied and disposed into bedding. Surely, the reader can take in the situation, and imagine the time of night and our condition when we could light our protecting circle of

fire, and lie down to sleep, if possible, when so utterly tired out, and suffering excruciating pain from thorn scratches and bayonet thrusts, and with imbedded cactus spines throbbing and burning like hot needles.

How warm and dazzling was the morning light! How fragrant the odor of flowers! How brilliant the plateau of candle-wood beyond the ravine! How stately the giant cacti, standing like sentinels on the bluff, and how precipitous and forbidding the old mountain rose behind all!

Though refreshed by our comfortable bed, and actually strengthened by the severe toil of the previous day, we were yet too sore for extended explorations in the morning. So we sat on the stone porch of our cave, dug the thorns and spines out of our hands and feet, repaired garments, discussed events of the past few days, and planned the next day's ascent of the mountain.

Not an ounce of weight was allowed in our packs that could be avoided. Only a portfolio of botanical papers and half as many dryers; a sack for roots of ferns, in which were wet towels rolled into hard balls to keep them damp till needed; the botanical pick; for food and drink, a little tin pail of broma, with crackers crumbed in to prevent slopping, and in it one spoon. Grasping our staffs, and locking the door of our cave by drawing a bush before the passage, we started out early, and in ten minutes were tugging and panting, snatching flowers and ferns, gasping for breath, and exclaiming upon the new glories revealed at every landing place of the steep mountain rib.

From the plain below we had taken observations, and decided that a certain ridge, the one exactly before our cave, was the very one that led up to two splintered spires between which was the lowest pass on the south side of the Catalina; and this, of course, was the objective point of our efforts.

On the way up, what bounteous discoveries were made! Whole banks and rock clefts of the two new ferns, bits of which were first collected on this mountain just a year before—the *Notholana Grayi* and the *N. Lemmoni*. Other rare species of the same

beautiful but fragile genus were found, and a half-dozen hairy species of the large family of *Cheilanthes*. Also, the flowering plants that came into view as we surmounted the ledges, one after another, put on strange appearances. Some were rarely met with, perhaps only a few on the whole mountain, evidently estrays from their home on a distant mountain range. Of these, one is a large, strong-leaved plant, having all the hurtful qualities of the Spanish bayonet family, the *Yucca*, but which required a second visit, a month later, to determine that it was a little-known but beautiful yellow-flowered, sweet-scented *Agave*, the pericarp being below the floral envelope, and not above, as in the *Yucca* and others of the lily family.

Another is a beautiful member of the mal-low family, and immortalizes a distinguished botanist, as *Thurberia*. Another shrub commemorates another of the early explorers, *Fendlera*.

Other plants having strange faces were seized, carefully put into our portfolio, and pressed hard, to await the day of examination. Some have been already determined, and named as new species; others await the decision of special experts. The higher we climbed, of course, the more interesting the flora became; but just as sure as we became excited over a discovery, and quickened our movements, so surely our eager hands and feet would be wounded by certain cruel guardians that menaced every step of the way. Chief of these was a cactus, called by the innocent name of *Opuntia Fulgens*, because of its long shining spines. The plant is often four to eight feet high, with wide-branching arms divided into limbs, each bearing clusters of buds about the size of a hen's egg. These are shed off by the parent plant in profusion, and if on level ground, they pile up and make a high mound all around the plant; but if on a declivity, they fall and roll to a distance. It is those sharp-spined balls, like hand-grenades around a fort in war times, that at any moment may receive your searching hand.

Another manacing danger, constantly to be feared in that hot climate, is the rattle-

snake. Once, when about half-way up, while hastily collecting one of the new ferns which grows usually in among the grass, I came very near placing my hand upon a large snake, warned only a second too soon by his loud hiss and interrupted rattle, enabling me to spring aside. Though we always carry a small bottle of ammonia for application to snake bites, yet, when one is exhausted and fevered by severe climbs, the virus from a bite is often fatal.

By ten o'clock we were well up the first bluffs of the ridge, giving us an extended view of the plain. Near at hand, seemingly, lay the square parade-ground of Fort Lowell, surrounded by tall green poplar-trees, half-hiding the line of officers' houses on the upper side, and the soldiers' quarters, hospital, commissary buildings, etc., on the other three sides; the tall flagstaff bearing the stars and stripes aloft, above the four silent cannon parked about the base—a beautiful revelation by our field-glass. Farther out on the plain, and to the westward, all in a bunch for protection against Indians, is the old city of Tucson. The protecting presence of the railroad has indeed caused enterprising Americans of late to buy outlying lands, and build up suburbs with houses in modern style.

Over the city, cutting the sky in the distance, lay Bobaquivera, a famous peak of South Arizona. To the south, fifty miles, rose the isolated, compact mountains of Santa Rita, the locality of the earliest silver mines of the Territory, once yielding fabulous quantities of metal. To the east stretched the Whetstone Mountains leading towards Tombstone, with its most famous mines of modern times. The northern horizon was hidden by the mass of rock—one of the ribs of Santa Catalina—against which we were bruising our feet and knees, while our heads were being roasted by the increasing heat on this treeless southern slope.

By eight o'clock in that latitude, on a still day, the sunlight takes effect with the intensity of noontime in Michigan and New York. But by ten o'clock, you are made aware that you are in a torrid climate. On

we struggled, snatching plants and putting them in the portfolio, carefully rolling the roots of ferns in our wetted towels, and putting them in our sack, talking only in monosyllables, with bated breath, for most attention must be given to selecting the best routes around obstacles, if a choice presented, or the safest inclined plane through rock clefts. Often we had to return, and try other passages, and once we were obliged to make a detour of more than an eighth of a mile.

It was while making one of these deflections around a bluff about half-way up the slope that my wife met with a terrible experience, that came near terminating our trip. We were climbing slowly along, I in the advance, when suddenly I heard a cry of pain; and turning, I beheld, to my horror, my wife wildly shaking her gloved hand, in which was a bur of the frightful cactus described, which had dropped and rolled down from an unseen plant somewhere above. "Don't shake your hand," I cried; but too late. Every pain-propelled jerk had caused more and more of the long-barbed spines to enter her fingers, the buckskin glove only aiding their advance. Flying to the rescue, I seized her wrist, placed her hand near a jutting rock, then with my pick pressed the cruel bur into a crevice, and quickly withdrew her hand. Perhaps no torture known exceeds that produced by attempting to extract these spines from human flesh. One of the favorite tortures inflicted upon captive whites by the Apaches is to strip their victims of clothing, tie their hands and feet, then hurl them against these cacti, rolling them with their lances over upon the broken-down branches, until the poor wretches die from the fiendish torment. Animals in Arizona, impelled by hunger or thirst, often expose their noses to these attacks, when they become mad with pain, and die amidst frantic efforts to remove the burs. It is the worst country in the world for sheep. I have seen unsophisticated lambs that had caught a bur from lying down. In attempting to remove it with their teeth, the nose had become attached to their sides, and death from starvation was inevitable.

Wounds from the *Agave* or *Mescal*, and the *Yucca* or Spanish bayonet, plants of which are numerous everywhere in Arizona, differ from cactus wounds in this: the long, smooth, hard point is thrust into the flesh easier, and to a greater depth, usually; but having no barbs, it may be at once withdrawn entire. Not so with cacti. The loose sheath of the spine remains in the wound, and generally all of the brittle spine enters the flesh.

Not until four long hours after, when all except one of the obstacles that interposed between us and the summit had been surmounted; not until discouragement, induced by that forbidding barrier, prostrated her utterly—did my wife give way to the pain of the accumulated hardships of the trip, sink down upon a rock, toss her hand about to mitigate the throbbing pain, and moan audibly, while tears suffused her cheeks.

And what was that forbidding barrier? An abyss two thousand feet deep, and twice as far across, that everywhere separated us from the main mountain, no intimation of which had been conveyed to us up to the last moment, when we found ourselves standing near the verge.

There was no help for it. We must return, baffled. Beneath us yawned the chasm. Beyond, and far above, stood the guardian pinnacles, between which lay the narrow saddle through which we could not pass that day. For it was now three o'clock, and we had neither food nor blankets with us for passing the night on the mountain.

To the west, a ridge running parallel to ours could be seen, leading away quite to the base of the pass. "Too bad!" we both exclaimed, "that we could not perceive this from the plain below."

Baffled, dejected, wounded, and prostrated, how supremely miserable we were! But there was no time to waste in recuperation. To reach our cave before dark, it was necessary at once to commence the descent of the mountain. We took a direct course, that often led to the verge of precipices whose presence could not be seen from above; and our haste often subjected

us to impalement upon the spreading points of the Spanish bayonet, or to fresh contact with the dreadful cacti and cat's-claw.

When near the base of the ridge, we slid down a chute of dissolved rock to the ravine below. Here we found that floods had channeled a narrow passage along the ravine, and polished the floor as smooth as glass; and at every decline had formed pot-holes with revolving bowlders, some of which were several feet deep, and still partially filled with stagnant, filthy water, that only tempted our thirst. We had to pick our way, as best we could, down these declines, often compelled to slide, not being able to hold fast, even with our hob-nailed boots. Twilight closed in early, for the deep ravine was on the east side of the ridge.

One after another of these sliding descents had to be taken, for there was no retreat, and no chance to flank the enemy. At last we came to a declivity of twenty feet direct, with a large caldron of yellow, grimy water at its base. This would not do. We would be drowned, perhaps, if we had the hardihood to jump so far. Vainly we sought for crevices in the walls, that would admit fingers and toes for scaling our environment. Very few bushes there, that dared to look over the wall. At length, with my long-handled pick, I succeeded in bending a bush down so far that my wife could reach the limbs and hold them until I could seize the larger part, pull myself up, and help her to a place of comparative safety again. The danger of our situation had induced such exertion, that perspiration wetted us as thoroughly as though we had indeed plunged into the pool; and now the wind of night-fall, rushing in a gale down the cañon, chilled us to shivering specters.

Fortunately, the wall was splintered, affording narrow shelves, along which we groped, helped by shrubs and tufts of grass, to which we clung—after examination for cacti. Soon the way became easier, and it was plain that the cañon was opening out on the desert. A few minutes' scramble, and a horse track imprinted the soft soil;

and a few steps farther, a trail. How we jogged along now, scarcely noticing our heavy bundle of plants, and the full sack of fern roots! How soon we became insensible to saber-wounds and imbedded cacti! How soon we forgot the dangers past, and fell into joyful conversation concerning the new plants met with! The little spring of pure, sweet water was directly on our way to the cave, and every drop was delicious.

Of course, the day following such an adventure finds one too fatigued and sore for extended excursions, so we spent it drying out our plants, completing notes of localities, attending to the multifarious details of camp life, and preparing for the next day's attempt; for, though baffled, bruised, and routed so thoroughly during this attempt to reach the pass, we were by no means disposed to relinquish the project. We had discovered the way to do it, the proper ridge to follow, and so diligently prepared to commence the ascent at an early hour next morning.

Being a longer ridge, and rising a thousand feet higher, the obstacles, dangers, and trials were proportionately greater. Again we were defeated, and by a similar chasm. From its top, however, we made sure that the next higher ridge to the westward led without a break to the pass, and two days afterward we climbed *its* rugged sides.

Will the reader believe it?—*that* ridge also terminated in a narrow, beetling bluff, as high, to be sure, but still widely separated from the near pass by a sheer rock cleft of fifteen thousand feet.

Surely, we conclude, the sacred heart of the "Saint of Sienna" is securely defended by a palisade of bristling peaks.

This third failure disheartened us. It seemed vain to spend more than two weeks' time, or to try more than three of these innocent-looking ridges.

It is inferential that they all end in spires, like the *yucca*, *agave*, and *cacti* that clothe them. Breaking camp, that is, packing ourselves again with our effects, we returned to the stick-and-mud cabin; and, as soon as a conveyance could be obtained, to the city.

A conference was at once had with Colonel Poston, and General Rice, gentlemen interested in certain mines on the north side of Santa Catalina, and a plan was soon formed to assault from that quarter, as it was reported to be less steep—in fact, that animals could climb up, if led judiciously.

So we took the stage for a ride of forty miles around by the west side to Oracle Camp, where we stopped and botanized two weeks, learning the situation, inquiring for information, and completing preparations. From here we pushed on farther round to the east on foot, our things packed on a "burro," until we reached the lone house of Mr. Stratton, a stock man, whose family, a sprightly Bay State lady of excellent education, with two bright little girls, had not seen the face of another white woman for eight months.

Having long desired to go on a hunting expedition, Mr. Stratton regarded this as a good provocation; and the next morning he equipped us with large American horses, and himself guided us, rifle in hand, as much to defend us against roving Apaches, as to bring down the deer that might be started from their coverts. On the way, we reached, little after noon, a valuable copper mine, since sold for \$28,000, where I found an old friend, Oscar A. Hyatt, in charge. At once he stopped all work, and gave us assistance to continue the journey the next day. As for that day, we must go no farther, but share his quarters, and partake of hospitality tendered in true miner's style. It was the first time a white woman was seen upon the mountain, and the miners celebrated the event by a social visit in the evening to the superintendent's cabin, where we were domiciled.

From Copper-mine Camp, which lies in a little valley, a trail has been made up the steep mountain beyond, for a short distance, to get mining timbers. Along this we walked our sure-footed horses, sometimes on the shelves of jutting ledges, alternately of lime and granite. Soon the trail gave out, and dismounting, each led his horse by the best way to be found, often being compelled to

turn about. Mr. Stratton had never been up so high before, but his experience in mountain climbing enabled him to select a passable course; and so hour by hour we toiled on, occasionally to a short level space where we could rest and breathe a moment by riding.

On the way up, we passed the two species of juniper found in the South: one with thin bark shredding off in long strips; the other with thick, persistent bark, deeply checked into squares, like a white-oak. Mistaken for the latter, and so uncollected until lately, is a beautiful new cypress, which the sharp-eyed Mr. Greene detected on the San Francisco Mountains, and has named *C. Arizonica*. Near the summit, a pretty little pine comes in from Mexico—*Pinus Chihuahuana*—about ten to twenty feet high, and with smooth cones, like boys' tops. Just where the brow is reached, and the desert vegetation is left, another pine sends its long arms over the verge. Though it closely resembles the yellow pine of California—*Pinus ponderosa*—yet the leaves looked peculiar. I seized a branch, and shouted, "All hats off!" The leaves are in fascicles of fives, instead of threes as in yellow pine, and this character distinguishes the new *Pinus Arizonica*, for which I had been so long in search. This was the precursor, a specimen product of the storehouse about to be opened to us.

Tall trees standing in solid array, grass-covered hillocks dotted with radiant flowers, long vistas, barred with light and shade, leading to secluded dells, rushing streams, and distant banks of snow; startled deer fleeing before us, like sheep; squirrels stopping head down upon tree trunks, to question the intruder; fresh bear and lion tracks deeply indenting the moist ground across our course; turkey and parrot feathers scattered about—it was a most enticing game-park for sportsmen, and a very paradise for botanists.

Mr. Stratton's rifle rang on the air, but ineffectually this time, for our noisy approach

had driven the deer too far away. Mule tracks soon were met with, and following them around a hill, a column of smoke, then a rude cabin, came joyfully into view. In response to our hail, a grizzled hunter came forth, with a startled look that changed to amazement when he perceived a lady dismounting. This was the retreat of two hunters, for a long time lost to the world; enterprising men, who had conceived the project of making a flume, and sending lumber and wood, some day, down into the desert.

Here was a wonderful *denouement* to our expectations—a park, a conservatory, a museum, a cool retreat, and a hospitable hunter's cabin! Mr. Stratton was nearly as overjoyed as we. Having but thirteen cartridges at the start, he killed ten deer. He hung one up by a tree one night, intending to bring it in next morning. A lion helped himself to it, in his absence; the lion being so large that he carried it away in his mouth, raised so high that the full-grown buck dragged neither feet nor antlers on the soft ground.

Wild turkeys were killed that weighed forty pounds; a drove of fifty birds being seen almost every day. A new species of parrot that feeds on pine seed, as evidenced by the crushed cones, was heard chattering among the tree tops. As they are short-winged birds, it is supposed that this species is limited to this park. Wildcats, wolverines, and animals unknown were reported by the hunters.

Of the many adventures we had, our discoveries, collections, and observations continuing through three busy days—three red-letter days—I will not attempt description. Suffice it to say, perhaps no more vivid and pleasing contrasts, no more new and valuable floral treasures, no more interesting zoological discoveries, can be met with elsewhere in the large Territory of Arizona, than in this *terra incognita*, this forest in the mountain tops, this museum of natural history, this heart of Santa Catalina.

J. G. LEMMON.

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT AND CHARLOTTE HILDEBRAND.

A German writer has said, "Who does not know Humboldt's letters to a lady friend?" and adds, "They are the property of the entire cultured world, and especially have become a book of consolation for the forsaken, and food for the souls of those who famish."

It may be answered, that comparatively few, at least on this side of the Atlantic, have made the acquaintance of this fund of solace; because, if we are not mistaken, the collection has never been translated into English, and if it should be, would probably not gain a very wide circulation. There is a strain of old-time sentimentality—the sentimentality of the period when the continental, particularly the German, mind was influenced by the sorrows of Werther, and its numerous literary progeny—which has rather a weak flavor for our matter-of-fact people. We demand something more piquant, more cynical—something in the style of the *Lettres a une Inconnue* of Prosper Mérimée.

The story connected with these letters, when we consider all the circumstances, is remarkable, as showing the constancy of an early, apparently fleeting, attachment, and its deep impression upon a nature which, in its relations to the general world, seemed anything but emotional.

William von Humboldt is not so generally known among English-speaking people as his brother Alexander, who was his junior by only two years. But he was fully the intellectual peer of the latter, and is only less known because his field of activity was mainly limited to the politics of Germany, and largely of Prussia, during the dark days after Jena, the brighter ones after the fall of Napoleon, and up to the reactionary policy of the crowned heads of Europe in 1819-20.

He was born in 1767, at Potsdam, and was very carefully educated in his early

youth. He belonged to a noble family, and his father had held a leading position in the administration of the King of Prussia. In his twenty-first year, he attended the University of Göttingen, and studied philology under Heyne. It was while at the University that he visited Pyrmont, then a fashionable watering-place among the low hills of eastern Westphalia, and there met Charlotte Hildebrand. Those who have visited any of the smaller baths of Germany can easily imagine what Pyrmont must have been a century ago. A quiet valley with a shallow little river flowing peacefully through its center; on both sides pine-covered hills, with paths winding among the trees, and seats at the favorite points of outlook. On the margin of the river an open circular space, with the music-stand on one side, the bath-house on another, flanked by the *quelle*, or spring of medicinal water, which gives whatever of celebrity the place has, and on the other by a few shops for the sale of knickknacks, and on the third side a little café, with seats and tables under the trees in front of it. The daily life at such a resort consists in drinking the waters, morning and evening, listening to the bands, promenading in the broad *allée*, walking among the pines on the hills, or sipping coffee in the afternoon under the trees. Germans of all classes above the lowest have gone to such places, and lived such a life for a month or two each year, for generations.

One day, while at Pyrmont, young Humboldt, in order to rest himself during a promenade in the pine woods, sat down upon a bench at one of the outlooks. On the same bench was seated a young girl of about eighteen years of age, pretty and bright. Not unnaturally, the two young people fell into conversation. Humboldt, it is said, was not handsome, and moreover, at that time,

was slovenly in his dress; so that the first impression made by him was, that he was a needy student. But the girl very soon discovered that this seedy youth was uncommonly brilliant and original. She became intensely interested in him, and he in her. She introduced him to her father, and it seems that no restriction was placed upon the intercourse of the two. But it only lasted three days, for at the end of that short time Humboldt was obliged to return to his studies at Göttingen. There was a promise from the youth that he would visit the girl at her home in the following autumn. During these three happy days there were no words of love. When Humboldt was about to go away, he wrote in the girl's album the sentence: "Feel for the truth. Goodness and beauty ennoble the heart: but what is even this feeling, unless there be a sympathetic soul with which one can share it?"

The young girl was too modest, too humble to found a fixed hope upon this sudden, short-lived acquaintance. Humboldt appeared to her too intellectual to be likely to care for such a one as she; besides, she did not belong to the nobility, and in those days, much more than now, class prejudices were hard to overcome. She had the intuitions, already, of a sharp-sighted woman, and saw the elements of future renown in the ill-favored youth who fascinated her with his conversation; she resolved, therefore, as she later wrote to him, "to inclose his memory in the holiest of holies of her heart, and to guard it from every profanation in the future."

It must be remembered, that this romantic acquaintanceship was made in the *Sturm und Drang* period in Germany, when a vast amount of sentiment could be woven out of very slender materials. Nevertheless, the impression that each made upon the other was evidently more profound than possibly either believed at the time.

Charlotte Hildebrand was the daughter of a well-to-do clergyman, settled in a parish not far from Rinteln, in that beautiful stretch of country which lies along the banks of the Weser, not far distant from the mountains. It was in a charming little valley, with fra-

grant green meadows, and peasants' straw-thatched huts among the trees. The pastor and his daughter, very soon after Humboldt's departure, returned to their home. Autumn soon came, and Charlotte looked for the young student. She related afterwards, that, expecting him, she was wont to go, as evening approached, into her little garden, and look across the brook, and over the meadow to the road on the hillside, along which he would have to approach, longing and looking for her new-found friend.

He did not come that autumn, and in fact, she did not meet him until twenty-seven years afterwards.

Humboldt did not keep his promise to visit the pastor's daughter, because he was invited to go to Jacobi's, and he remained with him longer than he at first expected. The next year, he visited Paris, and saw the beginnings of the tremendous upheaval of 1789. He went there an incipient revolutionist—a disciple of Rousseau and his school—but he came back distrustful of the men who were leading, and less enthusiastic about the principles they professed. Within three years after his Pyrmont experience, he married Caroline von Dachröden, an intimate friend of Schiller's wife—a beautiful woman of noble family, talented and warm-hearted. They lived happily together, and had several children. Humboldt, immediately after his marriage, devoted himself to a wide range of studies—Greek literature and art, and especially philology—and wrote his work entitled: "Ideas towards an attempt to determine the limits in action that should be exercised by the State." It was, however, not published until after his death: it is said because the manuscript was lost, and not found until after that event; but very likely the real reason was, that the ideas were too liberal for his country. He published other works of a critical nature, and also traveled considerably in Italy, France, and Spain, occupying himself all the time with his various studies. He was intimate with Goethe and Schiller, and the leading thinkers of his country. This, be it remembered, before he was thirty years of age. In 1801, in his

thirty-fourth year, the King of Prussia appointed him his minister to Rome, where he remained until 1808, his house being the center of the art and literary circles of that brilliant capital. The last two years of his stay were intensely painful to him: he longed to get back to his native land, for she was going through the terrible humiliations inflicted upon her by Napoleon, after his overwhelming victory at Jena. King William III. and his court had fled to Königsberg. The whole of Prussia, except the north-east corner, was overrun by French troops, and exaction after exaction was being made by the conqueror, with the apparent design of crushing out Prussian nationality. Humboldt was recalled, and appointed by the King to reorganize public instruction. Here the great work was done which, in the eyes of his countrymen, places Humboldt beside Stein and Scharnhorst, as one of the creators of the new Prussia, which has arisen to such vigorous pre-eminence, out of the almost hopeless ruin of 1806. Stein liberated the land and the peasantry, and crippled the nobility, so that the strong blood of a healthy free life began instantly to circulate through the shrunken arteries of the State.

Scharnhorst organized an army of the people, which trains the whole population in arms. William von Humboldt reorganized, and may be said to have created, the admirable common-school system of Prussia, including its gymnasia; and was mainly instrumental in establishing the University of Berlin. Professor Seeley says of him, in his excellent life of Stein:

"In Prussian history, the year between April, 1809, and April, 1810, belongs to W. v. Humboldt, almost in the same way that the period between October, 1807, and November, 1808, belongs to Stein." And he further says of him, that "he was a man of the type of Goethe, uniting the same prodigious capacity of intellectual enjoyment with a similar theory of culture, and a similar serious consistency in carrying it out." His career shows that he was equal to the many novel occasions he had to meet in the stormy years between 1806 and 1820. This

was one of those periods, "when," in the language of Burke, "the high-roads are broken up, and the waters out; when a new and troubled scene is opened, and the file affords no precedent." In 1810, Humboldt was sent as minister to Austria, and there is no doubt that it was largely through his shrewdness and pertinacity that Austria was finally induced to take part in the coalition which drove Napoleon out of Germany. He subsequently represented Prussia at the Congress of Vienna, and took a prominent part in the protracted discussion and intriguing of the leading powers, so suddenly broken up by the reappearance of Napoleon from Elba.

It was while at Vienna, attending the Congress, that Humboldt, in November, 1814, twenty-six years after he had parted from Charlotte Hildebrand, received a letter from her, from which the following is an extract:

"I write, not to your Excellency, not to the royal Prussian Minister, but to the unforgotten, unforgettable friend of my youth, whose picture I have, through a long series of years, preserved in my soul, and joyfully pondered upon, but who has never since heard of the young girl whom he once met, and with whom he passed three joyful days of youth in those noble feelings which later bless and elevate us through their recollection.

"The name upon which the world now looks with great expectation, the position in which your mind and name early placed you, has made it not very difficult for me to hear of you, and to accompany you in my thoughts. I have rejoiced over all the greatness and nobleness of which I have heard and read. I have taken my share of its truth and goodness. I have sought, as formerly, to understand the mind, to follow the spirit, even though I may not immediately have comprehended them. All these things can only be indicated, not said in words. Only once again to see you, were it only in the distance, was and remained a fruitless wish. Through friends, who lived a short time in Berlin, I learned in detail what I already knew: that your Excellency was very happily married to a lady as intellectual as she is noble, and that you are the father of children, amiable and full of promise.

"I inclose a little leaf, which will recall to you the three days passed in Pymont. I have carefully, above all others, preserved this little relic of youth, as the sole pledge and seal of the purest, and at the same time of the only, true life joy which fate has accorded to me. This little leaf* (which I pray

* The leaf from her album, with the sentence written by Humboldt.

may be returned to me) will recall to your Excellency an acquaintanceship which the scenes of life will have a long time since blotted out and extinguished. In a woman's soul such impressions are deeper and more unchangeable, especially if they were, (how I hesitate to give you these proofs, after twenty-six years of my adoration!) as with me, the before unknown agitation of a first awakening love, of that spiritual nature, excited by a noble youth."

The letter then details the outlines of her life since the Pymont days. A life by no means happy, and now clouded with ill-health and almost abject poverty.

On the same day on which he received this letter, Humboldt answered it. He told her that she erred, if she thought that she had only made a fleeting impression upon him.

"I thought very often of you, inquired concerning you, but always in vain; believed you married, thought you with children, and in a circle of life where you must have for a long time forgotten me; and preserved to myself only what those youthful days had left. Now I learn that your life has been much less simple than I thought. If you had written to me at that time, when you suffered the most, perhaps my words might have done good. Believe me, dear Charlotte—you will not interpret this trustful appellation wrongly, because only you and I read our letters—people do not trust each other enough."

This letter is long, full of the kindest feeling, and inclosed some money to relieve the pressing wants of the suffering woman.

During these twenty-six years, the career of Charlotte Hildebrand had been a series of misfortunes. Within a year after the Pymont experience, she was married to a Doctor Dieb, and removed to Cassel. It was affirmed, though not by her, that this was an unwilling marriage on her part. The doctor was a man of some wealth, and of good social position, and his wife immediately took a prominent place in the gay society of the little capital. It is said the doctor soon fell to drinking badly, also that he became jealous of his wife, and that he even knocked her down in a ballroom. Whatever the cause, they separated in five years, and were divorced; and it is said that she was so anxious for the divorce as to commit the exceeding folly of admitting herself, though untrue, to have been in the wrong. Wheth-

er in the wrong or not, society accepted her admission, and punished her folly by avoiding her. She had received from her father a reasonable competency; and now a new sorrow was added by the total loss of her wealth, which had been invested in state bonds, and was confiscated by Napoleon. She was then obliged to earn a living by making artificial flowers. At this she continued for several years; then her health failed, and she was almost at the point of starvation, when she summoned courage to write to Humboldt. He, as we have seen, immediately sent her money: and more, provided for her a regular, modest allowance, which continued during his life. In the following year, he visited her at her humble abode in Cassel, and again many years afterwards, for the last time; so that their personal intercourse was limited by the three days at Pymont, and those two brief visits.

When Humboldt made his visits to Cassel, he was one of the noted men of his country; and yet no one suspected that the plain, middle-aged gentleman who visited the solitary, poor, forgotten, and almost despised woman was the celebrated statesman. She never spoke of him with her few acquaintances, and their correspondence was a secret until after his death. It is a pity that the only letter we have of Charlotte Hildebrand is the one from which an extract has been given. It seems, that after the death of William von Humboldt, his papers came into the hands of his brother Alexander, who destroyed her letters, no doubt because he deemed them evidence of a foolish bit of sentimentalism which had better be forgotten. He was accustomed to speak sarcastically to Varnhagen of his brother's friend, as "the pastor's daughter of the dove-cot."

There is, of course, nothing especially noteworthy in the fact that a poor, lonely woman, in her deep distress, should turn for relief to a man she had known in her youth, and who had since that become one of the prominent men of the land. Nor is it strange that this man should be deeply touched by the misfortunes of one about whom certain tender though faded recollections still clus-

tered. The exceptional feature of this renewal of the three days' acquaintanceship of Humboldt and Charlotte Hildebrand is, that it awakened anew into a sympathetic intellectual intimacy, which grew closer and closer as the years went on. During the busy time between 1814 and 1819, while he was at the Congress of Vienna, while minister at Frankfurt, at London, and Aix la Chapelle, he found time to write to her; and after he left public life in the latter year, until his death in 1835 at the age of sixty-eight years, he wrote frequently, regularly, and often at considerable length; his last letter being written only eleven days before his death. There have been published sixty-three of his letters, written during the twenty-one years succeeding the renewal of the intimacy.

After Humboldt left the ministry, his letters became more frequent.

In May, 1822, he writes from Burgöner, a country residence:

"I have received both of your letters of the 24th and 25th of April, dearest Charlotte, with heartfelt thanks. You have given me much joy, and in them entirely met my expectation. I could never be mistaken in you, or lose my belief in the continuance and truth of your sentiments and feelings. I have already lately told you this, and it is only natural. If any one preserves for us the deep sentiments of a noble and tender soul through a long series of years, without having received any signs of recollection, it would be the highest ingratitude to further doubt these feelings.

"It is certainly a rare fortune for a man, that a woman's heart cherishes holily and trustfully the first sentiments aroused in her young bosom; and I know and esteem this good fortune. However, I say without pride, which I can truly not be accused of, and also without childish modesty, that very much which might enrich, cheer, and beautify your life, can come to you through me. If fate has thus preserved something for two human beings, we must not let it fade away, but maintain and bring it into unison with all our exterior and inner relations, because upon this harmony alone can all tenderness of feeling and all repose of soul be grounded. Because now no personal intercourse can take place between us, we must continue our epistolary communion. I will say, in advance, that I do not like to write. You will very often have to be indulgent, patient, and generous; but I like to read letters, especially yours; not only because I like to read what you write, but further, because your exterior, and yet more your inner, life, in its inmost sympathies, interests me.

"Should it so happen that I should rarely write, do not let it prevent you from writing. Write always to me on the 15th, that I may always have a day upon which I can be happy. If you write to me in the intervals, it will be a loved supplement, which I will always receive with thanks."

Charlotte Hildebrand's letters must have been very interesting; and it is a great pity that we cannot have them, so as to measure more fully the stimulus which acted so powerfully upon the well-balanced, cultivated mind of Humboldt, because it is quite certain that such a man as he was could not long be interested in a woman who wrote silly, gossiping letters.

In a letter written from Burgöner, in the same year, 1822, he says:

"I will express to you a wish to-day, best Charlotte, whose fulfillment will bring me great pleasure. I should very much like to read over, and intimately know in its connections, the history of your life, especially the development and strange growth of your inner life. This wish has arisen and been stimulated in me by your earlier and your present letters. It cannot be difficult to you to furnish this. You have acquired great readiness in writing. You write easily, with versatility—fluently, naturally, and remarkably well. Speech is quite unusually at your command. In this, there is no flattery; it is the truth, which I express out of my convictions, and which every one of your letters proves."

She complies with his wish; but he is still not satisfied, desiring more details.

"You have, indeed, described the interior of your parents' house, but not definitely enough, whether the position of the house, the region, the surroundings towards the garden, the neighboring houses, whether the country was agreeable, whether you looked out of the window into the fields or far into the distance—about all these things there is not a word; and yet these are quite essential circumstances which you must supply and describe, so that I can sketch a distinct picture."

Sometimes he speaks of his own inner life, on this occasion, in the vein of Goethe's philosophy.

"You are surprised that with so much sensitiveness there has remained with me a love for business, that I have so much mildness and tenderness, so great a capacity to enter into the frame of mind of others in the midst of so many distracting affairs. This arises particularly from the peculiar natural quality of my disposition, and because it has always been native to me to treat business, in relation to my

inner and individual being, as only a secondary thing: always to remain master of it, instead of letting it rule me. And further, whatever concerns man as man, the feelings which fill and urge and agitate him, have always had an especial charm for me. I have always striven for two things: to continue sensitive to every joy of life; and yet throughout, when I cannot give myself the joy, to remain independent, needing no one, not dependent upon the favors of fate, but standing upon myself alone, and building up my happiness in myself and through myself. Both I have attained in the highest degree."

Afterwards writing from Berlin, he says:

"A rare good fortune was it, when I met you—when an earthly picture met my eyes which has always remained and always will remain with me, which can and will be effaced by nothing. For even if it were possible that something had befallen you, which I should be obliged to censure, yet that picture would remain with me, pure and unprofaned. It would then be something which had occurred to you, as can happen to any one. It would not, however, be interwoven in the features which are outlined in that picture. For every human being, however good he may be, carries within himself a better man, who is more especially himself, and upon whom he must depend rather than upon the changeable being of his daily life.

"I had not, indeed, suspected what a treasure of love and faith you had lifelong preserved for me. How should it bless me! The sentiments which you cherish for me, the feeling which speaks in each of your letters, are the ground upon which flows pure and beautiful all that we exchange with each other, and from which it takes its color, and in whose light it glows."

In the same letter, he speaks of his own domestic relations. Tells his correspondent of his marriage with Fräulein von Dachröden. That she, in her youth, was very beautiful, and that, notwithstanding she had had eight children, was still better preserved than most women of her years; that the marriage was one of inclination, and not of *convenience*; and that during its thirty-one years of continuance had never had one moment of discontent. Of the eight children, five were living, three daughters and two sons. The three daughters were married. The eldest son was a cavalry officer, and the youngest was being educated at home. In a later letter from Berlin, he excuses himself for a somewhat long silence, assuring his correspondent that he often wonders why it

is he writes so frequent and long letters to her, because he dislikes writing; "still," he says, "I find it natural, because I let my thoughts so gladly go out to you, and my letters give occasion to yours, which I so ardently read, however long they may be." He then tells her of his busy daily life, surrounded with books and papers, and of the little time he can give to his family.

The correspondence continued with regularity, month after month and year after year. His letters are all tenderly written, advising Charlotte as to the care for her health, asking after her daily life, her feelings and hopes; speaking of his own inner life, and speculating much upon the problems of life and mind. He also tells of his trips from city to country; and of his joy in studying Nature; and then of his return to the city, and of his investigations in some one or other branch of learning; or gives biographical bits of his varied, active life; and when upon journeys through South Germany, France, and England, tells the new impressions made upon him.

In the spring of 1828, on his way to Paris, he made his second visit to his correspondent, and afterwards, writing from that city, says:

"It is precious to me to have been with you; it has given me a visible comprehension of your life, in addition to the joy of seeing you again. Your life, as you have arranged it there, is very beautiful, and tells of the soul which lies within. You enjoy a cheerful solitude; and everything in your little house, but not so little garden, is an invitation to enter and stay. I can now think of you at any moment, because I have seen the places where you pass away your life."

In the latter part of the same year, he writes of the serious illness of his wife; and finally, on the 31st of March, 1829, he communicates the sad news that she had died, and had been buried the day before.

"Her last hours were quiet, peaceful, and throughout, painless. She retained her senses to the last breath; and spoke with us, only a few minutes before her departure, with firm, unmoved voice. Her words were as simple as the tone was quiet in which she spoke. Her death was a gradual going over into a deep sleep."

After the death of his wife, the letters of Humboldt to Charlotte Hildebrand are pervaded by quite another spirit than those of the earlier years. It is true, they show the old sympathetic feeling for the joys and sorrows of those who were near to him, and are full of goodness and love towards the pastor's daughter; but the spirit of joy had fled, it was turned away from earth. He asked nothing more from life: it could assure to him no further satisfaction; that which he thenceforth sought was quiet and solitude, in order, undisturbed, to live in the past in sorrowful recollections, in high contemplations, and in his studies. Never was a wife more deeply, more tenderly, or more nobly mourned for; this appears in all his letters.

Nevertheless, the letters continue regularly, and even longer than before his great loss. The last was written on the 28th of March, 1835, eleven days before his death.

"I have had, since the 23rd, your letter of the 18th, dear Charlotte, but have not read it entirely through, because I cannot trust my eyes, and other business has intervened. With unalterable, fervent sympathy,

"Yours,

"H."

After the death of Humboldt, the yearly allowance which he had granted to Charlotte ceased, and she was very soon in great distress. At last, it occurred to her to apply for aid to King William III., who had esteemed her dead friend so highly. She wrote to

the King, sending at the same time all the letters of Humboldt, and stating frankly her lonely, destitute condition. A long delay ensued, which filled her with the fear that not only had her prayer for assistance been neglected, but that also her precious letters had been forever lost. Finally, to her unspeakable joy, a gracious answer came, with the returned letters, and what was most important, the grant of a modest pension, which assured an old age free from want. She then prepared the letters for the press.

Charlotte Hildebrand died in 1846, in her little room in the dusty old Wilhelmshöher Allee, in Cassel, and strange to say, on the 16th of July, the anniversary day of her first meeting with William von Humboldt.

There are some of his countrymen, who latterly, in the common mocking spirit of the time, have attempted to cast ridicule upon Humboldt on account of these letters, ascribing to him all kinds of false motives; such as vanity, self-glorification, and desire to teach; but the charitable reader will conclude that his only motive was to make glad a heart that had suffered much, and its origin was the strong impression which the pastor's daughter had made upon his youthful soul; and certainly, he must have died with the consciousness that he had furnished a bright and glorious side to one life that had otherwise been full of unrelieved darkness.

C.

GROWTH IN REST.

Fret not thy weary brain
Because its thoughts come slow:
All worthy things must grow.
When thou hast said, in pain,
"I may not work again!"
And rested so—

Some unexpected day
Thy thoughts will trooping come,
Like sheaves at harvest home,
In ripened, rich array;
And work will be, as play,
Unburdensome.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

NOTE BOOK.

WITH THIS NUMBER, *THE CALIFORNIAN* completes its fourth volume. During the past months it has had a steady and healthful growth, until it now stands in a position which is not only exceedingly gratifying to the publishers, but which will also enable them to attain better and more satisfactory results in the future. To this success no persons have contributed more than the writers of the *Pacific Coast*. They have given voluntarily of their best, in prose and verse, waiting for recompense until the magazine should be thoroughly established upon a paying basis. That this time has arrived so soon is due—it is not too much to say—more to their cordial co-operation than to any other cause. And it is therefore with especial pleasure that the announcement is now made that *THE CALIFORNIAN* will hereafter pay its contributors. With additional facilities for procuring articles of interest, it is not doubted that the magazine can be made more interesting than ever, and more worthy the generous patronage which it has received from the people of the entire *Pacific Coast*. Already articles of great value have been promised for the new year. Mr. John Muir will contribute a series of papers, illustrated with his own sketches. To enable *THE CALIFORNIAN* to print occasional illustrations, a very fine and expensive quality of paper, especially adapted thereto, has been imported from the East. Commencing with the January number, the magazine will be printed upon this paper. All the more prominent of those who have heretofore made this monthly the medium for their best thought will continue to contribute to its pages; and in addition, others of national reputation have promised articles, stories, poems, at an early day. Notable among these is the eminent poet and critic, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. One or two new serial stories by prominent writers will be printed during the year. And in short, *THE CALIFORNIAN* will use its increased facilities to lay before its readers the best in every department of literature.

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS are crowded with a superior class of advertisements. The usual cards of the magazine itself are crowded out this month by the "pay ads." We would like to have our readers look through the advertising pages of this and other numbers, and observe that the prominent dealers in every sort of goods, the leading insurance companies, the best schools, hotels, and vintners, the manufacturers of our Californian products, the most enterpris-

ing retailers, besides a number of business establishments in the Eastern States, have their cards or their more extended announcements in *THE CALIFORNIAN*, where they will go into every large city, every town, every village, and even into the most obscure and out-of-the-way places, all over the *Pacific Coast*. We believe that, without a solitary exception, they are reliable houses, and that their wares may be depended upon to be what they are represented.

MR. CHARLES CROCKER has presented the San Francisco Academy of Science with twenty thousand dollars, to be used by that body in its own discretion, and without limitations on the part of the donor. It is understood that this money will be used to advance those researches which belong to the departments of pure science, rather than to those which are ordinarily called practical. Mr. Crocker's munificent gift, following so closely upon that of Mr. D. O. Mills to the University of California, will go far to disprove the oft-repeated charge, that the rich men of the State are oblivious to the responsibilities which follow the possession of wealth. Nothing can have greater effect in silencing the vagaries of agrarianism, and in placating the popular discontent at the uneven distribution of property, than just such liberal endowments as those of Mr. Crocker and Mr. Mills. As a matter of policy, alone, it is worth the while of rich men to give of their surplus to learned bodies and educational institutions. This is placing the motive of such gifts upon the most selfish and practical basis. The true reward of such liberality is in the satisfaction which it must give the donor to contribute to those agencies in our midst which really constitute what we refer to when we speak of our modern civilization. No expenditure of money can ever yield so rich a return of real pleasure as that which, in a high sense, is given, as this money has been given, to the "betterment of man's estate."

THE NO-RENT AGITATION in Ireland has proved a failure, as it richly deserved. No reasonable person can question that the Irish people have real grievances. They are landless in their own land. The natural laws of distribution are suspended; and time, which ought to enrich, only makes their country poorer. But a great question can never be solved in a petty manner. Lawlessness inevitably produces greater oppression. By this foolish measure, the

Irish leaders have alienated many who were disposed to admit the justice of their claims. A firm, temperate, and reasonable campaign for the modification of land tenures in Great Britain, within the law and by the law, would ally to itself in time, not only all of Ireland, but by far the larger part of England. Its results might be slow of accomplishment. So were those of the campaign for the Reform Bill; but they were none the less sure.

NOW IS THE TIME for town improvement. The rains have commenced, and a few hours' work will suffice to plant enough trees and flowers to turn

many of our unsightly Californian towns into veritable gardens. If the town will not take steps, each individual can at least plant three or four trees in front of his own place. It is a disagreeable truth, but nevertheless a truth, that many of our towns are a disgrace to the State. And it is the most shortsighted policy in the world to keep them in this condition. Nothing could discourage people from choosing a given place as their home, more than the utter dreariness and barrenness of its treeless and flowerless streets. And when trees and flowers will grow for the mere planting, and will gratefully repay the least attention, it is a great pity that towns, favorably located, should drive away prosperity, instead of inviting it.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Mr. Theodore Wores has just finished two pictures, which more than confirm the impression produced by his "Juliet." It has long been a popular charge against young artists who have studied in Europe, that they bring home most excellent work, but do nothing like it after they get here. Unjust as we believe the insinuation implied in this charge to be, Mr. Wores has nevertheless done wisely in defending himself against it by accomplishing, since his return, two pieces of work which are in every respect equal, and in some respects superior, to anything he has done. The absurd excuse advanced by certain artists who have returned here from Europe, that there is nothing to paint, has received at Mr. Wores's hands a crushing retort. In the unique Chinese world, which preserves its Orientalism intact among us, he has found a fresh and picturesque subject. His picture represents the stall of a Chinese fishmonger. The whole foreground is taken up by a table covered with fish. A salmon occupies the middle, and under his tail projects the head of a large red rock-cod; a few smaller fish, a stone jar, and some shrimps fill up the right-hand corner. In the left-hand corner, two marvelously lifelike craw-fish are supported by a heap of muscles, and behind them stands a copper vessel filled with oysters, Eastern and Californian, some of which have fallen upon the table behind the head of the salmon. Above this group, on the wall that forms the background, hangs a string of smelts, rock-cod, and cat-fish, which, though kept subordinate in tone to the fish on the table, are as splendidly painted as anything in the picture. Then behind the table, on the right, comes the Chinaman, who, together with the Chinese advertisement painted on the wall, gives the whole picture a local habitation and a name. He is in the act of emptying a basketful of flounders on the table, and holds up before him

the round flat basket from which they are slipping. If anything more were needed to prove Mr. Wores's complete technical equipment as an artist, this picture supplies it. Without ever having painted fish before, he turns his trained hand to them for the first time, and produces a work which—we say it with all deliberation—has never been approached by any fish-picture painted in San Francisco. The superiority of his work lies in the simple fact, that, instead of being satisfied with false and conventional resemblances to Nature, he has had the power to see fish as they really are, and the skill to paint them as he saw them. His picture, consequently, is not only correct in drawing and true in color, but is also full of that fresh slipperiness of fish which makes them hard to clutch, and gives them a texture unknown to any creature living out of water. Want of space prevents us from speaking of Mr. Wores's other recent work, which is the portrait of a lady seated on a richly carved bench, with a background of gold-colored tapestry, the subject and the accessories being all treated as harmonious components of one picture.

Mr. William Keith has recently been doing some admirable work in an entirely new field. We called attention some time ago to the portfolio of sketches which he brought home from his last year's visit to New England. Mr. Keith has so long been known as one of the most faithful interpreters our Californian landscape has ever had, that it was no surprise to find that in his Eastern sketches he had caught the very life and spirit of the New England country. His confident handling, and his keen sense of color, found plenty to gratify them, but nothing to overtax them, in the splendid autumn tints of the East;

and we do not believe that any body who is a native of that region could look upon Mr. Keith's work without feeling that time and space have been set at naught, and that he has been restored to the scenes of his youth. In his recent sketches, Mr. Keith has returned to a Californian subject, but to one that he is the first to touch and make his own. He has exchanged gorgeous autumns for our gray San Francisco summer sky, and the sand hills of Lone Mountain. The subject is so common that it seems unpromising. But so are sunsets common. Looking at one painted by the great Turner, and just put on exhibition for the first time, a lady remarked:

"Well, I never saw anything like that in Nature!"

"Don't you wish to God you *could*, ma'am?" said the artist himself, who was standing a few feet off.

It will be found, on looking at Mr. Keith's work, that there is a great deal more in the sand hills of Lone Mountain than was ever dreamed of in the philosophy of the San Francisco public. The picturesqueness of these western outskirts of our city is revealed for the first time, and to Mr. Keith belongs the credit of having made the discovery.

Mr. Yelland, who spent last summer, like the one before it, in studying Oregon scenery, has brought back a number of highly interesting sketches. He is now at work upon a picture which is destined, we think, to mark a notable change in his style of painting. If there is one quality above all others for which his landscapes thus far have been conspicuous, it is their conscientiousness. They seem to say to us: "Everything is here; no difficulty has been shirked." But this impression of honesty is gained at the expense of a certain hardness. The almost equal elaboration of every part of the picture detracts from the imaginative coherence of the whole. We feel that we are in the presence of physical facts rather than suggested mysteries. We are given, in short, the common sense of Nature, not her poetry. Valuable as this sort of work is as a preliminary study, and the only sound basis of self-confidence, it can yet never dispense with that imaginative dealing with physical facts which is the essential characteristic of all highest landscape-painting. Hints of this power have been evident already in Mr. Yelland's work, but nowhere so much as in his latest picture, the completion of which will be awaited with interest.

Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who has just left us, is the only pianist of commanding ability, with the exception of Miss Anna Mehlig, who has ever visited San Francisco. We are not, however, by any means prepared to indorse that estimate of his powers which places him in the same rank with the great pianists of the world. Mr. Joseffy is not a genius; he is simply a young man and a Jew. We are far from

imputing either youth or Judaism to any man as a reproach; but as a means of assigning Joseffy his true position, both must here be taken into account. Great piano-playing is made up of two qualities: first, the absolute technical ability to play the notes as they are written; second, the intellectual power to enter into the spirit of the composer, and become his true interpreter. The first is teachable, the second native. It is natural that young pianists, like the young students of every art, coming fresh from the technical training which necessarily forms the staple of academical instruction, should think *technique* is everything. But just in so far as they do this, their artistic development is incomplete, and they suffer from the disadvantages of youth. This is the case with Joseffy. Splendid as are his technical powers, he gives us nothing else. His programmes are composed almost exclusively of selections chosen by reason of the opportunities they afford for brilliant playing. Probably one-half of all the compositions played were works of Liszt. Now Liszt is a sort of musical stump-speaker. He is the greatest living musical rhetorician. He has such marvelous command of all the means of musical expression, that he very often talks for the pleasure of talking, rather than because he has anything to say. At such times, when we listen to him, we feel inclined to say, after the manner of Hamlet: "Notes, notes, notes." His first *concerto*, for example, is scarcely music at all; it is simply notes strung together according to the laws of musical expression. Played after Beethoven's noble overture to Coriolanus, with its unmistakable stamp of dignity and sincerity, Liszt's work sounded particularly tame. But Joseffy took care that these contrasts should not often present themselves. He played only two of Beethoven's sonatas; and when he introduced works of which the expression of feeling was the dominant characteristic, he hastened to draw away the attention from this to the technical embellishments introduced by himself. It was in this practice that the Hebrew element obtruded itself. Joseffy seems to look upon music in the same way as certain people look upon the diamonds with which they love to decorate their shirt-fronts. He loves music less for its own sake, than as the means of showing off Joseffy. Not even the matchless works of Chopin, acknowledged everywhere to be the most original writer for the piano who ever lived, escaped Joseffy's tampering. He hates simplicity, and Boccherini's graceful minuet, played so often and so beautifully a few months ago by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, was simply ruined by his improvements. It is but fair to add, that a few pieces were actually played by Joseffy as they were written; but these showed that when, as in Schumann's *Warum*, they made no demand upon his powers of technical display, he could give us nothing. With these characteristics, a pianist may make money, but he can never take rank with the great artists of the world.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

For the convenience of readers desiring to purchase, publishers are requested to mark price on books forwarded for review.

SHAKSPEARIAN TALES IN VERSE. Illustrated. By Mrs. Valentine. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. For sale in San Francisco by A. Roman.

The first volume that comes to us this year, belonging strictly to the class known as "holiday books," is this beautifully illustrated volume. The designs by André are very striking, and are reproduced by the chromo-lithographing process. They embrace a number of the leading scenes in "The Tempest," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Winter's Tale." Many of the designs are particularly happy. It is not very evident why it was necessary to turn the original text of the immortal bard into rather poor verse by Mrs. Valentine, in order to produce these illustrations; for we assume, that, as a matter of course, the verses were made for the pictures, and not the pictures for the verses. Even a desire that Shakspeare should be "made easy" hardly pardons the irreverence of turning his finest passages into jingle. However, the book is certainly attractive; and, after all, one doesn't have to read the rhymes.

A PICTURE OF PIONEER TIMES IN CALIFORNIA. By William Grey. San Francisco: 1881. W. M. Hinton & Co. For sale by A. Roman. \$2.50.

It has been a common feature of early Californian literature that it has dealt with everything connected with this State in a spirit of boastful exaggeration. Not only the beauties of the climate, the productiveness of the soil, and its excellences generally, but the darker sides, and especially the vices of the Californians of early days, have been paraded and enlarged upon, till a widespread and wrongful impression prevails concerning the true condition of our moral and social civilization. Mr. Grey's book, as is plainly stated in the preface, is an earnest effort to overcome this mistaken belief. It is dedicated to the boys and girls of pioneer parents, born on the Pacific slope; and without pretending to the dignity of a history, gives a clear-cut and picturesque description of the California of '49, as it appeared to the author at that time. Many of the pages are occupied with refutation of facts as stated in the old "Annals of San Francisco," defending some men whom Mr. Grey believes misrepresented by that publication, and scoring others whom we have always looked up to as honorable—or at least respectable—heroes of the past. Thus the moral crookedness of Talbot H. Green and Captain Folsom is almost tenderly wrapped round and covered up by the cloak of their

broad public benefactions; while Colonel J. W. Geary, General Vallejo, Sam Brannan, and Colonel Fremont come in for some very lively lashing. In no part of the book is there an attempt at anything that could be called high literary style; but there is a quaint directness and plainness in the way one thing follows another, that almost makes one forget he is reading at all, and lends him the feeling that the author is actually gossiping to him personally of his recollections, and in a way that holds the interest absorbingly to the end. Many of the stories told are old, but more are both novel and racy. The anecdote of Bill Liddle's mule, as illustrating the promptness of justice in those days, is a gem, and will raise a smile on the face of any man who has experienced the law's delay of later years. Taken all in all, the book is one that will meet with a hearty welcome from every old Californian, and will also serve to right many of the careless statements concerning California that are now so common with newspapers and itinerant lecturers.

HOME BALLADS. By Bayard Taylor. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

While Bayard Taylor was not in any sense a great poet, he had a true artistic sense, and wrote many poems for which the world was the better. Among them are those which have been gathered into this volume, and illustrated in the best style of art. We commend this as one of the most attractive books of the holiday season.

THE WHITTIER BIRTHDAY-BOOK. Arranged by Elizabeth S. Owen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The "birthday series" has evidently proved popular, and this last addition is not likely to be received with less favor than its predecessors. A blank space is left under each date of the year, and opposite is placed a quotation from the Quaker poet. Opposite the birth-dates of a number of prominent men and women, of whom Whittier had written, are placed the particular passages dedicated to them, and underneath is given the year of the birth, and name of the person to whom the same is inscribed. The selections throughout are made with good judgment.

HANNAH JANE. By David Ross Locke. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepherd. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co. (Cloth, \$1.50.)

Mr. Locke, whose other name is Petroleum V. Nasby, is so well known as the humorist of the Cross-Roads, that it is somewhat of a surprise to see his name attached to a bit of sentimental poetry of the Will Carleton sort. But the surprise is deepened into pleasure as one reads, and sees how admirably he has succeeded in his new role. "Hannah Jane" is a story of a patient, plodding wife, enduring all things, sacrificing herself, that her husband may succeed in his struggle for position and fame. When the husband has reached the goal of his desires, and is sought and flattered, he becomes conscious that his faithful wife has remained stationary, and has not improved with him. It is this painful reflection that is the key-note of the poem, and Mr. Locke touches it with true feeling and pathos. The illustrations are in every way worthy the poem.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The counters of the bookstores are already laden with Christmas books for the children. From A. ROMAN we have received *Young Americans in Japan*, by Edward Greey, profusely illustrated, and giving an account of the adventures of the Jewett family and their friend Otto Nambo; also, *Our*

Little Ones, a miscellany of stories and poems, edited by Mr. Adams, who, under the name of Oliver Optic, has become widely known as an entertainer of Young America. The selection is skillfully made.

A. L. BANCROFT & Co. have *The Young Folks' Robinson Crusoe* (\$1.25), a sort of expurgated De Foe, also edited by Mr. Adams. This gentleman is perhaps more happy in his own field than in an attempt to "compress" Daniel De Foe. Such a protest went forth recently when a diffusive American authoress declared her intention of subjecting Scott to this process, that it was hoped that the great authors would be spared, for a time at least. A very pretty little story called *The Four-Footed Lovers* (\$1), by Frank Albertson, is also for sale at Bancroft's.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

For sale by A. ROMAN: *Three Vows*, and other poems, by William Batchelder Greene; *Sir John Franklin*, by A. H. Beesly, one of Putnam's New Plutarch series.

For sale by Billings, Harboure & Co.: *Martin Luther, and his Work*, by John H. Treadwell, also one of the last-named series; *Cambridge Trifles*, being sketches of life at the great English University, written in a vein of somewhat labored humor; *Louise, Queen of Prussia*, a memorial by August Kluckhohn, translated from the German by Elizabeth H. Denio.

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

A SINGULAR LAWSUIT.

Religious wars began away back toward the rear end of eternity. Before buttons came into use. Nations have gone to war on the slightest difference of religious opinions. And on half-rations.

One occurred in Oregon. Happened in a little town called New New York. The people of this town were nearly all religious. And of the religious, the great majority belonged to the Methodist Church. The early settlers of Oregon were mostly Americans, and sustained themselves by agriculture and prayer. The early days of California, in a religious point of view, were different from those of Oregon. In the former State were gathered people of all avocations and nationalities. A man would go there with a religious faith, the very thought of which would envelop

him in a mist of smooth calm and a dense fog of velvety joy, only to find men as good as himself, and frequently a great deal better, whose faith was directly the opposite of his. This unsettled him and society.

Well, New New York had one organized church. Methodist. Minister worked week-days; preached Sundays. In one sermon he explained that the New Testament should not be taken literally, where it says that it is harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. It simply meant that the rich were prone to become worldly, and worship gold above God. That there were as pious rich men as poor men. That the rich man could so use his wealth as to make his way clear to a happy hereafter. That possibly the good rich man, on account of his greater power to do good, could enter heaven more easily than the good poor man.

This was probably intended for a few men in town

who possessed worldly goods above that of their neighbors, and who, knowing by scriptural authority that it was well nigh impossible for a rich man to reach the glory that comes subsequently, were not troubling themselves about it. It went farther.

It reached the poor.

The idea of its being easier for the rich to enter heaven than the poor excited talk and comment among the latter. Talk caused more talk. Comment increased comment. Heaven had got to be a place set apart for the rich. The very poor were bitter against the preacher. The not-so-poor sided with him. The poor withdrew from the church. Rented a house. Had services to themselves. Sang defiantly.

This went on for some months. The withdrawing people holding their services at the same hour that the withdrawn-from held theirs. The latter observed this. Saw that the withdrawing were using their bell. Begrudged them the use of its sound. The regular organization discussed this matter. Became indignant.

The withdrawn-from bitterly rebuked the seceders, saying:

"You have appropriated the sound of our bell without permission."

"Needn't to ring your bell," was the reply.

"We've got to ring it to give notice to our members when to assemble," continued the withdrawn-from.

"We've got to pray to give notice to God," answered the withdrawing.

The regular organization determined to bring suit for the use of the sound of its bell. A committee was appointed to consult a lawyer at the county seat. New New York had no lawyers. They consulted him. He said:

"There is no precedent for recovering damages for the use of the sound of a bell. There is nothing of the kind in the books."

"It's time there was a precedent, then!" exclaimed one of the committee, with indignation standing out on his face, like a load of hay on a wagon. "There was no punishment once for stealing horses. There was once no precedent for hanging for murder. Cain got off on this technicality."

Finally, the lawyer undertook to establish a precedent. He brought suit in New New York for as large a sum as he could sue for before a justice of the peace.

The withdrawing members cast about for grounds of defense. They at first claimed that they had contributed money to pay for the church and bell. They showed that Jonathan Woolens had subscribed \$5; and Hiram Paramore, \$3. The plaintiffs found proof that this had never been paid. This ground of defense was abandoned. Seceders prayed for light. Got it. And a lawyer. He told them that he would defend the suit on the broad grounds that no one could have property rights in sound, any

more than they could have them in the air, or in moonshine, or in a bad smell.

The trial was held in a large empty storeroom, the justice's little office being too small to hold the excited litigants and interested spectators. The case had been so thoroughly and bitterly discussed that it was difficult to get a jury. Men had to be summoned from outside of town. A juror was called and interrogated:

"Have you heard of this case?"

"What case?"

"About the bell at the Methodist church."

"Well, I've hearn the bell ring."

"I mean the suit."

"No, no; hain't hearn of no suit."

"You think you can sit on this case as a fair and impartial juror?"

"Yes; but I'd rather set on a cheer, if the trial is goin' to be long." The juror was standing during the examination.

"Acquainted with the parties to this suit?"

"Well, not knowing who the parties are, I wouldn't like swear to that. You one of the fellers?"

"O, no; the parties are the two wings of the Methodist church here. Know any of them?"

"I've hearn the Methodist shoutin' some at their meetin's."

"I mean, do you meet them—talk with them?"

"They've talked to me a great many times, when they was takin' up collections."

The juror was finally accepted. And so the examination went on until the panel of six men was completed. A day was thus consumed. But the crowd did not weary. The excitement increased, rather.

The next morning the hearing of the testimony began. Among others, one of the seceders was called for the plaintiffs. The attorney asked:

"You went to services at your place when you heard the bell at the Methodist church, didn't you?"

"I went to services." He was a very unwilling witness.

"Didn't you hear the bell ring, sir?"

"Well, I went—I heard—heard the bell very faintly."

"Faintly, sir?"

"Something like a bee a-hummin', fifty yards off."

The evidence having been heard, counsel for the plaintiffs made his argument. He said that the defendants had taken, carried away, and appropriated the sound of the bell, when they knew it was not their property. Every one of them knew it. There was not a child in town but what knew it. Used the sound, too, repeatedly, showing that they were hardened in lawlessness, and cared not for the rights of others. If a man, he continued, buys a farm, he gets the appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining. So, in purchasing a bell, the same principle holds good. Of what account would a bell be without the sound? A wagon without wheels? A saddle with-

out a cinch? A bridle without a bit? A watchdog without a bark? True, he said, the plaintiffs had more sound than they wanted. But it is equally true, that a man sometimes has more wheat or potatoes than he wants, or more family. Still, that does not give anybody a right to use his overplus of wheat or potatoes, or surplus of family.

When counsel for plaintiffs closed, his clients were excited to such a pitch that they were ready to fight. They hadn't known before how bad they had been treated.

Opposite counsel replied. Said, referring to the nature of the suit, that one neighbor might as well sue another for the crowing of his cock. That the Almighty might as well sue the beings he had given existence for the use of the evening star, which betokens coming darkness; or the morning star, which heralds approaching dawn; or for the bursting of the buds, which announce seeding-time to the husbandman. Showed, further, that the suit was a persecution of the poor, who were God's people. Said he, the poor we always have with us. No one disputed him. He called to mind that Lazarus was poor, and full of sores, and forsaken, and starving, but that he procured a situation in Abraham's bosom, from whence he made faces at the rich, as they made hell hideous with howls. Let this suit prevail, he continued, then the rich would be suing the poor for the song of the birds, for the purl of the rivulet, for the music of the wind in the pine tops; next, for the good of the sunshine; then, for the silver of the moonlight.

He sat down. Eloquently.

His clients were in tears. Many in the audience sobbed. There was a low wail from the women. The court would not allow them to wail loudly. One big juror bowed his face in his hands. The tears trickled through his fingers.

The attorney for the plaintiffs made a short concluding talk. He said he had instituted a suit for damages, but since he had heard the argument of counsel for the other side, he believed the defendants should have been prosecuted for larceny. And if they had used the sound of the bell in the night-time, it would have been a burglary, bold, bloody, and malicious.

He, too, sat down. Firmly.

The big juror wept on.

The court instructed the jury, if they found for the plaintiffs, to state the amount of damages in their verdict; if for the defendants, they should bring in a verdict of no damages. And that they could declare their verdict in their seats, or retire.

The big juror raised his head. Said he:

"No damages, judge."

"No damages," repeated the other five jurors.

The court could not suppress the applause. Except that of the plaintiffs. They said they would appeal. Not that they cared for the past use of the sound of their bell; but, unless the present decision was set aside, the defendants, now insolent with vic-

tory, would use the sound of the bell in a wasteful manner, and that the bell would soon become exhausted. Uncle John Sanborn, who was not a member of any church, tiring, at this juncture, of the quarreling of his neighbors, presented the seceders a bell.

The members of the regular organization used the sound of the new bell. Did it to get even, and to allow their bell to rest and recuperate.

THE BARREL-HOOP.

Hell hath no fury like a barrel-hoop stepped on. Nor heaven. Nor Omaha.

The soldier patriot strikes for liberty, home, and the green graves of his sires. The barrel-hoop does not. No. For the shin.

So long as it is embracing a barrel, it is happy. Let it cease to hug the object of its affections, then, if you step on it, it turns savagely upon you.

O, strong-minded women! If you know when you are well off, don't discard petticoats. They protect you. Deaden the blow of the deadly hoop. Man has nothing to stand between him and the fury of the exasperated barrel-hoop. He doesn't take his chances. No. The hoop takes them all.

Inanimate matter is matter that has no life. Naturalists place the barrel-hoop among inanimate things. It doesn't stay there.

The venomous serpent has fangs. The harmless, none. The barrel-hoop has no fangs, but it is venomous. All-firedly.

There are times when man feels his weakness. Wants some great power to look to and lean upon. It is so when he is attacked by an infuriated barrel-hoop. At such a moment the veriest atheist turns to his Maker. Utters his name. Several times.

The rattlesnake gives warning before he strikes. The railroad engineer blows his whistle, so you can hear it just as you and the engine clinch. The barrel-hoop strikes without warning. And as if fifty millions of people were watching it, to see if it did its whole duty.

When the barrel hoop is stepped on, there are always two hoops. First, the barrel-hoop itself. Then, the agonizing whoop.

The National Board of Health might do something for their country. Might have the barrel-hoop made larger. So that it would pass over the head when stepped on.

Some animals become torpid in winter. Die temporarily. The barrel-hoop never indulges in torpidity.

O, little man! Short man! You are thinking it is better to be born lucky than rich. That the barrel-hoop will strike you above the knee. Where flesh prevails, and the shin-bone reaches not. Vaunt not yourself. There are young barrel-hoops. The juvenile barrel, called a keg, sometimes sheds its hoops. Then you might step on a finger-ring.

LOCK MELONE.

A NEW NATIONAL POETRY.

"There is nothing new under the sun." So says Ecclesiastes; and the author of that eloquent book died so long ago, that ancient Rome seems but a stripling beside the Jerusalem of his day. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that this sentence has always held a sinister import for one who sought to found a great and glorious monument—a monument that could not fail to bring honor, both to himself and his native land? To do this, however, it was necessary that he should invent, discover, or steal something new; and if there was nothing new under the sun, the chilling influence of this knowledge is plainly apparent. But happily—and he hopes the happiness is destined to extend to future years, as well as to afford gladness for the present time—there came a moment when an idea that was an inspiration illuminated his mind.

First, let it be known that the object of his ambition is the founding of a new national poetry—a poetry that will contain the national likes and dislikes; that will set forth national traits and actions; and even tell of national dishes and culinary triumphs; for the office of poetry is to be universal, and when its flame is lit at the fire burning on the true Parnasian altar, it will invest with grandeur all that it touches, be it some great action, like the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, or some useful invention, like the discovery of the wooden nutmeg.

Such has been the author's project. He had made many attempts, and equally as many failures. He had often, as he thought, seen the coveted prize, but just beyond his grasp; he had even finished a complicated and indescribable, as well as unreadable, epic, but as an epic is always expected to be unreadable, this was, in its way, a triumph; and then, when he was about to proclaim his victory, came this ancient saw, and laid an injunction on any further proceedings. And the worst of it all was, a careful study of the epic proved that Solomon was right: there was nothing new in it.

It was with great gladness, therefore, that the author hailed the resurrection of those old French meters, that one has always thought to be buried for all eternity. He gloated over the Triolet, with its amplitude of expansion, so adapted to the vastness of our new world. He felicitated in the exuberance of thought allowed by the Rondel. His dreams were full of the beauty of the Chant Royal, which allows one to say so little in so much. And there were the other forms, with their impossible usefulness; Rondeau's and Vilanelle's striving to set imagination and fancy on stilts that will raise them beyond the highest and most acute comprehension; and last, the Ballade, affording such wide freedom for thought and description.

"But," one may say, "these are not new."

Certainly not, if they have no recent original idea linked to them. It is because there is an original

idea so linked, that they assume importance. The patent and copyright laws—and all ambitious poets are informed that the new national poetry is to be both copyrighted and patented—say, that a combination whereby an old invention and a recent idea are linked for the benefit of the present time makes the same a *new* and *original* article; and who would be so audacious as to set the words of Solomon against our modern patent and copyright laws?

It is this combination of our national ideas, likes, and actions with the old French meters that forms the basis of the monument referred to. Of course this will be completed only by years of labor; but to show how fitting it is that we link our thoughts, and acts, and ambitions to the antiquated verse of Saul, a specimen brick is given. The reader is specially requested to note the expansion of ideas allowed by the formation of the verse; and to pay strict attention to the beauty of description one can indulge in, owing to the diversity of rhymes allowed. Then, too, how patriotic and *debonair* one can be, is shown in the brave flouting of sorrow, and the strong presentation of a national delicacy.

It was indeed a happy idea, this unearthing of the old French meters; but what a triumph to link them by the indissoluble chain of pie—pumpkin pie—to the national heart of this great land. But let the result speak for itself.

THE BALLADE OF PUMPKIN PIE.

When autumn, rich in mellow sheen,
Her gaudy robe behind her trails,
Where late the fields and woods were green,
And violets nodded in the vales;
I think while chilling blast assails,
Why should I moan, and vainly sigh,
When yonder through the chestnut rails
I see the germs of pumpkin pie?

The golden globes that wisely gleam,
The sweetness of the wandering gales,
When graceful lilies fondly lean,
Where, by the garden's mossy pales,
A lover pours his dulcet tales,
Now rounded to completion lie;
And while I listen to the flails,
I see the germs of pumpkin pie.

O lusty fruit! for such I ween
You are, though old tradition wails
To class you with a paltry bean,
Or cabbage, food for crawling snails,
And things as low in nature's scales;
Why let old troubles dim mine eye?
Hid there within your yellow mails,
I see the germs of pumpkin pie.

L' ENVOI.

The white milk foams in brimming pails—
Ah, sorrow, well it is you fly!
I hear the faint Thanksgiving hails,
I see the germs of pumpkin pie!

REPORT ON VIGORIT POWDER.

BY W. R. QUINAN, 4TH ARTILLERY, U. S. A.

CALIFORNIA VIGORIT POWDER WORKS, }
May 31st, 1881. }
*To the President and Directors of the
California Vigorit Powder Company.*

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with instructions I submit the following report.

Upon taking charge of your works in November last, I was intrusted with two commissions:

1st. To examine and report upon the qualities of Vigorit Powder as manufactured by the Company prior to that time.

and. To remedy, if possible, any defects which might be made apparent by this examination.

In the execution of these commissions it has been necessary, in the first place, to devise mechanical appliances and other means for testing the various properties of powders, and to determine these properties by experiments sufficiently numerous to eliminate the errors of condition.

In the second place it has been necessary to make an intelligent selection of those properties, which, being possible of attainment and compatible one with another, should be most valuable in a powder designed, like Vigorit, for the ordinary purposes of blasting.

The apparatus used by me for my various tests, will be found described in this report.

To give you in detail an account of my experiments would be unprofitable, if not tiresome; I will therefore confine myself to a cursory view of the art, and to those general considerations which have been my guide in modifying the formula and manufacture of the powder.

DETONATING COMPOUNDS AND EXPLOSIVE MIXTURES.

The history of high explosives as practical agents belongs to the last twenty years.

Explosive mixtures under the general form of gunpowders are not now classed with the high explosives. The distinction is not one of degree only, but of principle.

The explosion of gunpowder is a veritable combustion, in which the element of time enters as a most important factor. The phenomenon attending the dissolution of the high explosives is distinctively known by the term "Detonation." Detonation is defined by the authorities as an instantaneous conversion into gas of all parts of the exploding body. The detonating impulse being once generated, is propagated by a vibration through the mass. A certain interval of time is doubtless consumed in the passage and work of this wave; but it is so inconceivably short, that all attempts to measure the velocity with accuracy have failed. In gunpowder, on the contrary, the velocity of combustion, or the space passed over by the burning surface, measured at right-angles to the surface, can be readily obtained with no more elaborate instruments than a stop-watch and a carpenter's rule.

Many detonating substances have been discovered, but a few only have become of practical importance in the arts.

FULMINATE OF MERCURY.

Fulminate of mercury owes its value to its susceptibility to various modes of firing, and especially to its property of exciting in certain other explosives the detonating impulse. It is consequently used largely as a detonating agent, being manufactured for this purpose into the commercial wares known as caps, exploders, etc.

GUN-COTTON.

Gun-cotton is one of the longest-known and most widely-studied of the high explosives.

It may be considered a connecting link between the new explosives, on the one hand, and the old, as represented by gunpowder, on the other. While, like gunpowder, it is susceptible of an inferior order of explosion by simple combustion, it is also readily detonated, depending upon the circumstances and mode of firing. At one time it seemed likely to supersede gunpowder as a ballistic agent, but has been very generally discarded for this purpose. As a blasting agent its use is comparatively recent—at least in this country. Its qualities for safety, strength, and usefulness, as compared with nitro-glycerin, remain to be proved.

NITRO-GLYCERIN.

Nitro-glycerin is at once the most powerful explosive known, and the high explosive which has become the most valuable to man as a blasting agent. Experience as well as theory justifies Papillon in naming it the "ideal of portable force." Though showing varying degrees of strength when exploded under different conditions, it is always detonated. It is impossible to explode it by combustion.

HISTORIES OF GUN-COTTON AND NITRO-GLYCERIN CONTRASTED.

The history of these two explosives as practical agents presents a marked contrast.

Gun-cotton gave great promise of usefulness from the first. Its property of explosion by combustion placed it at once within the experience of the many persons familiar with the use of gunpowder. This promise, to a great extent, has been unfulfilled. It has been taken up enthusiastically by several governments, but as suddenly dropped. It has enlisted the talent of many scientists, who have devoted their whole energies to making it a success, yet after the lapse of thirty-five years since its discovery it is still in its infancy as a practical agent.

Nitro-glycerin, on the contrary, remained for a decade and a half practically useless. Its wonderful energies slept unrecognized

and unappreciated by the world, except when demonstrated by some sporadic and terrible laboratory accident. When, however, Nobel discovered the relations existing between it and the fulminate of mercury, and gave to the miner the means of exciting its tremendous powers at will, it entered at once upon a field of usefulness which has continually grown wider. Every year sees its application extended—especially in this country. In developing our mineral resources, its services cannot be calculated.

RELATIVE ADVANTAGES OF GUN-COTTON AND NITRO-GLYCERIN.

In considering the relative advantages of these two explosives for blasting purposes, it is well to remember that they are both nitro-substitution compounds, made on the same principle—one from glycerin, the other from cotton-wool.

Nitro-glycerin is much the stronger. The forces of the two are variously estimated as eight to four, or eight to six. Professor Hill inclines rather to the lower figure for gun-cotton. (See *Notes on Explosives*, page 37.) My own experiments, which I consider conclusive, give for the relative strength almost exactly eleven to six.

Nitro-glycerin when exploded is resolved entirely into gases—and the gases of a perfect explosion are innoxious—carbonic acid, water, and nitrogen.

Gun-cotton when exploded is not resolved entirely into gases. The residue, however, is trifling. Being deficient in oxygen, a noxious gas, carbonic oxide, is formed. Moreover, the temperature of the gases is less elevated than in the explosion of nitro-glycerin. (See Hill, page 37.)

Gun-cotton and nitro-glycerin, properly made from good materials, and freed by washing from impurities, especially free acid, are alike free from danger of spontaneous decomposition; but the process of washing is much more difficult in the case of gun-cotton. Its purification was formerly effected by exposing for weeks the freshly-made cotton to the action of running water. (Baron

Lenk's method.) The process now generally used is that of Professor Abel, in which the cotton is reduced to a pulp, as in paper-making. Even with this, gun-cotton accidents have happened, pointing to certain ill-understood dangers in its use.

ORIGIN OF NITRO-GLYCERIN POWDERS.

The liquid and nearly incompressible form of nitro-glycerin, and the danger of handling it in that condition, as well as the inconvenience resulting therefrom, have led to the invention of its various modifications in the form of powders. The first and most celebrated of these was Dynamite, or Nobel's Safety Powder, made by absorbing nitro-glycerin in a porous silicious earth found in various parts of the world, and known as *Kieselguhr* in Hanover, where it was first obtained by Nobel. For some purposes, such as submarine blasting and torpedoes, this powder still remains one of the best. The noxious fumes due to imperfect detonation of the nitro-glycerin are not objectionable in such operations, while its great density and immunity to the action of water are great advantages.

MODERN BLASTING-POWDERS

The progress of discovery and invention has, however, produced other combinations better suited to the ordinary purposes of mining. As a blasting agent, Nobel's powder may be considered a thing of the past. In Dynamite, the absorbent being inert, the force is dependent upon the amount of nitro-glycerin present. The more modern powders do not depend entirely for their explosive force upon the nitro-glycerin present. But to make this subject clear, (for it has been the ground of much controversy and contradictory statement) it is necessary to consider the relations between some of the explosives mentioned, and nitro-glycerin.

PRINCIPLES OF MODERN BLASTING-POWDERS DEMONSTRATED.

It has often been asked: "Can gunpowder be detonated?" A practical answer had

been given to this query as long ago as 1873, by certain powders placed upon the market; but the question was categorically settled in the affirmative by the experiments, in 1874, of MM. Roux and Sarrau, who found that—while gunpowder cannot be directly detonated by fulminate of mercury—if the fulminate act through the medium of nitro-glycerin, then an explosion of the first order, or detonation, would be produced. The force given by this method of firing they estimated at a fraction more than four times the ordinary force of gunpowder. From this it follows that a mixture of nitro-glycerin on the one hand, with the ingredients of gunpowder on the other, will develop a much greater force than the sum of the forces of the two elements fired separately. This is the underlying principle of modern nitro-glycerin powders, and in this state of the art it would be supererogatory to enunciate it, if various authors of repute had not ignored or derided it. (See Mowbray's *Tri-nitro-glycerin*, page 85.) Although the experiments of the Frenchmen, Roux and Sarrau, are quoted, and their statements indorsed, a plain inference from these conclusions is contradicted. (See Hill's *Notes on Explosives*, pages 28, 29, 30; in which badly-proportioned powders are justly criticised, but the tendency of his remarks is against the principle.)

Henry S. Drinker deserves the credit of being the first to demonstrate the principle by practical and public experiments. (See *Tunneling*, pages 72 to 83.)

SOFT VERSUS HARD CARTRIDGES.

The general qualities of nitro-glycerin powders, as opposed to powders having for their base gun-cotton or picric acid, are chiefly due to the different properties of the original explosives. Nitro-glycerin powders are non-explosive by fire, if the nitro-glycerin is present in any considerable proportion. Gun-cotton and picric-acid powders, when in a loose, pulverulent state, are liable to explosion by fire. The practical method of obviating this danger, and which is also useful in giving the density required

in a high explosive, is compression, and at once gives rise to a marked distinction between the two classes of powders. For the market these latter powders are converted, by pressure during the process of manufacture, into hard sticks or cartridges, in which condition they burn, when fire is applied, without explosion. These hard, unyielding substances, misnamed powders, are very different from the preparations of nitro-glycerin which are soft and compressible, and yield readily to the tamping-rod. Hard powders are not so convenient or efficient in mining—other things being equal.

If the cartridges are too large for the bore-hole, they cannot be used at all; if too small, there is a serious loss of power on account of the cushioning effect of the tubular air-space surrounding the charge. The walls of the drill-hole cannot be made mathematically true. In the use of hard cartridges an allowance of size must always be made, for fear of sticking; so that under the most favorable conditions a certain loss is unavoidable. In the case of tin cartridges made for liquid nitro-glycerin, and specially adapted to the holes at the Hoosac Tunnel, a similar loss was estimated at 30 per cent. of the total force. (See Mowbray's *Tri-nitro-glycerin*, page 88.)

It is claimed for Tonite, Eureka, and other hard powders, that they are less sensitive to blows than nitro-glycerin powders. This may be so, but, if it is, it is in spite of and not on account of their hardness. The yielding, resilient condition of soft powders is better adapted as a cushion against the shocks and jars of use, than the rigid, unyielding nature of the former. The blow which falls upon a hard powder meets with greater resistance, and must develop more heat. The greater the cohesion between the particles of a cartridge, the more likely are the molecular forces to be disturbed when the cartridge is broken, crushed, or subjected to friction. On the question of *soft* versus *hard powders* there should be but one opinion.

There are general qualities of nitro-glycerin powders which are distinctive and objectionable, such as freezing—resulting in loss

of strength; but as these objectionable qualities can be to a large extent obviated, they will be treated under a different head.

GENERAL OBJECT IN POWDER MANUFACTURE.

In making a nitro-glycerin blasting powder, the object is to present to the miner a powder perfectly safe to transport and handle in the mine, sure to explode under proper conditions, and powerful enough to do the work required.

Its qualities should therefore include strength, safety, and convenience.

STRENGTH.

The strength of a powder, or its explosive effect, is made up of three factors. It may be considered as equal to the product of the three: 1st. The amount of the gases formed (that is, their volume reduced to a standard temperature). 2nd. The temperature of the gases. 3rd. The reciprocal of the time consumed during their evolution.

TESTS FOR STRENGTH.

Upon assuming charge of the works, my first task was to devise some reliable system for measuring the strength of high explosives.

Iron Plate.

The iron-plate test, as it is called, consists in estimating the strength of a powder by its effect in smashing an iron plate of standard thickness and tenacity, when exploded in certain charges on its surface. I had always regarded this as a delusive test of strength, though of great value in determining certain other important qualities. The experiments of Professor Abel, in England, a few years ago, showed that under these conditions, so different from those of a charge confined in a blast-hole, weak powders often showed to better advantage than strong. In fact, that the experiment was a better test of the completeness of the detonation under exceptional circumstances, than of the force which becomes available in rending rock.

Although, and partly because, this test had been largely relied upon by my predecessors, and had shown off Vigorit Powder to great advantage, I decided to discard it, except as a test of perfect or imperfect detonation.

Mortar.

A short mortar, or *épreuve*, owned by the Company, had also seen arduous service in the hands of some of its superintendents. Though the mortar is undoubtedly more reliable than the iron plate, and perhaps the best test yet devised for the *lower* nitro-glycerin powders, I did not think it met the requirements when applied to the higher grades.

Ballistic effect and explosive effect are not necessarily related by direct ratio. It is impossible to replace gunpowder, which is typical of one, by nitro-glycerin, which is typical of the other. To develop velocity in a body, a certain time must be necessary to communicate the motion by the molecular spring to all its parts. A continued force does this most effectively. The action of a high explosive, in suddenly expending its force upon the confining surfaces without regard to the direction of least resistance, is more favorable to wear and tear of both mortar and shot than to long ranges. The mortar test is somewhat unfair to the high powders, the difference shown in their favor not being sufficiently great.

Pressure Gauge.

Guided by this reasoning I was led to adopt, as my test for the higher grades, the instrument misnamed the "Pressure Gauge," in which the force of the powder is measured (indirectly) by the compression of a plug of lead. I do not pretend to any originality in this apparatus, as similar instruments have already been used for this purpose. (See Drinken on *Tunneling*, page 77.) The particular form however, devised by me, having been tried by many hundred experiments, and having proved satisfactory in every respect, merits, I think, a detailed description.

As shown in the drawing, (Fig. 1) it consists of a heavy block of wood, upon which is bolted a cast-iron block or base. In this



(FIG. 1.—Pressure Gauge.)

base are inserted four wrought-iron guides, or standards, set around the circumference of a four-inch circle. The lead plug rests upon a steel plate, (not apparent in the drawing) which is let into the iron block flush with its upper surface. A ring holds the guides in place at the top, their ends being reduced to screw-bolts, passing through the ring, which is held down by nuts.

The piston, (Fig. 2) which is the piece resting on the plug of lead, is a cylinder of tempered steel, four inches in diameter and five inches in length. It is turned away at the sides to lighten it as much as possible. It moves freely between the guides. In the top is a parabolic-shaped cavity to hold the charge



(FIG. 2.—Piston of Pressure Gauge.)

of powder. The weight of the piston is twelve and one-quarter pounds.

The shot, (Fig. 3) made of tempered steel, is four inches in diameter and ten inches in length, weighing thirty-four and a half pounds. It is bored through its axis to receive a capped fuse.



(FIG. 3.—Shot of Pressure Gauge.)

To operate the instrument, a plug of lead is placed upon the steel plate within the guides. The piston is put down gently upon it, and the charge of powder placed in the cavity. The shot is next lowered gently upon the piston, and the capped fuse pushed down through the hole in the shot. The fuse be-



(FIG. 4.—Form of Lead Plug used in Pressure Gauge Full size.)

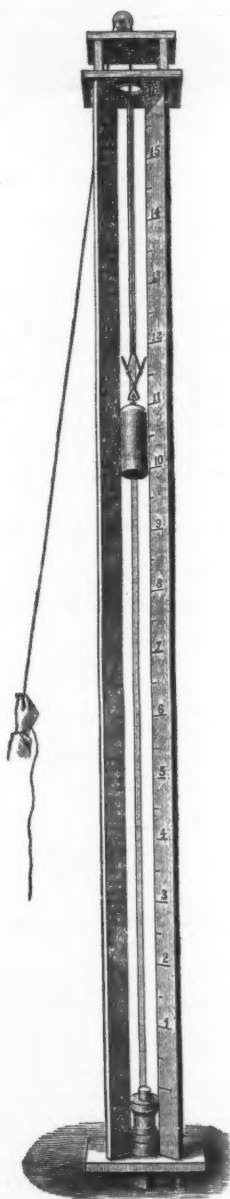
ing lighted, when the fire reaches the cap the charge is exploded, throwing out the shot and compressing the lead plug. The accuracy of the test is based upon the assumption that the lead plugs shall be of uniform density and homogeneous structure.

The form of plug adopted was a cylinder, one inch in diameter, and one inch in length. (Fig. 4.)

In regard to the kind of plug, my choice lay between plugs cast in molds, and plugs cut from a solid bar which could be obtained of the desired dimensions in the factories.

This lead bar, though not made of perfectly pure lead, is manufactured from large masses of metal at a high temperature, is very dense, and can be obtained in lengths of 50 feet. It seemed to me that the desired uniformity would be more likely to obtain in this product than in plugs cast one at a time from small masses of metal. Having prepared plugs of both kinds, the next point was to test their relative merits for my purpose. The nature of this test was fixed by an additional and independent consideration. It should be borne in mind that while being compressed by the explosion in the pressure gauge, the density of the plug as well as the lead surface opposed to the piston continually increases. It is plain from this that the amount of compression shown by the plug is not a direct measure of the strength of the powder. For illustration: if one powder, exploded in the pressure gauge, compresses a plug 250-1000ths of an inch, and another powder compresses a plug 500-1000ths of an inch, the latter powder would be twice as strong as the former if the compressions were direct measures of relative strengths. But in fact the latter powder is more than twice as strong. The problem was, how much. As a practical measure of the strength, I assumed it proportional to the *work* performed in reducing the height of the lead plug. To get an expression for the work, it was only necessary to find the number of foot-pounds required to produce the different amounts of compression.

Acting upon this reasoning, an apparatus was built as shown in Fig. 5.



(FIG. 5.—Foot-pounds Machine.)

It consisted of three boards, so connected as to form a slide sixteen feet high, in which

a weight (the shot of the pressure gauge) could fall freely. One of the boards was graduated into feet and half feet. The horizontal board at the bottom, upon which the others were nailed, rested on a heavy post set deep in the ground. A round tenon formed on the top of the post projected through a hole in the board. On the top of this tenon, turned bottom upwards, was placed the piston of the pressure gauge. This served as the anvil, and on it the plugs were placed. The fuse-hole of the shot was plugged with a large wire, which projected through the top and gave a hold for a simple form of clutch, by means of which and a light rope passing over a pulley at the top of the structure, the shot was hoisted to any desired height. The clutch was released by hand from the steps of a ladder.

My first work with this apparatus was to test the uniformity of both kinds of plugs. In selecting the cast plugs for test, they were carefully weighed, and all above or below a certain standard, as well as those showing any signs of flaws or other defects, were rejected. The first half-dozen blows upon the cast plugs showed such anomalous results that I rejected the whole batch, and molded a new lot, hoping by varying the method to obtain more homogeneous castings. The experiments with these, however, were far from satisfactory.

Turning next to drawn plugs, I had the satisfaction of finding them remarkably uniform. The plugs were carefully measured before compression and again after compression, by taking the average of several measurements. The difference between the original length and the reduced length gave the compression caused by the blow of the shot in falling. The instrument used in measuring the plugs is the micrometer calipers, manufactured by Brown & Sharp. (Shown in the drawing, Fig. 6.)

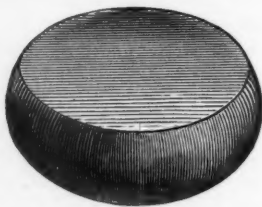
It is exceedingly accurate and convenient and reads to the thousandth part of an inch, and even this space can be readily divided.

The more uniform structure of the drawn plugs as compared with the cast is apparent in the different appearances of the two after



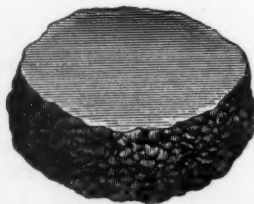
(FIG. 6.—Micrometer Calipers for measuring Lead Plugs.)

reduction in the pressure gauge or in the foot-pounds machine. The drawings (Figs. 7 and 8) show this better than description. Having adopted the drawn plugs, I proceeded to construct a table for converting the compressions of the drawn plugs into foot-



(FIG. 7.—Drawn-lead Plug after compression.)

pounds, or actual measures of the strength of powder. This was simply and expeditiously done by making several series of experiments in dropping the shot from various heights, beginning with a half foot and going up a half foot at a time to about sixteen feet. An average



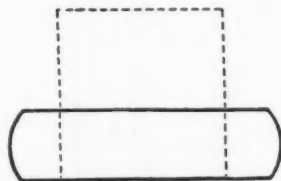
(FIG. 8.—Cast-lead Plug after compression.)

of all the compressions at a given height was assumed as correct. The height multiplied by the weight of the shot gave the foot-pounds corresponding to that particular compression.

To more graphically represent the relations between the plug compressions and foot-pounds, as well as for convenience in my work, I constructed a diagram, using the compressions as the ordinates, and the foot pounds as the abscisses of a curve. This diagram is shown on a much-reduced scale, and without detail, in the accompanying drawing. (Fig. 10.)*

The extreme co-ordinates are fixed by nitro-glycerin.

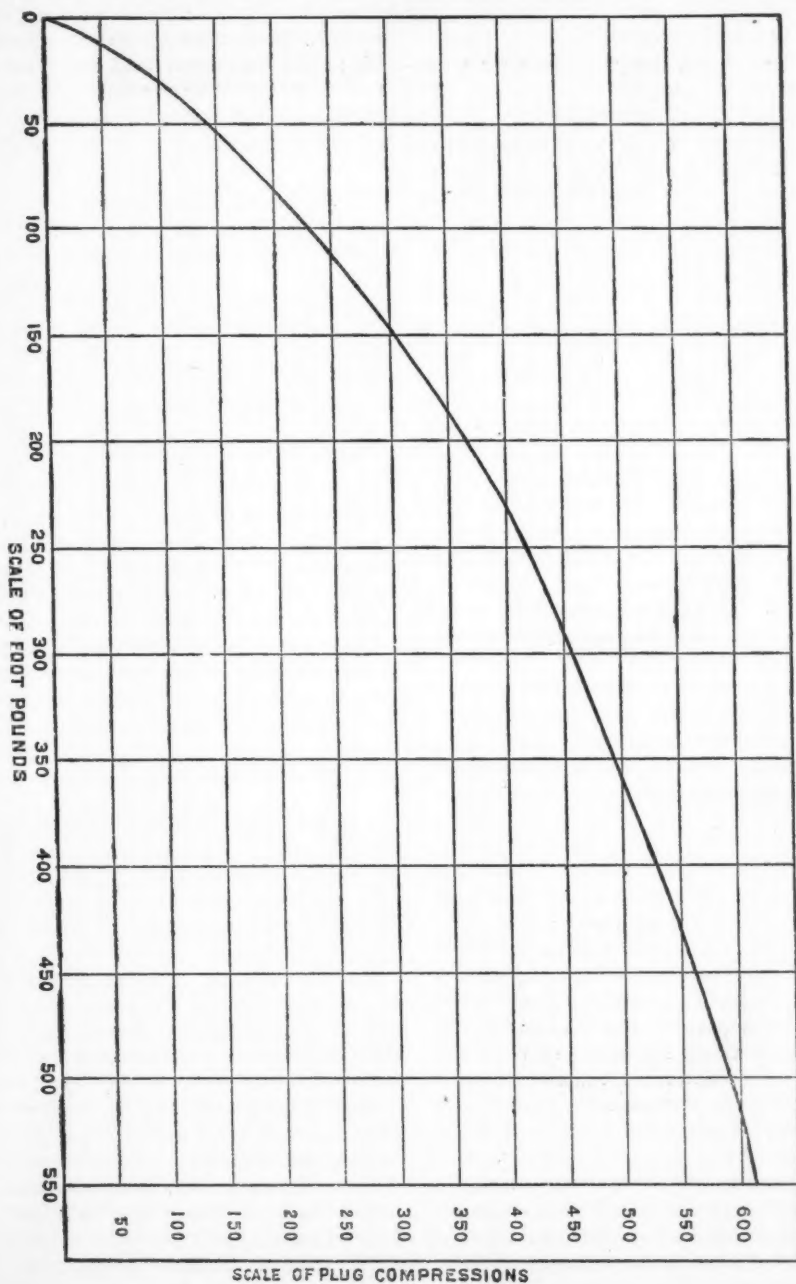
The original diagram, 21 x 14 inches, has been relied upon for converting plug com-



(FIG. 9.—Section of Plug showing reduction in Pressure Gauge.

pressions into foot-pounds, or units of strength.

*NOTE.—In using the diagram, the figures in the "scale of plug compressions" represent thousandths of an inch. The amount of compression received by the plug is ascertained by deducting its measurement after coming out of the pressure gauge from the measurement made before explosion. The difference is, of course, the compression received, in thousandths of an inch. Find the point in the "scale of plug compressions" corresponding with the amount of compression ascertained. From this point follow the perpendicular lines until the curved line is reached. Then from the point in the curved line so reached follow the horizontal lines to the "scale of foot-pounds." The figure there reached is the equivalent in foot-pounds of the compression.



(Fig. 10.)

My standard charge for the pressure gauge is 24 grains.

This system, in my opinion, gives a comparative measure for high powders. The pressure gauge is not, however, an accurate test for lower explosives. A triple charge of good black blasting-powder fired with a fuse, will produce a scarcely perceptible effect on the plug, and yet we know that this powder is capable of great work in certain kinds of rock. We may suppose, without an error affecting our principle, that, in firing 24 grains of Vigorit or other high powder, the product of the amount of gas multiplied by the temperature of the gases, gives a number equal to the product of the corresponding elements in the explosion of triple the charge of black powder. But in one experiment we get a compression which is almost infinitely greater than in the other; for in the last we get a result too small to be measured. It is because the third factor in our formula for explosive effect—time—bears a similar but inverse ratio in the two cases: in the first being inconceivably short, and in the second case a sensible interval.

In the explosion of the black powder, the force, though great, is developed so gradually, that at no one instant is enough inertia developed in the shot to produce a sensible compression of the lead.

OLD VIGORIT.

Having so efficient an instrument as the pressure gauge at my command, the determination of the qualities of old Vigorit as to strength, was a comparatively simple matter.

My experiments showed that while the No. 2 was quite equal to the corresponding grades of Giant, Hercules, and Vulcan, the No. 1 was inferior to the first two. It also appeared that this grade was lacking in uniformity. It required a long and tedious course of experiment to determine where the fault lay, and how it could be remedied. It had been partly caused by careless methods of manufacture. The ingredients sometimes had not been thoroughly incorporated. The principle of the old Vigorit is that enun-

ciated a few pages back, as consisting in a combination of nitro-glycerin with an oxidizing agent on the one hand, and a carbon-furnishing element on the other. In nature there are a vast variety of substances containing carbon. * * * *

* * * *

When nitro-glycerin is absent, or present only in minute quantity, it is necessary, in order to produce the rapid union of the oxygen given by one element with the carbon furnished by the other, to present the carbon in a form favorable to chemical action, such as charcoal—the purer the carbon, the more rapid and effective the union. The presence of hydrogen or oxygen, especially the latter, in combination with the carbon, is a hindrance to combustion. When nitro-glycerin is present, however, in quantities large enough to be perfectly detonated, this condition of purity is not necessary. The explosion of the whole powder is a true detonation; all the substances present are decomposed, and the combined oxygen and hydrogen assist materially in the explosion.

Moreover, the powder being less susceptible to combustion, a premature burning is less liable to interfere with detonation.

CONDITIONS OF STRENGTH.

The strength of a nitro-glycerin powder is influenced by several things. First, by the amount of nitro-glycerin present. Second, by the amount of gas in proportion to the solid matter appearing in the explosion. Third, by the kind and character of the gases.

With modern blasting powders, the strength is not proportionately dependent upon the amount of nitro-glycerin. It will be found that within certain limits an increase or decrease of the nitro-glycerin will affect the strength of the powder but little. Any inert substances used in the powder will appear as such in the explosion. The solid matter produced by chemical reaction is not altogether a loss, as its formation is attended by heat. Its amount will vary with the oxidizing agent used. In regard to gases, some are more voluminous than others, and the

heat produced varies still more. Thus, the heat produced by the oxidation of carbon to carbonic acid is more than three times that produced by its oxidation to carbonic oxide. A perfect explosion requires that the carbon present shall be fully oxidized to carbonic acid, the hydrogen to water, and the nitrogen set free. This gives the fullest effect possible.

It follows that peculiar conditions are necessary to produce a strong powder. The first of these conditions is, that the chemical elements present shall bear a certain proportion to each other. Nor is this sufficient. If it were, any chemist could perfect a powder without making a practical experiment.

INTERNAL RESISTANCE TO DETONATION.

In the course of my work I met with frequent anomalies illustrating this point. A powder carefully compounded with reference to the chemical relations of its elements, and giving in theory a nearly perfect resolution into gas, sometimes failed to show the strength naturally expected. I was thus led to a simple theory of internal resistance to detonation offered by different substances. In being converted into gas, the cohesion of the particles, as well as the chemical attraction which unites the atoms, must be overcome. Work expended in this direction is lost in overcoming external resistance, or in strength, as shown by the pressure gauge. The work done in the drug-mill in reducing the ingredients to dust, is saved to the powder, and reappears in its greater efficiency in breaking rock.

DANGERS.

The qualities of a nitro-glycerin powder, with reference to safety, are those which render it inexplosive under the ordinary circumstances of storage, transportation, and handling. Experience shows that men accustomed to powder become very careless in handling it. Allowance must be made for this, as well as the accidental and unavoidable shocks and jars which it must encounter.

The qualities of safety will be considered under the heads of Decomposition; Leak-

age; Effects of Moisture and Atmospheric Changes; Effects of Temperature; Fire; Friction; Percussion; Concussion, and Compression.

Decomposition.

In order that the powder may be stored with safety, it must be free from any tendency to decompose. It will not decompose if it has been properly made and purified. The effect of high temperature is to hasten the seeds of decomposition if they exist.

Leakage.

The most important safety quality, is that the nitro-glycerin shall not leak out of the powder. This is a practical return of the nitro-glycerin to the liquid condition, to avoid which the powder form was invented. If it leaks, it is a comparative failure as a safety powder. Besides being a direct loss of strength, leakage is the source of a great many accidents. The exuding nitro-glycerin saturates the paper cartridges, the sawdust surrounding them, oozes through the crevices of the boxes, gets into the holds of vessels, the floors of cars, the walls of magazines, and a hundred other improper places, where it may cause an unexplained accident. The effect of high temperature is to make the nitro-glycerin more fluid, and nitro-glycerin powders are more liable to exudation in warm than cold weather. After seeing a bundle of cartridges from various other factories saturate several different coverings of fresh newspapers in which they were wrapped, at different times within a month, I came to the conclusion that there was one method better than any other of preventing this, and that was to put no more nitro-glycerin in the powder than it would retain under the ordinary conditions of storage and handling. This will depend upon the character of the absorbent used. The remedy, therefore, for leakage is two-fold: to decrease the nitro-glycerin, and to use better absorbents. I regarded the quality of non-leakage as so important, that I have not hesitated to do both. Additional arguments in favor of reducing the percentage of nitro-glycerin will appear

in due course. Having fixed the greatest limit for the proportion of nitro-glycerin, consistent with non-leakage, my next task was to increase the strength under these conditions. Much time and experiment was needed to accomplish this. I have already indicated the principles which guided me in this work.

I measured the relative leakage of different powders by weighing charges of each and placing them upon pieces of newspaper of equal weights. The slips were weighed at the end of a certain period, and the losses of nitro-glycerin ascertained by the gain in weight of the different slips.

Deliquescence.

Nitro-glycerin itself is not affected by moisture. Whether the powder will be affected will depend upon the character of the other ingredients. If deliquescent salts, or other substances which attract moisture, are present, the powder becomes sensitive to hygrometric and thermometric changes. The effect of a deliquescent salt like nitrate of soda in absorbing moisture in damp atmospheres is, however, not the only argument against it. The theory of deliquescence involves other and more important considerations. It has been my aim to give a stable, reliable, and uniform character to the powder, which is incompatible with the use of such substances. If we could know beforehand the conditions to which each case of powder shipped from the factory would be subjected, the problem would be easier. If we could know that the powder would not be subjected to atmospheric changes, the temptation to use a cheap and powerful agent would be irresistible. But we have no right to assume this. Powder is frequently exposed to the weather, sometimes frozen, sometimes heated rapidly by thawing; now rained upon, now warmed by the sun's rays. It is used in damp mines, and also in atmospheres heated by chemical action in the rocks. Under these varying conditions, an injurious action accompanies the use of deliquescent ingredients. First, when the air is damp the powder rapidly absorbs water, to the injury of its strength. Moreover, the presence of this second liquid overloads the absorbents

and drives out the nitro-glycerin, a loss which cannot be restored, as well as a source of danger. In exceptional cases the powder becomes so spoiled that it will not explode. But this is not all. There is an additional objection, the theory of which is best illustrated by an experiment. Take a glass of water and place in it a thermometer. We will suppose it indicates sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Drop into the water about half its weight of nitrate of soda. The temperature is rapidly reduced to about thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. While the salt is uniting with the water, a large amount of heat is rendered latent, causing a reduction of temperature. Supposing the quantity of water used to be one pound, this reduction of temperature represents work expended to the amount of about twenty-five thousand foot-pounds. Now let us reverse the conditions. Take a quantity of the salt saturated with moisture, and expose it to a drying atmosphere, so that it loses its moisture rapidly. The temperature of the salt is now curiously elevated, for the heat rendered latent before, becomes sensible now. The progress of deliquescence is thus explained. The air confined in the cartridge contains a slight quantity of moisture, which, in uniting with the salt, causes a depression in temperature, which condenses fresh moisture from the surrounding air, as a pitcher of ice-water condenses moisture on its outside. This being taken up, reduces the temperature still more, and brings a fresh supply, and so on. The process continues till arrested by an outside or atmospheric elevation of temperature, when the action is reversed. In losing moisture, the heat rendered latent is given out, raising the temperature, which causes a fresh loss of moisture and further elevation of temperature, and so on, till a change in atmospheric conditions arrests this process, and induces the contrary.

Unstable Character of Deliquescent Powders.

This gives two different and incompatible characters to a powder in which deliquescent salts are used, depending upon the particular state in which it is taken: when absorbing moisture it is comparatively weak,

and insensitive to blows or compression; when losing moisture it is comparatively strong, and very sensitive to both. The temperature being already elevated, a slight blow will raise it to the exploding point. The compression given by the tamping-rod in compacting it in the bore-hole may be sufficient to cause a premature explosion. These qualities render the powder unfit to bear climatic changes, and especially dangerous in warm or drying weather. Its constant subjection to chemical action gives it a character of instability especially conducive to dis-

Fahrenheit, and this is probably correct. In compounding a powder, it should be borne in mind that this point is comparatively low—gunpowder being 560° —and that the other substances used should not further depress it. The danger of deliquescent ingredients is not in lowering the firing-point of nitro-glycerin, but of elevating the temperature of the powder to a dangerous approximation to this point.

Fire.

Like nearly all other nitro-glycerin pow-



(FIG. 11.—Friction test.)

asters in handling it. The powder which is safe to-day and dangerous to-morrow is the most dangerous of all powders.

Temperature.

The effect of heat on all powders is to bring them nearer their exploding points, and thus to increase their sensitiveness. This heat makes a slight saving of work in explosion—so that all explosives are a little stronger in warm weather. The exploding point of nitro-glycerin is given by Hill at 356°

ders, Vigorit is safe against fire. The powder, either loose or packed into cartridges, burns without explosion. The following tests on this point have been made. The powder was rammed into an iron pipe till the pipe showed signs of yielding under the great pressure. One end of the pipe was stopped by a wooden plug tightly driven in, and the open end was lighted by a match. The powder burned out without explosion.

Again: a large cartridge was placed in a small strong box, the lid being securely fastened with screws. A fuse, passing through

a small hole in the side of the box, served to light it. The cartridge burned up without explosion, the box being badly charred on the inside, but not broken. These and similar experiments have been repeated frequently, with the invariable result given.

Friction.

Insensitiveness to friction, like the last quality, is so general with nitro-glycerin powders, that it might be classed with their general properties.

This quality is doubtless due to the action of the nitro-glycerin, which has all the attributes of an oil as a lubricant.

The test for friction is to rub the powder between two sand-paper surfaces. One piece is tacked to a board lying on the ground, the other to a block of wood with a long handle. The drawing (Fig. 11) shows the test better than description.

JARS AND SHOCKS.

Safety against the shocks and jars of use implies several different qualities, which, though allied, are not identical

Percussion.

By percussion I understand the blow received by the powder when it is struck between hard surfaces or by a body moving with very high velocity. Explosion in such a case is produced by the sudden conversion of mechanical energy into heat. If the heat of the blow is sufficient to raise the temperature of the powder to its exploding point, say 356° , an explosion follows. If this view is correct, and I think it is the simplest which can be taken—while it agrees perfectly with the phenomena involved—there are evidently several methods by which a powder can be made safer against blows. The first is the intervention or cushion method, which can be illustrated rudely by placing grains of wheat in a pool of nitro-glycerin. The grains receive the blow and protect the nitro-glycerin. The second method is allied to this, and consists in ab-

sorbing the nitro-glycerin in some porous substance which has the property of taking up and holding the percentage used, while still retaining the powdered form. As a rule, the influence of such an admixture in producing insensitiveness will be in proportion to the dryness of the resulting powder. The third method is different in principle from either of these.

* * * *

To get a practical measure of sensitiveness to blows, I devised an apparatus which I



(FIG. 12.—Percussion Gauge.)

call a Percussion Gauge, and which, though crude, serves a good purpose in testing this quality.

As shown in the drawing (Fig. 12) it consists of a hammer of dense wood, with a steel rod inserted in its lower end. This hammer slides freely up and down in guides set in a heavy block of wood. The anvil consists of a second steel rod, which is set vertically in the block, directly under the hammer. The slide is graduated to tenths of a foot. The weight

of the hammer being known, the blow is easily estimated in foot-pounds.

To get a measure for a particular powder, a pinch is placed on the anvil, and the hammer dropped from increasing heights until a complete explosion is obtained—the anvil being cleaned and a new pinch being used for each blow. For perfect accuracy, the quantity of powder used should always be the same.

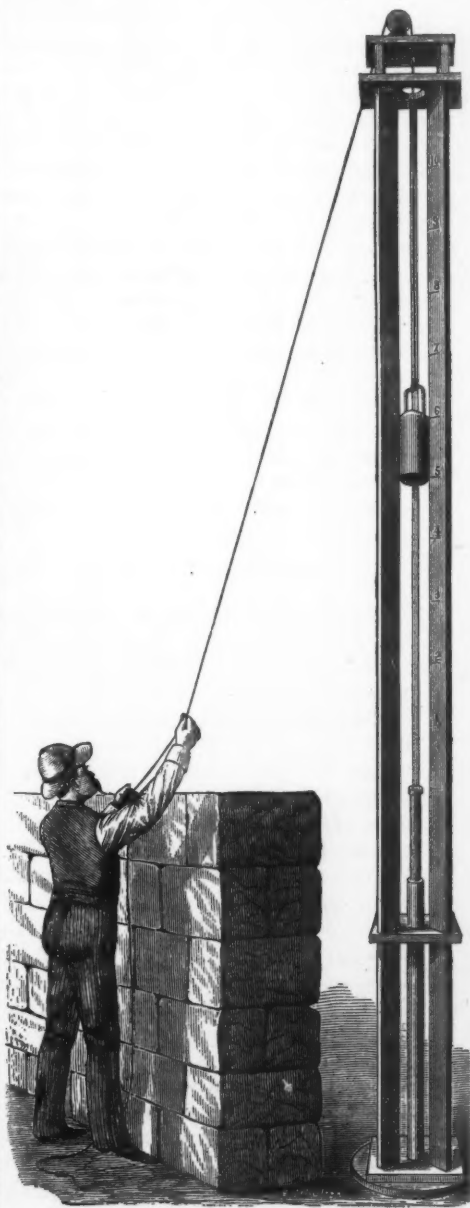
Concussion.

By concussion, I understand the shock delivered by transmission through air or other medium intervening between the powder and the source of disturbance. That nitro-glycerin as a liquid can readily be exploded by a shock so transmitted, see Mowbray, page 107. Under certain circumstances the property of exploding by concussion may be valuable, as when several adjacent blast-holes are fired simultaneously by exploding one of the charges. The dangers resulting from this sensitiveness are too numerous to justify this single advantage. Roughly speaking, my experiments have shown that sensitiveness to concussion in a given kind of powder is in proportion to the amount of nitro-glycerin present, or the relative approach of the powder to the liquid condition. The quality can be readily tested by finding at what distance one cartridge, fired with a cap, will explode another lying in the vicinity.

Tamping.

Sensitiveness to compression is not identical with the properties already considered. The difference can be illustrated in this way: With a resilient powder, a thin layer placed on an anvil will yield an explosion under a blow which will not affect a thicker layer. A pasty powder, on the contrary, shows nearly as much sensitiveness in mass as in small quantity. Safety against compression is one of the most valuable qualities a powder can possess, since it enables the miner, without risk, to properly fill his bore-hole, and to get the requisite concentration of power. A powder which can be tamped freely will be found much more economical

in use than one which is too sensitive to be tamped at all.



(FIG. 13.—Tamping Test.)

The apparatus (Fig. 13) used to test this quality is simple, and at the same time unequivocal as to results. A slide similar to the one used in the foot-pounds machine was prepared for the shot of the pressure gauge. A piece of iron gas-pipe, about two and a half feet long, its lower end stopped with an iron plug, was fixed vertically in the slide, and supported on a block of iron. To make the test, cartridges of the powder are slipped into the pipe, and a short wooden tamping-rod placed on them.

The shot is then dropped from increasing heights upon the end of the rod, giving more or less compression, depending upon the heights and number of blows. The weight of the shot being $34\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, the energy of the blow in foot-pounds is easily calculated. In these experiments, the powder as now made has withstood, without explosion, more than a dozen blows of 300 foot-pounds.

In one instance the pressure exerted was sufficient to split open the end of the gas-pipe.

THEORY OF DETONATION.

A study of the phenomena attending the explosion of nitro-glycerin and its modifications, has led me into certain speculations in regard to detonation.

Notwithstanding the dangerous nature of this compound in its liquid form, and the various accidents to which it is liable, it will be remembered that it remained practically useless for many years because there was no certainty in the known methods of explosion. We may suppose nitro-glycerin to be made up of compound atoms or molecules, each of which is composed of so many atoms of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. These atoms are so placed in each molecule that they are held in a state of equilibrium by their mutual attractions and repulsions. But this equilibrium is unstable—that is to say, each atom has a very short arc of vibration, during which the molecule is preserved. If, from any cause, an atom is driven beyond this limit of safe excursion, the balance of forces is destroyed, the molecule is broken up, and the atoms rearrange them-

selves under the influence of their chemical affinities into the gases, carbonic acid, steam, and nitrogen. The dangerous swing or vibration of the atoms which causes each and every molecule to break sensibly at the same instant, and with deadly certainty, can be imparted by one agency, and that alone—the explosion of the fulminates. We may suppose that there is something peculiar in the vibrations delivered by these agents, which causes a wave to successively overwhelm the different molecules. When nitro-glycerin is exploded in other ways, though the molecules immediately concerned may be overturned, the exploding impulse is not transmitted throughout the mass, giving rise either to the phenomenon of local detonation, as when a layer of nitro-glycerin on an anvil is struck with a hammer, or to an imperfect detonation, as when a blast is fired with a gunpowder instead of a fulminate exploder. In the former case only the nitro-glycerin immediately under the hammer is exploded, the rest being blown away; in the second case, being confined and subjected to a severe blow and great heat, it is exploded, but the explosion is very different from the perfect detonation by the fulminate. In one case we have a wave which overthrows all the successive molecules in an instant, each being broken *independently* of the explosion of its predecessors; the atoms forming on the spot the gases of a perfect detonation. In the second case, we may suppose a forced sort of explosion, in which the molecules are forcibly rent and shattered into atoms, when instead of each finding its affinities on the spot, they unite out of the wreck as best they can, the nitrogen getting some of the oxygen which belongs of right to the carbon, and part of the carbon being left deficient, leading to the formation of carbonic oxide, and oxides of nitrogen, instead of carbonic acid and free nitrogen. Such is the simple theory which seems to me to best explain the facts connected with the explosion of nitro-glycerin in different ways. For the uncertain and discordant results of gunpowder exploders, see Hill's *Notes*, page 24. From this we see, that to cause a perfect detonation of

nitro-glycerin, the detonating impulse must originate in the explosion of the fulminate. Whether the wave from the original explosion of the fulminate is transmitted independently of the progressive explosions of the nitro-glycerin, or is reinforced by those progressive explosions, is unimportant.

Influence of Inert Absorbents on Detonation.

Anything in a powder which interferes with the transmission of the detonating impulse or wave, will cause a diminution in strength through imperfect detonation. An inert absorbent like kieselguhr does this. It requires about sixty per cent. of nitro-glycerin to make a powder with kieselguhr which can be depended upon to explode at all. As the nitro-glycerin is increased beyond this proportion, the strength increases rapidly through better transmission of the impulse. Even taking 75 per cent. as the utmost which the powder will safely hold, the detonation is not perfect under ordinary conditions, though it approaches it more nearly as the impulse is concentrated by stronger confinement.

Influence of Explosive Absorbents on Detonation.

We have seen that nitro-glycerin itself, when exploded by the cap, becomes a detonating agent for gunpowder and analogous mixtures. This removes the obstacle to its own detonation which might otherwise be offered by gunpowder absorbents, and gives Vigorit its susceptibility to perfect detonation by the proper agent.

Local and Imperfect Detonation.

The explosion of nitro-glycerin by the mode of motion termed heat is probably the most effective of all detonation, but this can only obtain when all parts of the liquid are brought to the same temperature at the same time. The detonation of a part in this way is not certain to cause the detonation of a portion not heated. Being a poor conductor of heat, the heat produced by a gunpowder explosion in a blast-hole, or con-

verted from the mechanical energy of a blow, cannot cause more than a local perfect explosion.

LAWS OF EXPLOSION APPLIED IN POWDER-MAKING.

The properties of nitro-glycerin in regard to explosion must be studied in compounding a safety powder. Its local detonation is of great importance in this way. In case of accidental explosion of a small quantity of the powder by blows or heat, unless under strong confinement, the explosion does not spread and prove a disaster. To illustrate this, one of my experiments consists in dropping an iron bar through a gas-pipe which is fixed in a vertical position above the surface of a thick iron plate. On this plate several ounces of the powder are scattered. The bar, weighing ten pounds, dropped a distance of ten feet, causes only a slight explosion of the powder immediately under it. A piece of an inch cartridge, or a whole cartridge, suffers only a partial explosion not louder than a cap.

The firing of a cap, on the contrary, anywhere on the plate will explode all the powder present. We see now the full advantage of the oxidizing or modern principle of blasting powders. The use of explosive absorbents has the same effect as inert absorbents in rendering the powder safe against the shocks and jars of use, while making it more susceptible to perfect detonation by the cap.

CAUSE OF DISASTERS.

There is a condition in which nitro-glycerin is susceptible of explosion by the most trivial and unexpected causes—that is, when it is in the transitory state produced by decomposition. When *properly made and purified* it has excellent keeping qualities, even when subjected to weather changes of frost, sun, and rain. Geo. M. Mowbray has preserved it without sign of change for three years. At the Torpedo School it has been kept for much longer periods. I, myself, have preserved it for six months. This, however, only holds good with nitro-glycerin

which has been carefully made from good materials, and has been subsequently purified by elaborate washing. If these precautions are not taken, and an attempt is made to store it in the liquid state, it will certainly decompose, and in a certain phase of this decomposition it is death to handle or disturb it. The atoms are in a transitory state of rearrangement, and the slightest jar is sufficient to bring on a disastrous dissolution. Such nitro-glycerin made into a powder may not decompose. The powder state is less favorable to the decomposing reaction, and it may go into the market and do good work in the mines and not kill anybody, but it is a prudent thing to give it a wide berth. When we hear of inexplicable explosions—of cases of powder blowing up on the sidewalk of a city without visible cause, or of cartridges exploding while being placed in the drill-hole, we can safely ascribe the disaster to bad nitro-glycerin. The importance of thoroughly purifying nitro-glycerin was not fully appreciated when it was first introduced into the arts, and most of the accidents which electrified the world with horror in 1865 and 1866 were doubtless caused by decomposition.

The Directors of the Vigorit Company may rest assured that this matter, even for my own sake, if not from higher motives, has been and will be carefully looked to.

The man who makes an inferior article of nitro-glycerin, and puts it upon the market in the shape of a liquid or powder, is guilty of a crime which no words can condemn too strongly. If done ignorantly, the guilt is none the less, for in these matters ignorance itself is criminal.

QUALITIES AFFECTING CONVENIENCE.

The qualities of a nitro-glycerin powder which affect its convenience for use, depend upon the character of the gases formed, and its relative loss of strength by freezing.

Influence of Composition on Gases.

It has been seen already that the kind of gases produced by explosions are determined by two things: First, the relative amounts of

the chemical elements present—in other words, proper or improper composition. Second, upon the perfection of the detonation. The most harmless gases which can be generated are those which belong to a perfect detonation of a properly-compounded powder; and these are the gases which are most conducive to strength.

If the powder is not properly compounded, it will be impossible for these gases (and these alone) to be produced.

Influence of Character of Detonation on Gases.

Even a properly-compounded powder, if not perfectly detonated, will produce noxious gases. Nitro-glycerin itself, if not properly detonated, will produce noxious gases. The noxious gases formed by certain nitro-glycerin powders are oxides of nitrogen, which affect respiration, and carbonic oxide, which is a deadly poison. But neither is formed when the oxygen is in proper proportion to the other elements, and the powder is susceptible to perfect detonation under the particular circumstances. This freedom from noxious gases was one of the original claims of the old Vigorit Powder, and on good grounds. So susceptible is the powder to the action of the fulminate, that even unconfined, lying on the surface of an iron plate, its detonation is perfect, and under these conditions it will show greater strength than a really stronger powder, in which a perfect detonation can only be effected under strong confinement.

EFFECT OF FREEZING.

In every nitro-glycerin powder there must result a certain loss of power from freezing. Nitro-glycerin solidly frozen is inexplusive. In this state it will not transmit the detonating impulse.

Dynamite compressed into cartridges and solidly frozen cannot be exploded. Frozen Dynamite in a loose, pulverulent condition, is explosive, but with diminished strength. Only a saturated powder can be solidly frozen. A powder with a smaller proportion of nitro-glycerin retains the pulverulent condition that is most favorable to explosion. Moreover,

the nitro-glycerin being the ingredient affected by freezing, the less dependent the powder is for its strength upon the nitro-glycerin, the less the loss from freezing. A certain loss, however, is unavoidable. Part of this arises directly from the imperfect explosion of the nitro-glycerin, and part from the internal resistance of the powder to detonation. A large proportion of the heat is absorbed or rendered latent in producing a change from the solid to the liquid state; this heat or work, (for these are convertible) expended internally, is not available in overcoming external resistances. From this reasoning it would be absurd to claim that Vigorit Powder does not lose strength when frozen; but we do claim, and I think my experiments will support, that it loses less than any other nitro-glycerin powder in the market. It is claimed for one of the newer powders that, though it freezes, it does not lose in force, and that its strength is the same at all temperatures. This claim is, on the face of it, absurd, for it controverts the general law of chemical philosophy, according to which, when a body changes its state from solid to liquid, heat is rendered latent. The heat required to so change one pound of water is more than equivalent to the mechanical energy required to lift fifty tons of rock through a height of one foot.

FORMULAS FOR COMPOSITION.

Guided by these theories, and deductions from practical experiment, I have been led to adopt the following formulas for the composition of the different grades of Vigorit Powder as best fulfilling the qualities sought for.

* * * * *

The theory of the explosion of the powder may be expressed in chemical symbols as follows:

* * * * *

The gases formed, as shown by this reaction, are harmless, and those belonging to a perfect detonation. Experience has confirmed this theory.

The old powder has been in the market some five years. If the operations of the

Company had not been crippled during a good part of that time by a law-suit, I believe that its powder would have before this established a wide reputation for safety and reliability. As it is, we have yet to hear of a single human being who has been injured by it.

In the new powder, the principle of the old has been preserved. Its general features, as compared with the older powders in the market, are that it contains less nitro-glycerin which is combined with more resilient materials.

A concentration of power is characteristic of high explosives. The denser the powder, other things being equal, the greater this concentration, and the more advantageous its use, since smaller holes will suffice to hold the quantity required for a given work. Though Vigorit is not the densest powder in the market, its safety against tamping admits of its being thoroughly compacted in the bore-hole, so as to get great concentration.

EXTRAVAGANT CLAIMS FOR CERTAIN POWDERS.

The recklessness with which misleading and extravagant claims are made for certain powders seems to argue a low estimate of the intelligence of the mining public. For instance, a grave declaration that a powder made like all powders by mixing a number of ingredients neutral in their chemical relations, is a "true chemical compound," takes it for granted that the public has not the slightest conception of the meaning of the term. For a powder notoriously below the average in strength, it is claimed that it is as strong as liquid nitro-glycerin. Sometimes these claims are amusing in their extravagance. In regard to the healthfulness of the gases evolved by one of the later powders, occurs this remarkable passage in the circular issued by the manufacturers: "It is not only safe, but it is invigorating to rush into and inhale the gases created by an explosion of it." In view of the fact, known to every school-boy, that the characteristic gas of explosion is carbonic acid, the physiological effects of which are anything but

invigorating, this piece of extravagance is apt to raise a smile at the expense of the author. I trust that, in whatever claims the Company may put forth for Vigorit Powder, such irresponsible statements may be avoided. An art which has been dignified by the labors of a Schönbein and a Nobel should not be made disreputable by chicanery or charlatanism.

I think that the powder now made by your Company is the best in the market, because it possesses more of the qualities desirable in a blasting-powder than any other. Its characteristics may be summed up as follows:

First.—It is one of the strongest, and its strength is more uniform than any other, from the nature of the absorbents, and the thorough incorporation of the ingredients. This can be shown by successive tests in the pressure gauge. Neither does the strength vary from hygrometric changes of the atmosphere.

Second.—It is safe against spontaneous decomposition. The nitro-glycerin is made from the best materials, and is thoroughly purified before being put into the powder.

Third.—It does not leak. It contains less nitro-glycerin, and this is better absorbed than in most powders. It does not lose strength in this way, and there is no exuding nitro-glycerin to render its transportation and handling perilous.

Fourth.—It is not deliquescent, and can be used in wet holes as well as dry. It can be stored in damp places without spoiling. It does not undergo sudden changes of character in regard to sensitiveness leading to accidents in its use.

Fifth.—It is safe against fire, friction, and the shocks and jars of use.

Sixth.—It is resilient and elastic, and can be tamped with perfect safety so as to get any desired degree of condensation in the bore-hole.

Seventh.—It loses less in strength from freezing than any other nitro-glycerin powder, because it is less dependent upon the nitro-glycerin.

Eighth.—It is more efficient than most other powders under slight confinement, because it is more susceptible to detonation by the cap.

Ninth.—When exploded there is no fine dust or poisonous matter scattered through the atmosphere to be inhaled into the miner's lungs, to his discomfort or detriment.

Tenth.—The gases produced by explosion are innoxious. Most of the visible smoke is condensed aqueous vapor which requires but a few moments to dissipate. The poisonous carbonic oxide and irritating, throat-rasping oxides of nitrogen, are avoided by properly proportioning the oxygen to the other chemical elements, and by making the powder susceptible to perfect detonation by the cap.

I am, gentlemen, respectfully yours,

WILLIAM R. QUINAN.

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THE CALIFORNIAN

DECEMBER, 1881.

CONTENTS:

AN AMERICAN PAINTER: GEORGE INNESS.....	Edgar Fawcett.	453
A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.....	Margaret Collier Graham.	461
SONG.....	Omnium Gatherum.	468
CAPTAIN JOSEPH R. WALKER.....	James O'Meara.	469
AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S. Chapters IX, X.....	Leonard Kip.	475
DON CARLOS.—III.....	Edward Kirkpatrick.	487
AN EPISTLE TO A BACHELOR ABOUT TO MARRY.....	John Vance Cheney.	493
ONE OF THE WORLD-BUILDERS. Chapter V.....	Joaquin Miller.	496
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. Part II.....	Mabel S. Emery.	502
FLOWER AND HEART.....	S. E. Anderson.	509
THROUGH THE SPREEWALD.....	J. P. Peters.	510
A BOTANICAL WEDDING-TRIP.....	J. G. Lemmon.	517
WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT AND CHARLOTTE HILDEBRAND.....	C.	526
GROWTH IN REST.....	Henrietta R. Eliot.	532
NOTE BOOK.....		533
Ourselfs.—Our Advertisers.—Mr. Charles Crocker's Gift to the Academy of Science.—The No-Rent Agitation.—The Time to Plant.		
ART AND ARTISTS.....		534
BOOKS RECEIVED.....		536
OUTCROPPINGS.....		537
Dips and Spurs by Lock Melone.—A New National Poetry.		



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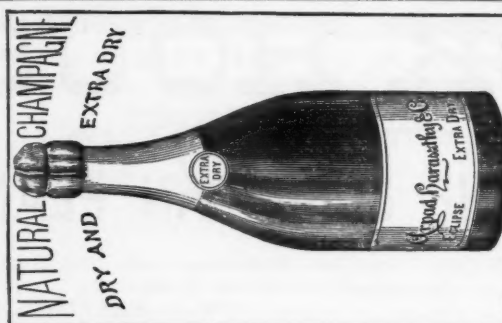
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